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POST

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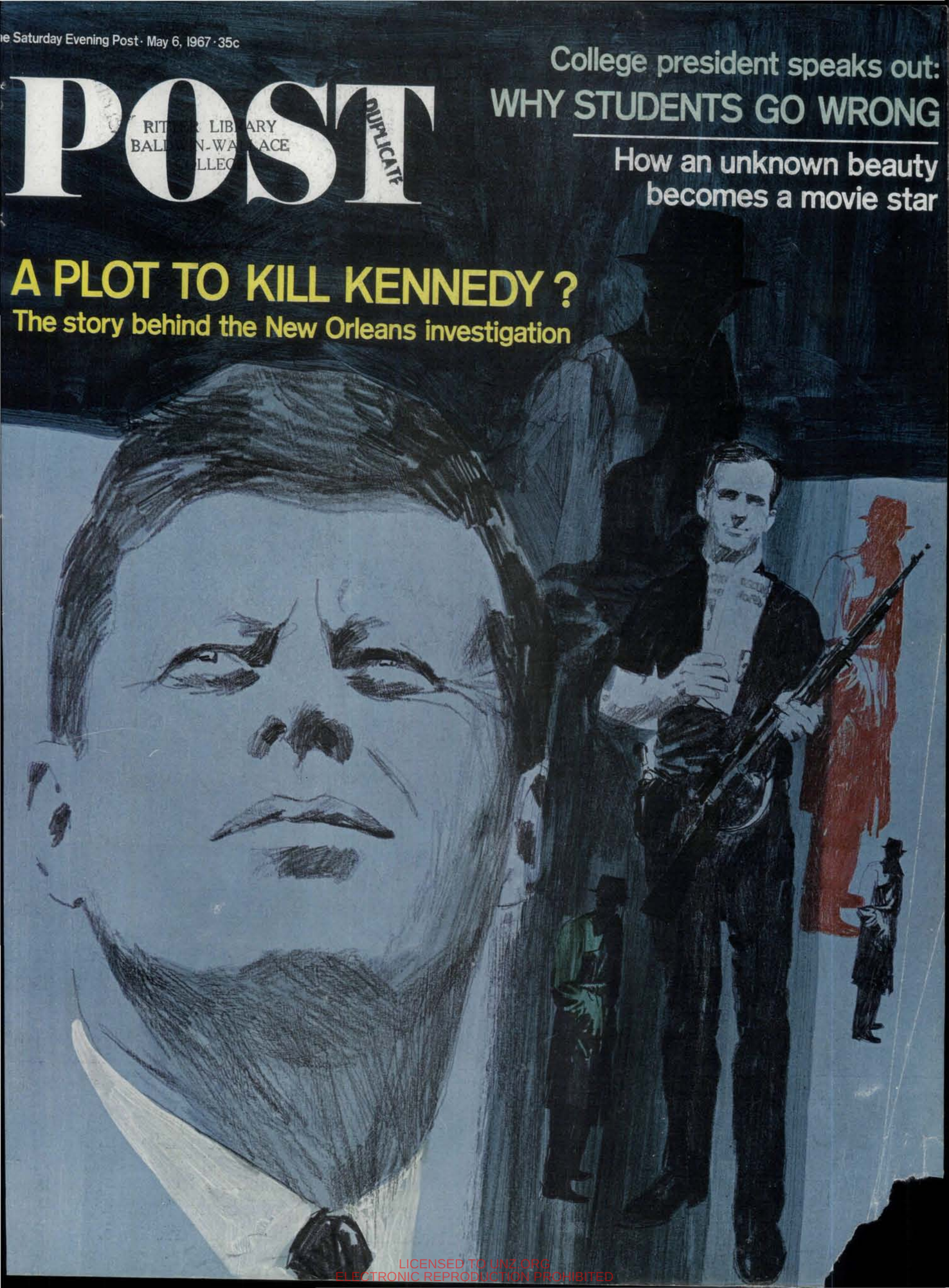
WHY STUDENTS GO WRONG

How an unknown beauty becomes a movie star

A PLOT TO KILL KENNEDY?
The story behind the New Orleans investigation



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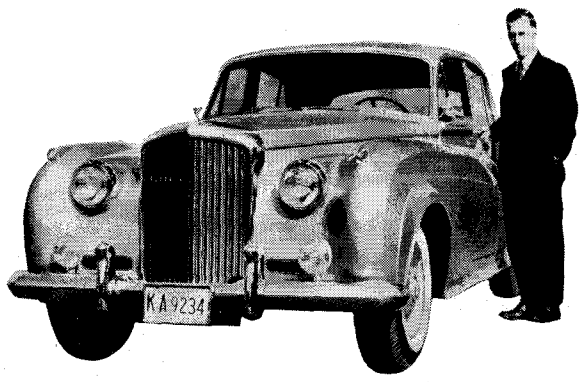

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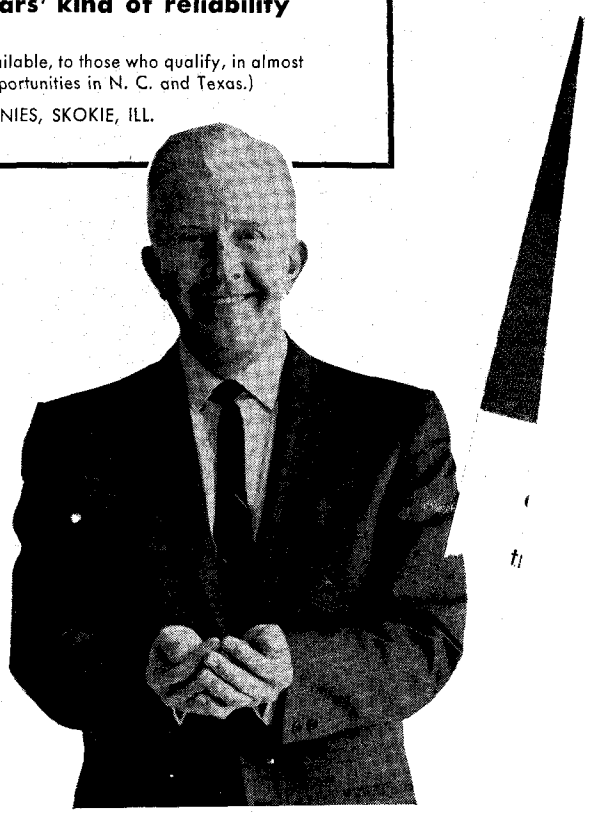

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The Saturday Evening
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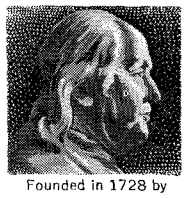

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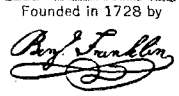

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About this issue

John Gregory Dunne

JOHN BOWERS, whose starbound subject is actress Sharon Tate, spent some time with Miss Tate and director Roman Polanski in London, and later with Miss Tate and producer Martin Ransohoff in Hollywood; but his final visit came in New York City, when the actress paid a visit to the *Post* and its editor, William Emerson. . . . JOHN GREGORY DUNNE, who has been gathering on-the-scene information about the California farm strike for almost a year, will expand his *Post* article into a book entitled *Delano*, to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in the fall. Dunne last reported for the *Post* on *The Ugly Mood of Watts* in the July 16, 1966, issue. . . . While writing his piece on horse trainer Eddie Neloy, DON PARKER sympathetically inquired about an injured horse that Neloy said had to be destroyed. "He's yours if you want him," Neloy replied, and the horse was shipped off for the two Parker youngsters waiting in Connecticut. / Cover illustration by Fred Otnes.

William Emerson and visitor

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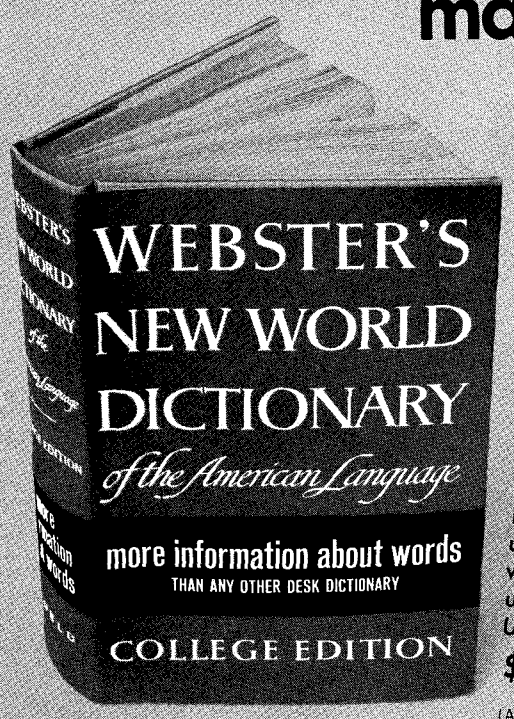

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Letters

Mamas and Papas

Dear Sirs:

I think William Kloman did an excellent job on your article on the Mamas and the Papas ['JUST CALL US SUPER GROUP,' March 25]. I'm an avid fan of theirs, and I was quite partial to this article about these strange and wonderful people.

PETER LANDROCHE
Ashland, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

To those of us who in our teen years sat enthralled through two or three showings of *Rose Marie* and *Naughty Marietta*, it seems almost desecration that Papa John and Mama Michelle Phillips should have a pool table in the dining room and a hookah in the library of Jeanette MacDonald's home. Couldn't they have gotten someone *else's* house? Or are they purposely scorning the things our generation loved?

MRS. F. R. LOGAN
Billings, Mont.

Sirs:

Such a beautiful article—but Bill Kloman forgot to mention my gardenias.

MAMA CASS ELLIOT
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Author Kloman mentions them now. "For the record," he says, "Mama Cass is very fond of gardenias, often carries them with her."—Ed.

Editor:

I'm the boy mentioned in your article who stood up in the audience and shouted, "Cass, Cass, I love you!" Cass is not only a "rich fat girl," but a beautiful person who exudes the warmest of personalities while onstage.

KENNETH L. HOHL
Carthage, Ill.

Vietnam

Dear Sirs:

The Vietnam report by Richard Armstrong in the March 25 issue ['BELIEVE ME, HE CAN KILL YOU'] was excellent. Mr. Armstrong brought the men in Vietnam into clear focus—and closer to the American public.

MIKE HALETA
Trenton, N.J.

Gentlemen:

Richard Armstrong's report was so real that I lived every part of it as I read—it is really something when you can become as wrapped up in an article as that.

WILBERT B. HAMMERSLA
Great Neck, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

Somehow I felt that I knew all these guys—they were the same ones who fought in World War I and World War II, and only the names have changed. But in former wars, at least you knew who your enemy was, and in general where he could be found.

COL. JOHN KALUF, USMC-RET.
Kensington, Md.

Dear Sir:

In this "less horrible" war Stewart Alsop so glibly describes [THE PRESIDENT'S NEXT BIG DECISION, March 25], from his once-over-lightly trip to view it, will it be your son or mine who gets blown to bits first while "having the adventure of his life" in Vietnam?

HELEN A. WOLFE
Cambridge, Ohio

Editor:

It is not necessary to read Stewart Alsop's article to know that U.S. military can destroy all of South Vietnam provided it is fully applied and the Viet Cong are isolated and unassisted.

It is unlikely, however, that the Viet Cong will be isolated and unassisted. The day that the Viet Cong and Ho Chi Minh's forces give evidence they are about to cave in, I believe the Chinese will enter the war as they entered the Korean War under similar circumstances in the fall of 1950. Mr. Johnson will make the same mistake Gen. MacArthur made if he assumes China is too weak to defend her *core interest* in Vietnam.

One of the most heroic principles of military strategy and, I would think, of foreign policy, is to accurately evaluate the capacities and intentions of the *opposition*. This, it seems to me, every U.S. administration since World War II has failed to do. And this is notably true of the Johnson Administration.

"Those who do not remember the past," George Santayana once said, "are condemned to relive it." And unless Mr. Johnson voluntarily changes, or is forced to change, his course in Vietnam, I predict he will lead the world into its greatest catastrophe yet.

HUGH B. HESTER
Brigadier General, U.S. Army-Ret.
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Bahama gambling

Dear Sirs:

In his article about the Mafia and gambling in the Bahamas [SHADOW OF EVIL ON AN ISLAND IN THE SUN, February 25], Bill Davidson states that the security men in the casinos are former British colonial policemen, and then attributes to me a statement that is uncomplimentary to them.

I very strongly protest the statement that the writer attributes to me as a direct quotation. I did not make such a statement to the author. Furthermore, any professional knowledge that I have obtained about British colonial policemen has been complimentary to them.

RALPH SALERNO
New York, N.Y.

The Post *regrets that the passage caused concern to Mr. Salerno, a highly respected law-enforcement officer, who recently retired from his post in the Criminal Intelligence Bureau of the New York City Police Department.—Ed.*

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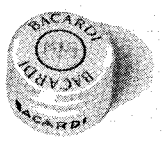

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Letters

Love notions

Gentlemen:

The article WE OVERRATE LOVE by Wilfrid Sheed in the March 25 issue was written with great fluency and sophistication, but said almost nothing. Mr. Sheed's message: Love, in spite of numerous claims to the contrary, does not really amount to much.

Well, so what? Apple pie and chocolate-fudge sundaes are not very important either, but they are kind of nice just the same. Sure, you could get along without love—but it is so much pleasanter if you don't have to.

RICHARD R. WAYT
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I was glad to find someone speaking out about our "spectator" existences. We sit in front of our TV sets and movie screens drinking in the supposed image of life the way it should be lived and love the way it should be loved—and if we get anything less in our own lives, we feel cheated.

E. IANNUCCI
Havertown, Pa.

Dear Sir:

Maybe the problem is semantics. The Greeks have several words for love, and as many meanings. We word-poor Americans have only one—maybe that's why Mr. Sheed calls love overrated. But how can we overrate the very concept that makes the world go round and life worth living?

JOAN ARNDT
Van Nuys, Calif.

Glorious humor

Dear Sir:

Boy! John Slate's piece [THE DAY THEY BUILT ROME, March 25] is the wildest thing I've seen since the glorious early days of S. J. Perelman!

DR. EARLE HOGGARD
Bellflower, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Heaven forbid that one day some poor unfortunate archaeologists discover the writings of John Slate—historians would be set back 500 years!

RALPH W. SHIRLEY
Houston, Tex.

Dear Editor:

I can't recall having read anything quite as entertaining and funny as A FINE PIECE OF MACHINERY by Everett Greenbaum [March 25]. Mr. Greenbaum has a sense of real old-fashioned humor.

ROBERT C. GIANETTINO
Colts Neck, N.J.

Borrowed children

Dear Sirs:

My hat's off and my heart's out to the people of Frenchboro, Maine [THE ISLAND THAT BORROWS ITS CHILDREN by John Skow, March 25]!

MRS. JANICE FLUEHR
Jackson, Mich.

Dear Editor:

My husband and I are foster parents and are always glad to hear of others who love and help children. It's amazing what love and care will do for a neglected child.

MRS. HAROLD HARDING
Holyoke, Colo.

Missing millionaire

Dear Sir:

Inglewood Park Cemetery is one of the most respected memorial parks in the Southern California area. We are proud of our tradition of personal attention which dates back to the year 1912. Therefore, we must correct your recent article entitled THE CASE OF THE MISSING MILLIONAIRE by James Phelan [December 17, 1966], which states that Mrs. Birch's casket stood unattended in our mausoleum. This never happens at Inglewood Park Cemetery. In fact, during the time Mrs. Birch's casket remained in the Inglewood mausoleum awaiting entombment, Mr. K. C. Poland and four other members of our staff were in constant attendance. We are sure that this was an oversight on your part.

MASON LETTEAU
General Manager
Inglewood Park Cemetery
Inglewood, Calif.

James Phelan's observation that there were "just the coffin and a lone reporter" during the half hour he waited beside Estelle Birch's casket was meant as no reflection on the Inglewood Park Cemetery. The instructions with Mrs. Birch's body specified there was to be "No service or view, no newspaper notices"—according to Pearl Choate's plan that "when Mrs. Birch died, nobody was going to know it." The Post *regrets that a false impression may have been given about Inglewood Park.—Ed.*

Dear Sirs:

I hope you'll keep us informed of what's happening to Otis Birch, and his nurse and current wife, Pearl Choate.

G. G. BURKE
Omaha, Nebr.

Ninety-five-year-old Otis Birch died of heart failure last month in Dallas, Tex. And barring a court upset of her late husband's will, Pearl Choate Birch will inherit practically all of Otis Birch's estate.—Ed.

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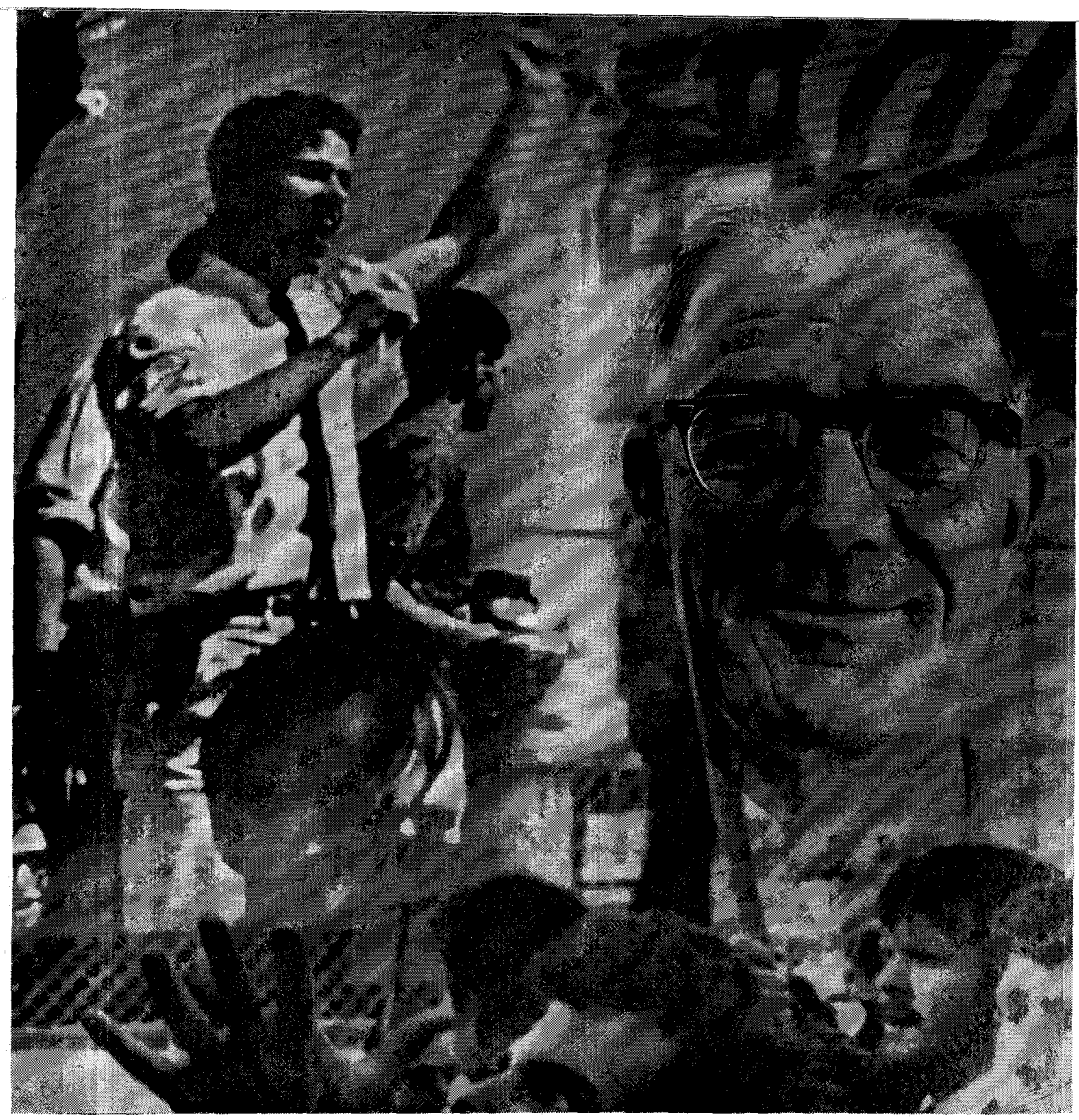

Our students have no Utopia

By Buell G. Gallagher

Photograph by Alfred Gescheidt

The author has been president of City College of New York since 1952. He was assistant commissioner in the U.S. Office of Education and, for 10 years, president of Talladega College in Alabama.

Today's college rebels are a new breed. They know it, and it's time we knew it also: New dimensions of understanding are required. In front of the Administration Building on a sunny afternoon last fall I encountered a hundred or so of them—a shouting, milling congeries, heckled by another hundred. An hour earlier, they had walked out of a meeting on Vietnam, at which I was one of a spectrum of speakers, declaring in advance that they knew what I was going to say and refusing to listen. They were in no mood for dialogue: they demanded confrontation. Angry, as only mob anonymity permits anger, they jeered and pushed—but only one of them spat in my face.

Somehow a measure of reason gradually returned and we repaired again to the Great Hall here at The City College of New York. They heard my speech, word for word, and when one of the rebel leaders attempted a second walkout, no one followed him. Two hours later we adjourned—when all but a couple of dozen had filtered away, doubting that their mob action had been defensible.

Press and television coverage makes incidents like this one loom large; but the truth is that the new rebels are a tiny minority: at C.C.N.Y. last fall, about a hundred shouters and one spitter, heckled by another hundred—out of 30,000. The great majority of students are rebels only in the traditional sense of the conflict between the generations. They are irritated, amused, disgusted or disinterested in the face of what they interpret to be contempt, condescension or indifference in their elders; but they merely hang the losing coach in effigy in the fall, strike against institutional food in the winter, and stage a panty raid in the spring. Some miracle of the human spirit prevents widespread alienation.

I am continually astonished that so few follow the leaders of rebellion. This college generation has grown up under circumstances that make it far too difficult to hold high hopes and dream great dreams. They have no Utopia. And without a Utopia, they can do little more than withdraw from life or else lash out in frustration against what they consider the follies of the people who seem to run the world.

Thus, when the rebels accuse and attack and become suffused in what they call alienation, they are expressing thoughts and attitudes which many of their classmates share, whether consciously or not. A couple of years ago, at the height of the Free Speech Movement, the rebels were saying, "Don't trust anybody over thirty." The rebels of 1967 regard this as a trap whereby the "older" group, the ones who are now between 25 and 30, recruited undergraduates for *their* rebellion. So now they say, "Don't trust anybody but ourselves." And who are we? Just ourselves, against the world, especially against The Establishment.

Led by its alienated minority, the under-25 generation speaks like this: "If there is to be an authority, let it be the vote of myself and my peers on *this* issue at *this* moment. Do not tell us what the patterns of history have prescribed for us—your rules and regulations. We have seen what you have done with your chance to make a viable world—and it stinks."

Rejecting all authority, the rebel at C.C.N.Y., at Berkeley, at the other schools, is quite ready to change the rules of the game at the drop of an issue, and if the rules don't change quickly enough (and they never do), he is prepared to disobey them. If caught, he is contemptuous of the possibility of punishment. The emotional naïveté of the rebel stands in sharp contrast to his intellectual sophistication. A child who relies on parental indulgence expects not to be punished for wrongdoing; and when punishment does come, he cries "foul." So with the rebel student, whose emotional drive and confusion lead him to court disaster, and then to accuse a lenient adult generation of being chicken if he goes unpunished. Or, if punished, he cries "*Police Brutality*" or "*Fascist Administrators*" or "*Hypocrisy of the Establishment.*"

An attempt to protect his rights through a college's due process becomes a "Kangaroo Court." Patience and self-control by administrators are interpreted as weakness, inviting still more challenges to the parental image which sits in the Administration Building.

One alarming aspect of current rebellion is its disregard of the consequences of illegality. In essence, this is anarchy. A second disquieting feature is the assumed power of arrogance. I say "assumed," because experience demonstrates that when a struggle for rights is defeated, rites are substituted. The principal ritual is the demonstration: picketing, mass meeting, sit-in, lie-in, walk-out, teach-in. It brings no tangible results, but it "tells *them.*" The press proves compliant: Confrontation is news, dialogue is not, and when a call for a demonstration goes unheeded, it also goes unreported.

I come now to the most difficult part of this story. This is the story of the real tragedy of today's college rebels. This tragedy is that they have no bona fide tragedy of their own and no willingness to learn about the subject from older generations. This all has a drastic side effect, for without tragedy there can be no compelling hope—no Utopia. Having nothing to die for, they have little to live for. Historically, hope, as distinguished from mere optimism, has been the child of despair, sired by tragedy. Plato emerged with a dream of the Republic only after he had brooded on the death of his revered teacher and contemplated the ruins of his beloved Athens.

In contrast, this college generation is by and large the most fortunate offspring of the richest nation on earth, many of them spared too long from adult burdens. But there is another factor. All their lives they have been told that they face dire threats—nuclear bombs, for instance—about which they can do nothing except tremble or yell. They were alienated by their advantages and their impotence long before they came to realize it.

Against this background, in a world as messy as ours in 1967, the rebels' idealism soon sours into cynicism and then frustration—and then negativism. It is one thing to condemn the world one's fathers have made, and something else to seek a superior alternative, especially when the world provides so many easily available and superficially exciting diversions. It is one thing to tell a college president that the rules are too restrictive, and another to tell him which rules should be imposed so that the school can improve its work and provide students a better education.

Thus, the rebel student, finding no engrossing challenge in attending classes, rejecting the value systems of his elders, and not committed to a viable system of his own devising, is at the mercy of the random selection of historical events. At the moment, he identifies with the pockets of poverty, with the

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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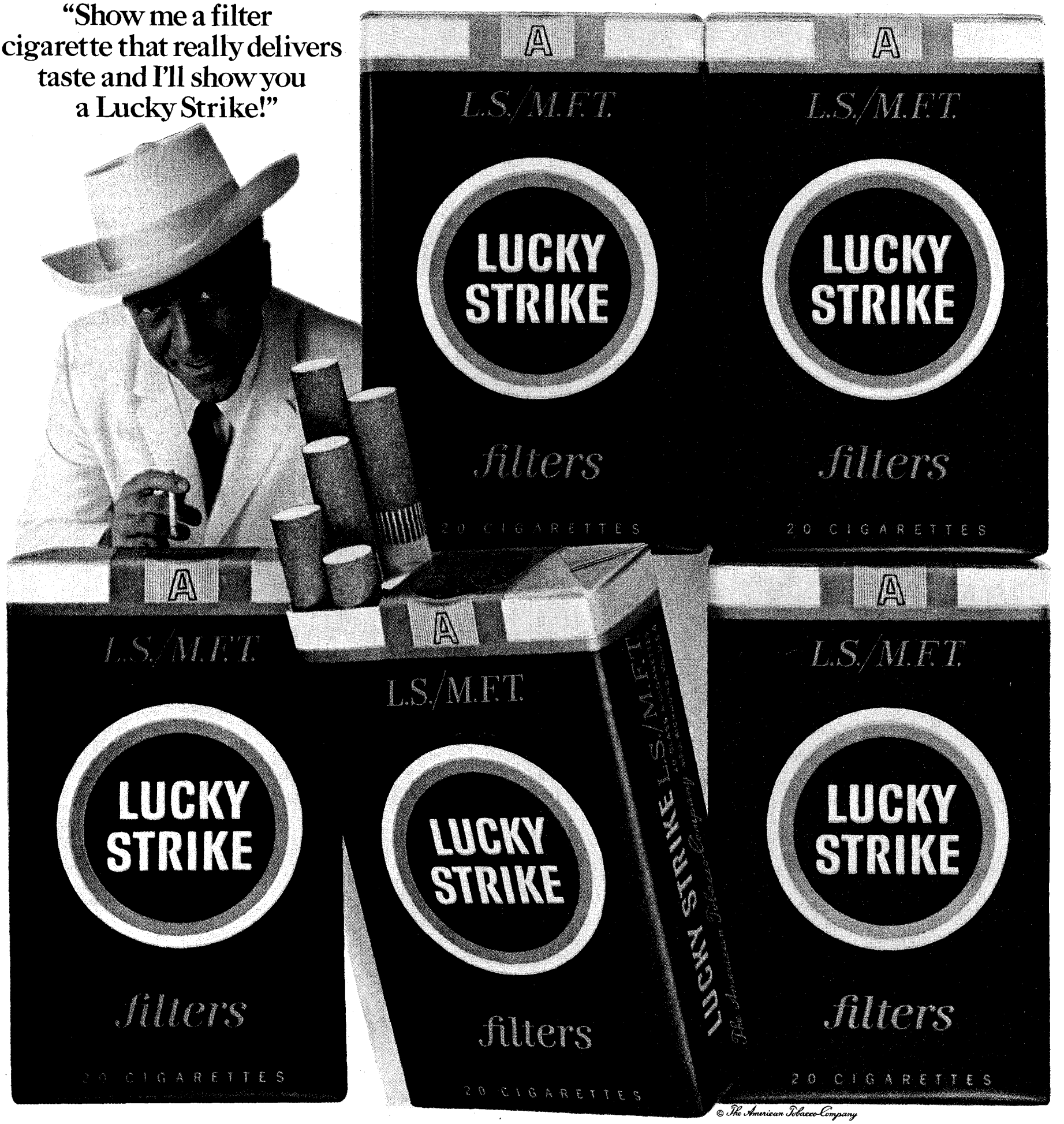

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racially oppressed, with the victims of Vietnam. But by and large the college rebels' causes have proven transitory, lacking the strength of Utopian conviction that the rebels can and *will* make things better. There was a moment when the elders of today's students (those who were in college three to six years ago) found a great Cause, and many went south on the Freedom Rides, some to be buried beneath an earthen dam as martyrs to the Cause. But that was years ago, and the new generation knows not Joseph who hangs around campus as a Graduate Assistant—well into middle age, with his 26 winters behind him. There was, indeed, one great nationwide moment of horrendous tragedy when an assassin's bullet cut down a vibrant young President in Dallas; but the acute nostalgia of bereavement has now been sullied by an unseemly public brawl over the question of how many assassins' guns were fired. The boy who was a naïve high-school student when President Kennedy was shot is now a cynical college sophomore who is not about to be taken in again by some public outpouring of collective grief. As for the war in Vietnam, it is on the other side of the planet. All the protesting student can do is to pass resolutions, burn a draft card, sit in front of a troop train or picket a Selective Service office. And what is noble and tragic about that? This college generation knows nothing of "the tragic sense of life." The book with that title, by the Spanish author Unamuno, goes unread.

The rebel without a Utopia—without a cause and without hope—knows only what he is *against:* He is unready to assume responsibility for defining what he is *for*. He therefore rejects not only the Utopias of his elders but also the institutionalized expressions of those Utopias. He demands the Happening—vivid, personal, immediate, and so becomes essentially anarchic. Oriented to issues rather than to ideology, he is pragmatic. Indifferent to the past, and without great hope for his future, he will not readily claim a stake in the present.

Some of my contemporaries would like to write off this college generation as damaged merchandise. And yet, in all candor, anyone who had shared their experiences might rebel, and this is why I am amazed that many more collegians do not join the picket lines and the sit-ins. This generation is the first to grow up under the shadow of the mushroom cloud. These are the Korean war babies. On their first day in kindergarten, they learned the "A-Bomb-Drill," a ritual in which grave adults told frightened children to hide from an unseen terror. The generation's attitude toward Vietnam is doubtless affected by this preconditioning.

Moreover, they cannot share the wonder of the older generation at the achievements of a technology that promises a form of Utopia of its own. To them, the miracle of television is the "boob tube." And on that tube they witness not only the soaring ease of Buck Rogers's fantastic successors but also the faltering steps of the real-life space program. They are not enthralled by a scientific and technological culture, having spent all their lives in one, nor do they admire the ideology that supports such a culture, for they think it requires that emotions be bypassed or suppressed. By definition, most of the problems that bug the student as he emerges from late adolescence are emotional, not rational. He comes to a campus that stresses rational scrutiny of calmly delineated problems. He is told to set his emotional problems to one side—or to take them to the college counseling staff.

Most college students are kept in the status of adolescents precisely at the time when their biological urges require full adult expression; they have been reared in a world in which a precarious peace is preserved by atomic blackmail; and they are disenchanted with the technological juggernaut that clanks and lumbers across their psyches with supreme disdain. This generation is frustrated, fearful, resentful, aggressive, primarily visceral in making its choices of issues on which to stand or to fight.

So what do they do? Some come to understand that today's worst may sometimes be almost as good as yesterday's best. Others avoid desperation simply by refusing to face life at all; they will later fill the golf courses and stay away from the polls. They cannot understand a man who said that it was better to be Socrates discontented than to be a contented cow.

Others come to accept one or another of the traditional Utopian hopes. The sizable turn to Marxism which characterized the collegians of the 1930's is echoed at least weakly today. Religion provides a compelling Utopia among many who find in the great ethical traditions a hope for the future, so that their rebellion can become revolution—a continuing revolution. But many others are unwilling or unable to make an affirmative response to any established Utopia—or to find a new one of their own. Hence they read Zen. Or they turn to such a great goal as the legalization of marijuana and LSD. The ritual ride of the acid head is substituted for the thoughtful self-discipline of the egghead. Still others—the hard core of the rebels—simply find that no Utopia offers them emotional satisfaction, and they decide that none is rationally acceptable, so they reject everything. Lacking a destination where they particularly want to go, they find everything in their way as they head toward nowhere.

The moral of this story is like the scorpion's sting: It comes at the tail. A popular pastime among adults has been to hurl back at the college rebels accusations as harsh as the rebels themselves make as they stomp the campuses, demanding the right to use four-letter words and to decide who should control the campus arena. But if history is any teacher, some of the great leaders of tomorrow will come from this rebel group. I decline to join the retaliation against the rebels, because I think there is a more basic question, one of much more proper concern to those over 25. This question is: Does the older generation really have a compelling dream of the future to pass along? We may feel sure that Utopia is spacious enough for all and attractive enough to evoke universal response. But as of now this idea has been greeted by many members of a younger generation with defiant disbelief.

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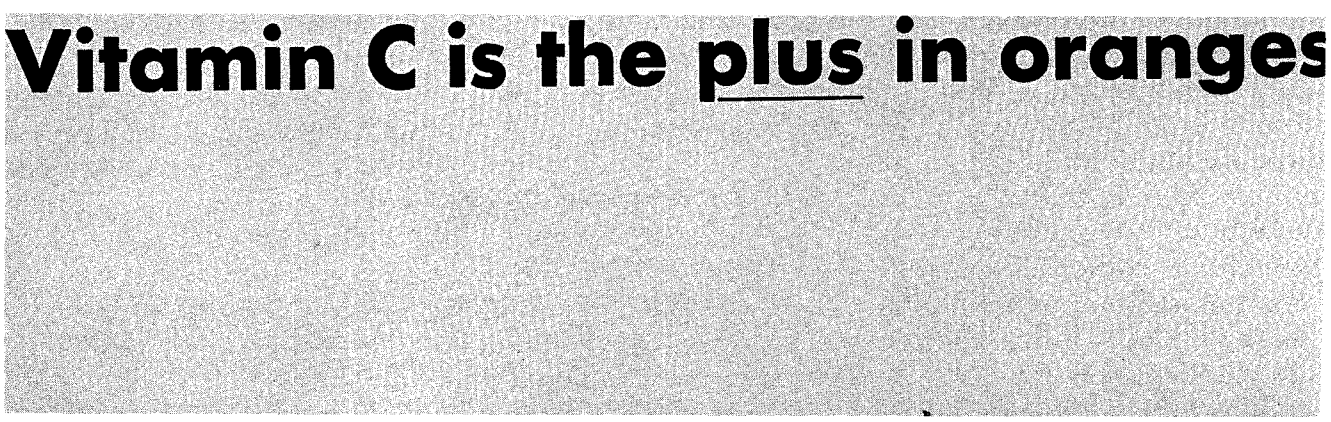

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■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

Our naïve President

WASHINGTON:

"The tragedy is that you see the center being eroded away, along with Lyndon's popularity. Hell, Lyndon *is* the center." Thus spoke one of Lyndon Johnson's old friends, an *enfant terrible* of the New Deal days, who has now become, as terrible infants have a way of doing, a wise old man. His words reflect an uneasiness which is spreading across this capital like fungus. Not for a very long time has the mood of Washington been so dark.

Why?

The war in Vietnam is going as well as could be expected. There are small sinister signs of an economic slowdown, but the United States is still immensely prosperous. And spring is here, the soft and lovely Washington spring. So why the dark mood?

In William Saroyan's play, *The Time of Your Life*, an odd character appears onstage from time to time, muttering to himself: "No foundation—no foundation, all the way down the line." In Washington these days there is a strong, uneasy feeling that there is "no foundation, all the way down the line," because of the steady, relentless erosion of the center.

It is true—or at least it was true—that "Lyndon *is* the center." On the two great problems that confront this country, beside which all other problems fade into insignificance, the President has constantly taken the central position.

On Vietnam, the President has been the country's leading dawk, or hove. He agreed to bomb North Vietnam and send U.S. combat troops to South Vietnam only when *all* his major advisers told him that he had no real choice. He has since resisted—and still resists—the heavy pressure from military and congressional hawks to use air power to impose a Carthaginian peace. He has resisted equally the pressure from the doves to negotiate at any price, as though negotiation were an end in itself.

On the racial crisis, the second overriding problem, he has been the Southerner who wanted "freedom now"; the President who has said again and again that his great ambition is to "heal the scars of Appomattox" and at the same time to "make the Negro a full citizen of the United States."

For a time the "center," as personified by the President, seemed very strong. That is no longer true. Two things have happened to weaken the center. First, the hideously divisive quality of both the racial crisis at home and the unpopular war in Vietnam has destroyed the Johnsonian consensus.

Both the race problem and the war arouse deep, irrational passions. When such passions are aroused, the center is weakened, as the extremists gain converts. Thus a Martin Luther King edges over closer to a Stokely Carmichael, while a George Wallace looks increasingly like a man to be reckoned with in national politics.

In view of the irrational passions aroused by the race crisis and the war, it is remarkable that the Johnsonian consensus lasted as long as it did. The consensus began to disintegrate about 18 months ago, when more and more people began to doubt the word of the President of the United States. This distrust is the other reason for the erosion of the center.

No one who knows Lyndon Johnson doubts that he wants, sincerely and even passionately, to end the Vietnamese war with honor and to ease racial tensions at home. Yet he now finds himself in a situation—deeply dangerous to any President—in which a great many people would automatically doubt his sincerity if he came out strongly in favor of motherhood and the American flag.

The President finds himself in this dangerous situation largely because he is a remarkably naïve man. The word "naïve" is not one that is often applied to President Johnson, who is generally regarded as a shrewd and sophisticated political operator. Yet as his years in the Presidency have passed, it has become increasingly clear that naïveté is one of the President's most marked characteristics.

There are all sorts of examples of this presidential naïveté. Take the episode of the President's frenetic attempt last month to blanket Robert Kennedy's speech on Vietnam. The speech, as the President knew in advance, sharply criticized the Administration's policies and advocated a halt in the bombing. The President built a headline-grabbing counterfire by releasing a letter from Soviet Premier Kosygin, agreeing to discuss a missile freeze. But, Johnson being Johnson, he did not stop there.

He also made two full-dress speeches, held two unscheduled press conferences and authorized the release by a friendly senator of a letter from him defending the bombing. Blanketing bad news is an ancient technique and one of the most powerful weapons in the arsenal of an incumbent President. But the technique works only when it is not obvious that it is being employed.

By gilding the lily so lavishly (or "gilding the dandelion," as a disenchanted former Johnson aide sourly put it), the President made his attempt to blanket the Kennedy speech ludicrously obvious. This is naïve—there is no other word for it.

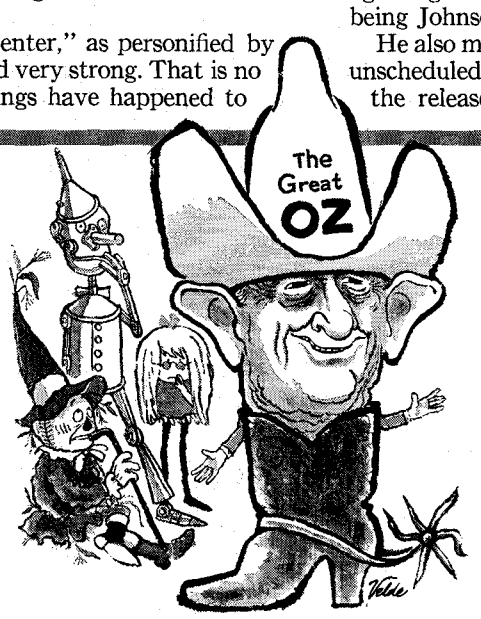
Shortly after the Kennedy speech, the President lunched with a small group of important publishers and editors. He solemnly assured them that he had made no attempt at all to blanket the Kennedy speech. He presumably believed what he said when he said it. But not one of the men he lunched with believed it, as a later nose count established. To tell important people, who are also sophisticated and intelligent people, what you can be quite sure in advance they will not believe, is another mark of naïveté.

Every President has tried to "manage the news." But this President's attempts to do so are so obvious that they recall a scene from *The Wizard of Oz*. The Wizard is standing behind his magic machine, pulling levers, flashing lights, releasing clouds of smoke, making mystic pronouncements in a portentous voice. But Dorothy and her friends have moved around behind him and see exactly what the amiable old fraud is up to.

There is an element of comedy in the situation—Lyndon Johnson sometimes resembles that old comic figure, the country slicker, who tries to bamboozle the audience and ends up bamboozling himself. But the situation is not really comic. For nowadays, thanks to the invincible presidential naïveté, everybody always looks for the hidden motive, the *arrière-pensée*, in everything the President does or says.

This is an important reason, surely, why "the center is being eroded away," and why the mood of Washington is so dark. For it is indeed a "tragedy" that the credibility and personal authority of the President should be so weakened, when the country faces a summer which is likely to be longer and hotter than ever, both in Vietnam and on the city streets.

Stewart Alsop



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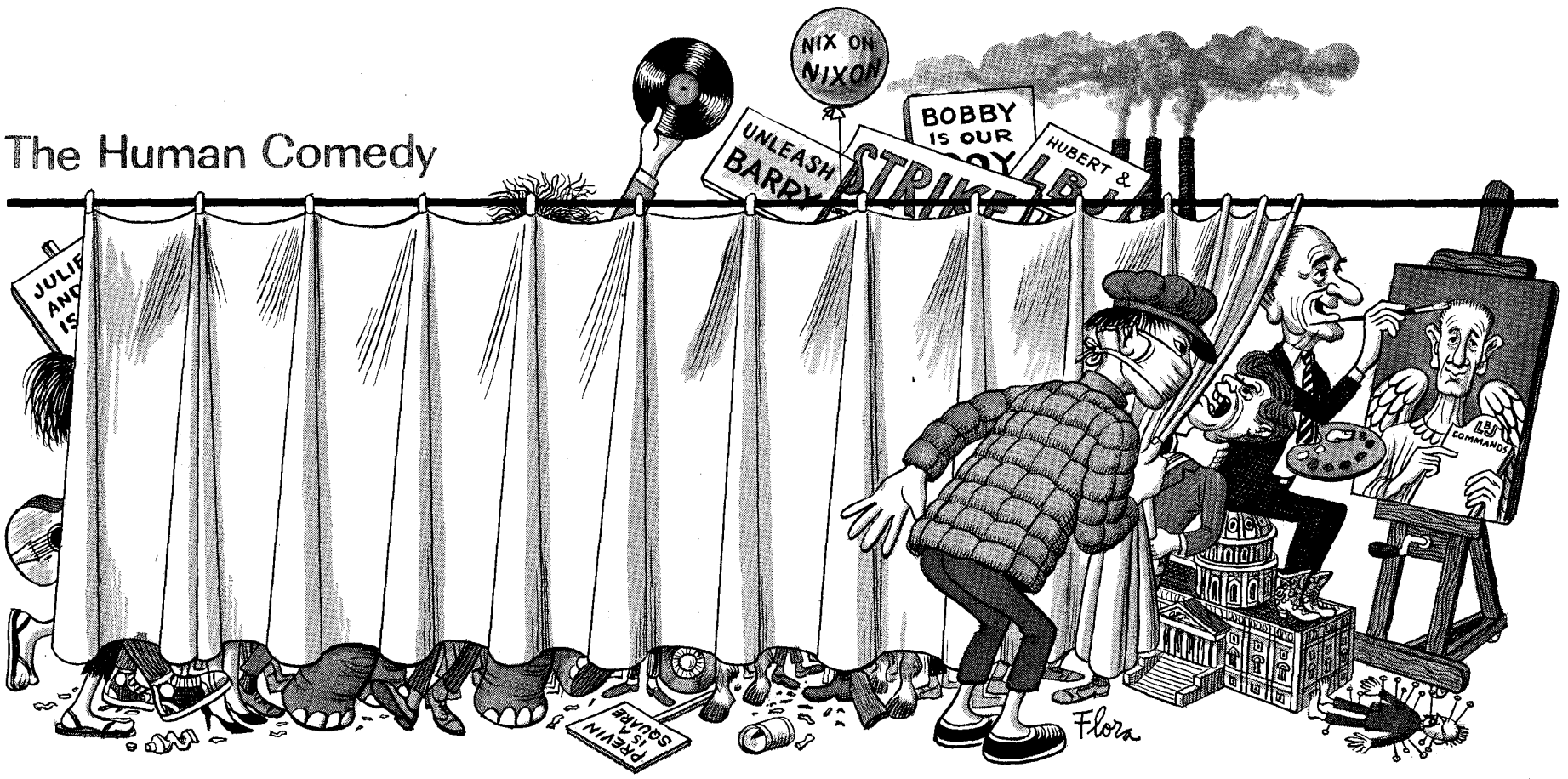

AMERICA:
A nation in utter confusion

(Reprinted from the Peking Sun-Yat Times & Examiner)

By THOMAS MEEHAN

Last week, travelers returning from the mainland United States to teeming Halifax, N.S., brought ominous tales of chaos and conflict within the borders of that vast and mysterious land. Halifax, a swarming city of sin and intrigue, perched like a nervous pelican less than 200 miles from the shores of Maine, America's menacing easternmost province, is the chief watching post for Eastern observers of the American scene. "When the United States exhales, Nova Scotia quivers," goes an old Halifax saying, and last week that strategic peninsula was indeed aquiver. From refugees pouring into Halifax, Americologists were collecting bits and pieces of information—and gradually putting together a picture of a United States racked by internal struggle.

There were reports of fierce verbal fighting in the volatile capital of Washington between forces loyal to Lyndon B. Johnson, America's charismatic President, father figure, and Sun God in residence, and a counter-evolutionary faction curiously called the Gop, or the Party of the Elephant. In Washington (pronounced "Wah-tsing-tung")—also known, especially to anyone who has spent August there, as the Forbidden City—the chief spokesman for the Gop was Everett M. Dirksen, long-time party strongman and Capitol recording artist, who has violently attacked Lyndon, and Lyndonism, calling the pro-Lyndonist Party of the Donkey "left-wing, anti-Capitalist extremists."

Lyndon himself has so far made no public reply, leaving this to supple Hubert H. Humphrey, iron-jawed No. 2 man in the hierarchy, who, in a recent series of angry four-hour speeches, denounced the Gop as "bourgeois deviationists." In fact, Lyndon's whereabouts often seemed to be unknown (he was variously reported last week to be in his White House office sticking pins into a voodoo doll of Ho Chi Minh and home in his native province of Texas, painting his own official portrait). But his wife Lady Bird frequently appeared in public, and three times last week was seen planting gladioli along the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

There were repeated rumors of unrest within the Party of the Donkey itself. The Maximum Leader was reported to be displeased with recent revisionist speeches by Bobby F. Kennedy, powerful, bushy-headed leader of a splinter dynasty called the Irish Mafia, and relations between the two men were said to be colder than downtown Chungking when the December wind howls in off the Yangtze.

Political upheaval had spread through the entire country, said Eastern experts in Halifax. In California, a heavily industrialized western province, a pro-Lyndonist governor was recently ousted from office, and in virtually every other province attacks were being made on Lyndonism by Gop leaders, among them Barry M. Goldwater, right-wing Air Force general and hobby nut. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, semiofficial organ of Gop interests, Goldwater maintains a large following among rabid anti-Lyndonists—though he was purged as leader of the Gop apparatus after his program, Barryism, also called the Great Leap Backward, was repudiated by American peasants and factory managers alike in 1964 (a period known in Gop circles as the Year of the Creamed Elephant). All this suggested to Americologists the existence of an organized plot to overthrow the government in November, 1968, at which time, rumors are rife, the Gop plans to unleash Richard Nixon.

Meanwhile, George and Lurleen Wallace, commanding a powerful striking force of state police in their Alabama stronghold, were openly working to take over the Lyndonists' Southern Caucasian wing; conservative estimates showed them in effective control of the cotton-picking Delta, with outposts as far north as Duluth, Minnesota. Unrest apparently extended to the offshore islands—where Baptist overlord Adam Clayton Powell, unseated by the People's House for breaching its mystical Code of Ethics, had established a hedonist Shangri-La and was maneuvering for a return to the mainland.

The most imponderable question was the mood of the American masses, normally sullen at spring tax-collecting time and said to be armed with enough private weapons to wage and win two full-scale Asiatic wars. Americologists detected ominous signs of spreading unrest. Last year's Chopped Chuck crisis, with its throngs of placard-waving housewives protesting food prices, had been succeeded by a revolt of farmers, who were dumping milk on the ground as fast as it could be extracted from overworked U.S. cows. The Central Intelligence Agency, a chief bulwark of the economy, reportedly was cutting back its vast expenditures and negotiating with a TV syndicate to sell its highly secret files now available only to the editors of *Ramparts* magazine and *The New York Times*. Observers in Halifax pointed to other soft spots in what Americans boastfully term their "Gross National Product"—and some suggested that Lyndon and his cohorts may have planned their recent "long flight" to Guam and back as a dramatic gesture to focus the people's attention on the Pacific Ocean and divert it from the economic pinch at home.

There was equal chaos on the nation's perplexing social and cultural scenes, particularly among those under 21. Last week in Los Angeles, 20,000 teen-agers, crazed on airplane glue, dogtrotted up the Sunset Strip demanding permission to stay out later than 10 o'clock at night, while in Berkeley, 12,000 bearded sophomores, protesting the purging of Clark Kerr, burned Jack Warner in effigy. Throughout the United States, roving bands of transistor-toting teen-agers, slapping up posters announcing Simon and Garfunkel concerts, seemed to be winning the youth-fomented Pop-Music Revolution. Chanting anti-André Previn slogans, shouting that Julie Andrews is "a square"—the gravest public insult any American can presently hurl at another—rampaging youths with hair down to their knees were gaining the subcultural upper hand. Indeed, at Halifax, where Americologists were monitoring Radio WOR-FM with mounting concern, latest surveys indicated that anti-intellectual elements had seized complete pop-music control of strategic New York, key eastern Fun City.

New York, in fact, seemed in every way to be in a chaotic state, according to an Eastern journalist recently permitted a three-day visit. "Frequent strikes halt the trains, subways, and newspapers," he reported. "The air is black and smells like a pair of Bulgarian tennis sneakers, the waters surrounding the city are equally polluted, and when it rains you can't get a taxi."

Similar disorders could be found in most major American cities, especially in New Orleans, where 37.8 percent of the populace was apparently under arrest, and in San Francisco, where cocktail waitresses were reported to be going about naked from the waist up.

As a nervous world watched and waited, Eastern analysts frankly admitted they were hard put to assess the exact significance of the turbulent goings-on. "We know definitely that America is in a state of enormous confusion," commented one veteran United States-watcher at his Halifax listening post last week, "but it's the long-range meaning of this confusion we're not certain about. Americans, who make up one fifteenth of the world's population, living in mystery behind a 40 percent Dacron curtain, are a strange and enigmatic people. It is nearly impossible for even trained Eastern observers to understand what is going on in their inscrutable Occidental minds." □

Drawing by Jim Flora

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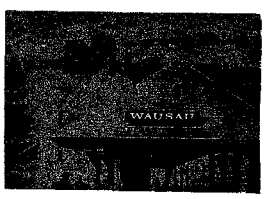

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POST

Kill Kennedy?

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ES PHELAN

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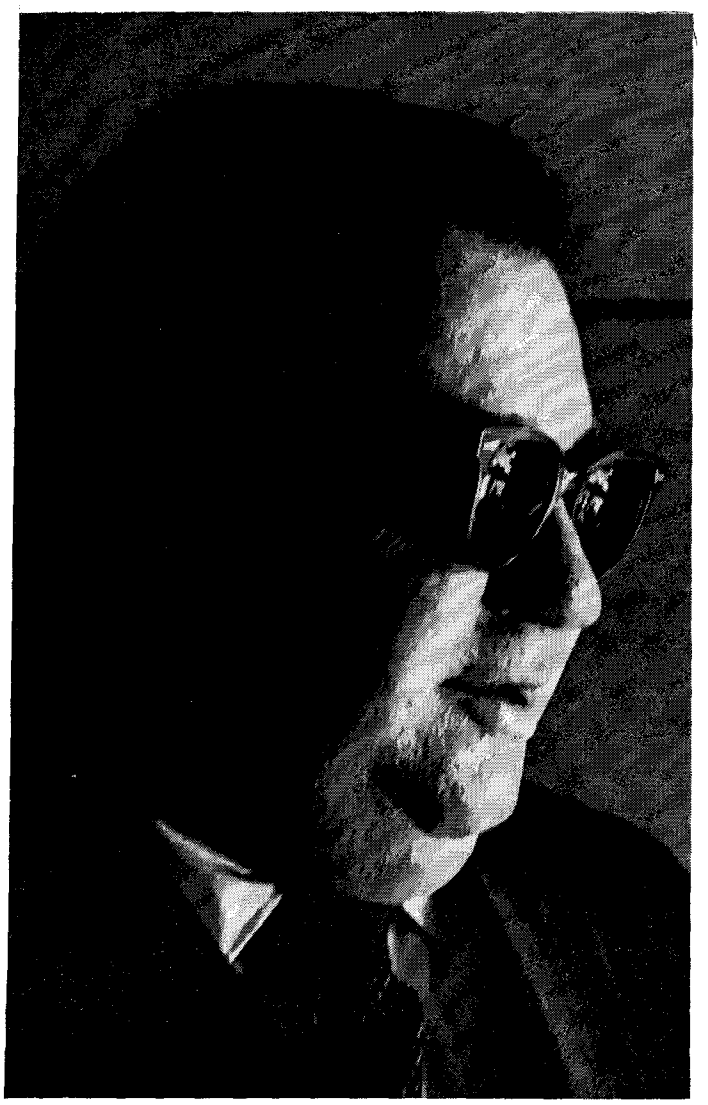

Attorney Dean Andrews was telephoned after the assassination by "Clay Bertrand" and asked to defend Oswald.

KENNEDY PLOT

television crews, curiosity-seekers. There was a team of reporters from *Paris Match*, two men from the Russian news agency Tass and someone from the radio station at Anna, Ill., population 4,280. "I wonder where Norman Mailer is," a newswoman said. "Everyone else is here."

What fetched them running was the remarkable news that New Orleans was staging its own version of the Warren Commission, without the Warren Commission. Heading the new investigation into the death of John F. Kennedy was District Attorney Jim ("Jolly Green Giant") Garrison, a six-foot-six-inch lawyer, with a contempt for orthodoxy and an instinctive dislike for anything that might be termed The Establishment. Articulate, sardonic, well-read, Garrison is an ardent admirer of Ayn Rand, author of *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged* and high priestess of a cult of absolutely unfettered individualism.

Garrison established his credentials as a maverick at the very outset of his Kennedy probe. When Congressman Gerald Ford suggested that he turn over any new evidence to the U.S. Attorney General for forwarding to the President, Garrison snapped, "I am running this investigation, not the President, not the Attorney General. Now if they want to help *me*, I'll welcome their assistance. But I'm not reporting to anyone."

In addition to a new management, New Orleans's one-man Warren Commission had a new plot and an assortment of bizarre new characters. According to Garrison, instead of a one-man strike by a bitter, alienated loner, Kennedy's tragic death was engineered by a group, in which Lee Harvey Oswald played a complex role of "participant, decoy and victim." Said Garrison at the outset of the hullabaloo, "My staff and I solved the assassination weeks ago. . . . We know the key individuals, cities involved, and how it was done."

Garrison's startling announcement came when public discontent with the "lone assassin" explanation was growing. In January the Gallup Poll had reported that only 36 percent of the American people believed that Oswald had acted alone, and *Rush to Judgment*, author Mark Lane's assault on the Warren *Report*, was topping best-seller lists both here and abroad.

News of the Garrison project first broke on February 17, in a story in the New Orleans *States-Item* by a pert, pixie-faced, girl crime reporter named Rosemary James. Based on information dug up by several staff reporters, she disclosed that in three months Garrison had expended $8,000 in public funds dispatching staff men to Florida, Washington, Texas and elsewhere, running down leads on the Kennedy assassination.

Garrison denounced the disclosure of his project as "outrageous" and "irresponsible." Rosemary James, however, says, "I took a copy of the story to Garrison the day before we printed it. He read the lead, threw it back to me and said 'No comment.' He said nothing about the story hurting his investigation, and if he had asked us to withhold it, I think the paper would have done so." Said Garrison, "Anyone who says I read that story in advance is a liar."

The day after publication of the first story, a key figure in the investigation stepped forward: David W. Ferrie. "You had to see Dave Ferrie to believe him," says a New Orleans newsman, "and once you saw him you could never forget him." Ferrie was 48, completely hairless, and habitually wore glued-on eyebrows and had tufts of hair fastened at random on his head with spirit gum. He had a nasal voice, an antipathy to soap and a penchant for authoritative statements.

He also had a long record of failure in a wildly disparate series of endeavors. Ferrie had been a teacher, an unsuccessful candidate for the priesthood, a pilot who had been discharged by Eastern Air Lines for homosexual activity, a "psychologist" with a "degree" from a diploma mill, a private investigator, a self-proclaimed cancer-cure "researcher" and an amateur hypnotist. In New Orleans he had become enmeshed with a group of anti-Castro Cubans and had been training teams of "guerrilla jungle fighters" for some future assault on Cuba. To muddy things further, some of his acquaintances insisted later that Ferrie often expressed admiration for Fidel Castro. In his spare time, Ferrie labored on a miniature submarine that he was trying to fashion out of an airplane fuel tank. "Like most of Dave's projects," said a friend, "it didn't work."

Garrison later was to describe this exotic loser as "one of history's most important individuals." But when Ferrie first surfaced in the Garrison probe on February 18, Ferrie simply identified himself as a reject from the Warren Commission investigation. He had been picked up by Garrison's men shortly after the Dallas tragedy in 1963, Ferrie declared, on a tip from an unstable New Orleans character. Ferrie said he gave the FBI a "meticulous accounting" of his movements on the weekend of the assassination. Says a Washington source, "The FBI squeezed Ferrie dry, found nothing there, and discarded him." When Garrison opened his own investigation, three years later, he ran Ferrie through a new interrogation. Said Ferrie, "Supposedly I have been pegged as the getaway pilot." Ferrie denied any role in any plot, denied that he ever knew Lee Oswald and termed Garrison's project "an utter waste of time."

Four days after he made this statement, David Ferrie was found dead in his filthy, cluttered apartment at 3330 Louisiana Avenue Parkway. Although the New Orleans coroner flatly declared his death due to natural causes (massive brain hemorrhage from an artery failure), Garrison referred to it darkly as a suicide, hinted it might be murder and began issuing a series of provocative statements.

"Evidence developed by our office," Garrison declared, "had long confirmed that [Ferrie] was involved in events culminating in the assassination of President Kennedy." Two days later, February 24, Garrison announced for the first time that he had "solved" the plot to murder President Kennedy, that "every individual involved" would be arrested and that "the only way they can escape is to kill themselves."

Up to that point, the American press in general had been playing down the Garrison project, while the European papers had been bannering it. But within hours after the death of Ferrie and Garrison's bold announcement, the jets began to deplane newsmen by the dozen at New Orleans International Airport, and the second Mardi Gras of 1967 was on.

It was one of those stories with a dozen rumors a day and no real news. After a bitter blast by the American Civil Liberties Union accusing him of prejudicial statements, Garrison began avoiding the press. Without Garrison—who had the whole story, whatever it might be, in his head—there was nothing left but conjecture.

I flew into New Orleans 10 days after the story broke. Four years earlier when Garrison, new to the D.A.'s office, had cleaned up the gamey clip joints in Bourbon Street for the first time in man's memory, I had reported his reform campaign for the *Post* ("The Vice Man Cometh," June 8, 1963). I had spent a leisurely 10 days with Garrison and his chief investigator, a shrewd, tough ex-cop named Pershing Gervais, and had found Garrison's directness and brutal candor remarkable for a politician. Now Gervais was gone, and a New Orleans writer warned, "You'll see a difference in Garrison. He's lost his best people, and has surrounded himself with yes-men. There's nobody to stop him or challenge him now."

I picked up my first hot rumor four hours after getting into town. "Just got a tip," a man told me. "The *Post* is financing Garrison in exchange for an exclusive story on the assassination plot. They're sending a man down today to wrap it all up." I told him I was the man from the *Post* and that his story was untrue. "Oh," the man said.

For four days Garrison was unreachable. Interview-seekers had to queue up at his office just to leave a note for him, and it disappeared into a huge stack of similar notes. In the oyster bars on Iberville, the jazz clubs and strip joints on Bourbon Street, in the cool, dim-lighted New Orleans Press Club, everyone asked the same question: "Do you think Garrison has something?" The answers fell into three groups. Many New Orleans residents believed that Garrison knew exactly what he was doing. "He wouldn't go out on a limb like this without something big," they said. "He's too smart."

The second group, mainly Garrison's enemies, said, "He's gone off his rocker and is going to fall flat on his face."

The third group had a more sophisticated analysis. "He's got hold of a *little* something, but not a real conspiracy. With all the Cuban refugees in this town boiling mad about the Bay of Pigs, there were probably a hundred people who talked about killing Kennedy. Garrison will come up with some scraps, make some headlines and drop it. When Ferrie died, that gave him a perfect out. It will all be over in a couple of weeks."

The third group proved wrong first. On March 1, Garrison stunned New Orleans by suddenly ordering the arrest of Clay L. Shaw, a tall, gray-haired, 54-year-old bachelor, a familiar figure in New Orleans social circles, and former managing director of the city's International Trade Mart. Right after Shaw's arrest, Garrison obtained a search warrant for Shaw's residence in the French Quarter. The warrant application claimed that in September, 1963, Ferrie, Oswald and Clay Shaw ("alias Clay Bertrand") had held "meetings" in Ferrie's apartment at which there was an "agreement and combination among" these three "and others" to kill Kennedy. Garrison claimed to have

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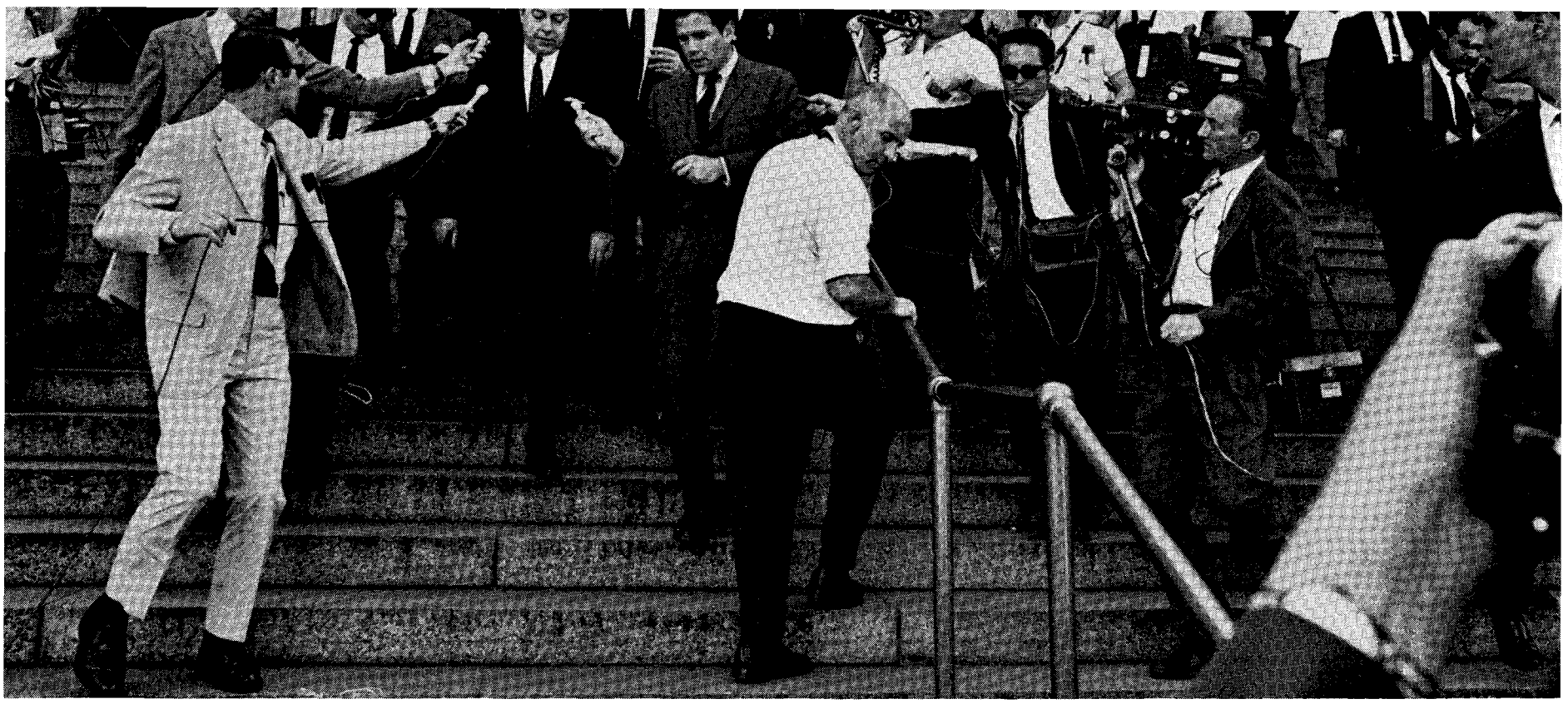

Clay Shaw was besieged by press after each session of hearing; judges eventually ordered him held for trial.

"a confidential informant who was present at the meetings and saw the conspirators and heard the plans." Armed with the search warrant, Garrison's men sped to Shaw's home and carted off a wide variety of objects, which included five whips, some chains, a black hood and cape, pieces of leather, a black gown and a black "net-type hat."

In a jammed press-conference, Shaw flatly denied all of Garrison's charges. "I have not conspired with anyone at any time or at any place to murder our late and esteemed President," he declared in a calm voice. Asked why he thought Garrison had arrested him, he replied with no visible show of rancor, "I have no way of knowing."

The arrest of Shaw brought two new characters onstage. The first was Dean A. Andrews, a one-time private attorney, and an assistant district attorney at nearby Jefferson Parish until his suspension on March 16. Andrews, a roly-poly man addicted to sunglasses and startlingly elliptical conversation, had 14½ pages of testimony in the Warren *Report*. It had made three major points:

1. During Oswald's stay in New Orleans in 1963, Oswald had come to his office for legal help about his discharge from the Marines, and had been accompanied by some "gay kids, Mexicanos."

2. Someone by the name of "Clay Bertrand" called Andrews from time to time and asked him to represent homosexuals in trouble with the law.

3. The day after Kennedy's assassination, Andrews, who was hospitalized with pneumonia, received a phone call from "a voice I recognized as Clay Bertrand." The caller asked Andrews if he would go to Dallas and defend Oswald. Andrews told the caller he was sick, and nothing more came of it.

Andrews said he had seen Bertrand only twice. He told the Warren Commission Bertrand was "about five feet eight inches," with sandy hair. In an earlier interrogation by the "Fee-Bees"—his term for the FBI—he said Bertrand was about six feet two and had brown hair. Confronted with the six-inch disparity in Bertrand's height, Andrews replied, "I don't play Boy Scout and measure them." He added a final colorful touch. After the assassination, he said, he spotted "that swinging cat" Bertrand in a bar. Bertrand "spooked and ran," Andrews said. "I should have cracked him on the head with a bottle, but I figured to be a good law-abiding citizen and made the biggest mistake of the century."

The elusive Clay Bertrand intrigued Jim Garrison. Early in his investigation, Garrison told me later, he became convinced that Clay Shaw was also Clay Bertrand. He called in Dean Andrews for further questioning, and Andrews reportedly claimed he couldn't say for sure that Bertrand was Shaw or that he *wasn't*. Garrison then took Andrews before the New Orleans grand jury, and on March 16 he was indicted for perjury in a matter "relating to a conspiracy to murder John F. Kennedy." Andrews brushed the matter aside with a pure Dean Andrews quote. Throwing up his hands like a man who had borne more than mortal flesh should bear, he said, "Garrison thinks I have the key to some locks. The fact is I don't even know where the *locks* are."

'We know the key individuals, cities involved, how it was done.'

Nine days before Clay Shaw's preliminary hearing on March 14, I met Garrison at the Las Vegas airport. My note had finally worked its way through the stack in his office, and he had called me to apologize. "I've got to get away for some rest," he said. "I'll meet you in Vegas where we can relax and get some sun. I'll tell you the whole incredible story." He came off the plane slump-shouldered and exhausted. "I've been going for months on three or four hours' sleep a night, working on this thing seven days a week," he explained.

In the next two days we talked for about 10 hours. He told his story in bits and pieces, interrupted with long discursions on the shortcomings of the Warren *Report*. "What they did on the Warren Commission was send a hundred squirrels out to pick up leaves, acorns and sticks. Each squirrel brought something in and dumped it in a box. Then the head squirrels looked at this collection of junk and tried to reconstruct the terrain where it had been picked up. What it took to solve this puzzle was imagination and evaluation. It was like a chess game—and I once played an expert eight hours to a draw."

His interest in the Kennedy assassination, Garrison said, had originated the previous fall when he flew from New Orleans to New York with Sen. Russell Long of Louisiana. "Up to that time I had assumed that the FBI had done a competent job," he said, "but I found that Long had some doubts about the solution to the Kennedy killing. He is a knowledgeable Washington figure, so I began to have some second thoughts."

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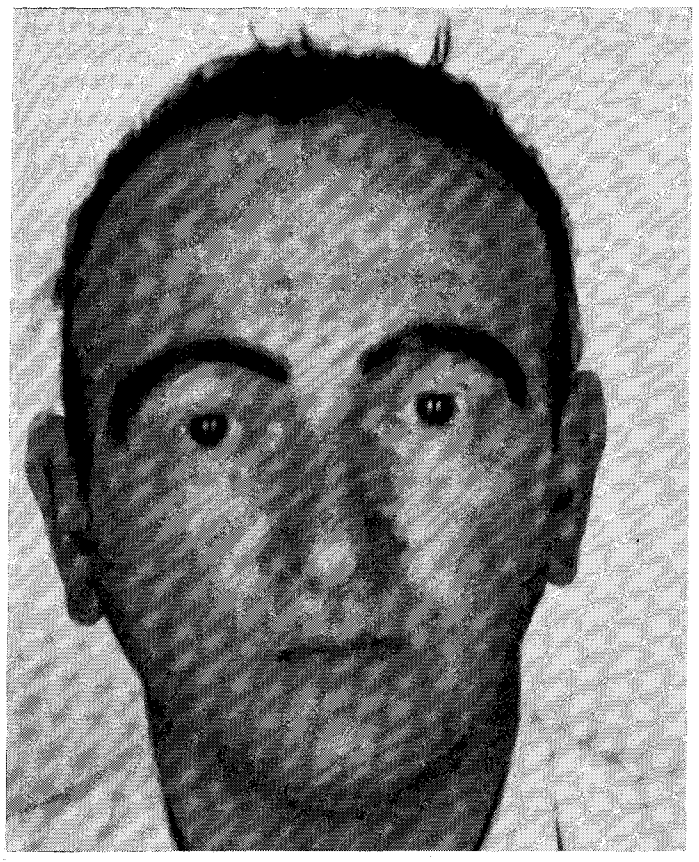
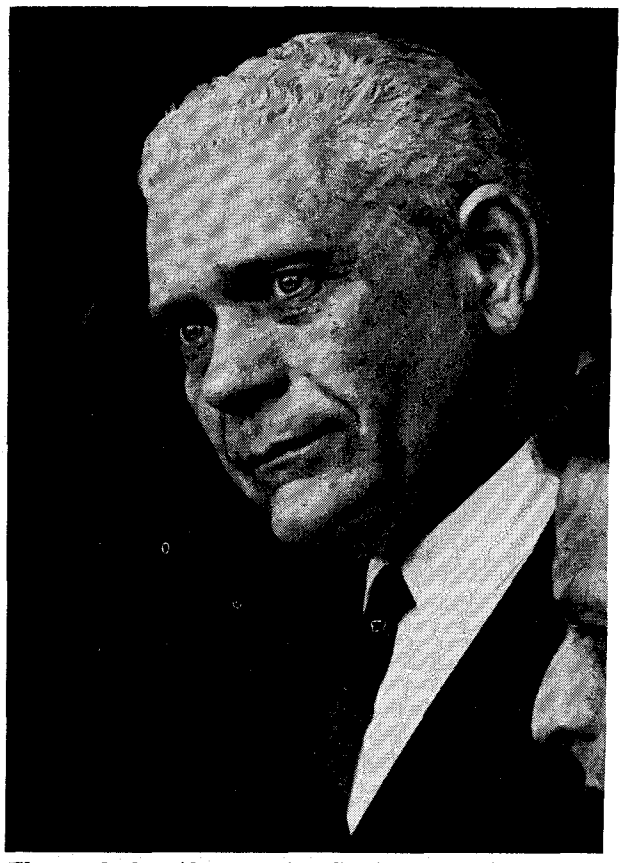


The first "conspirator" flushed out by Jim Garrison was Dave Ferrie, an ex-pilot with a long history of failure.

'There was the thrill of staging the perfect crime. Remember the Loeb-Leopold case? It was the same thing.'



The case broke wide open when Garrison arrested Clay Shaw, a respected businessman with social connections.

KENNEDY PLOT

On his return to New Orleans, Garrison said, he read a number of "excellent articles and books" criticizing the Warren *Report* and "realized that something was wrong." He quietly opened his own investigation.

"You know how you can pluck at a thread and wind up unraveling a whole coat?" Garrison said. "The thread that unraveled this whole case was the trip that Ferrie made to Houston the day after Kennedy was killed. While everybody in the country was glued to their television sets, Ferrie takes off with two guys and drives through a thunderstorm to Houston. He told the FBI that he had this sudden desire to go skating, and he knew there was a skating rink in Houston. The FBI checked him out and found that he showed up at the skating rink, all right, and they dropped him. But you know what? *They never even asked if Ferrie put on his skates!* We checked and found that he just stood alongside a wall there that afternoon and told everybody who would listen, 'I'm Dave Ferrie.' We checked the rink and found that there was a phone on that wall. So it seemed plain that this was the message center."

At the end of the 10 hours, Garrison had never explained what the "message center" was for, who called Ferrie there or whom Ferrie called.

Boiled down, his version of the Kennedy assassination made it out to be the result of a homosexual conspiracy masterminded by Dave Ferrie. "You can understand his motivation," Garrison said. "Kennedy was a virile, handsome, successful man—everything Ferrie was not. In addition, there was the thrill of staging the perfect crime. Remember the Loeb and Leopold case in Chicago? It was the same thing with Kennedy."

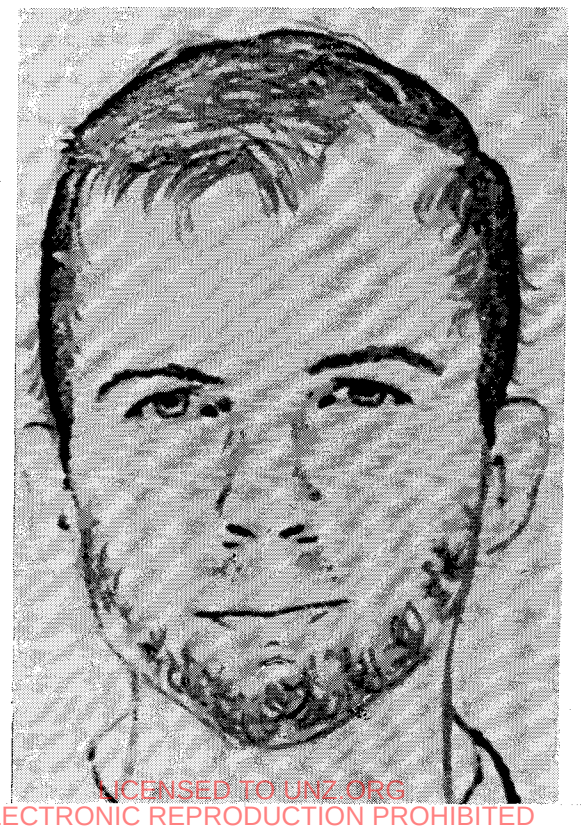
By the wildly convoluted script that Garrison had pieced together, Ferrie had trained some "Cuban wildcats" to go in and assassinate Castro, but then had "spun them off" and directed them against Kennedy. He claimed that Oswald and Ruby were both homosexuals and were both involved in the plot. He implied that Ruby—"his homosexual nickname was Pinkie"—executed Oswald to prevent him from telling all. He claimed that there were at least two other gunmen, firing from the famed "grassy knoll" at Dealey Plaza. He implied—without flatly stating—that he knew who they were. He gave me two Cuban names. Several weeks later I learned that he was planning to interrogate one of them as a cooperative witness, and apparently had recast him from a bad guy to a good guy.

At the end of two long rambling sessions, he told me that his key witness against Shaw would be Perry Russo, a 25-year-old insurance salesman.

He gave me two documents to read overnight. "Take these and brief yourself on them," he said. "They'll help you understand Perry Russo's story."

The first was a long memorandum from Garrison's assistant, setting forth in detail what Perry Russo had said in his first interview. The other was a transcript of what Russo had said four days later, under hypnosis, in what purported to be an attempt by Garrison to "refresh his memory." I read them three times, with a growing sense of disbelief. The two versions, from the same witness, told two completely different stories. And in the first account there was no mention of Oswald, Ferrie and Shaw plotting to kill anyone.

Russo could not identify Oswald as one of the "conspirators" until a D.A.'s man drew beard on Oswald's picture.



Shaw's preliminary hearing opened March 14 under dramatic security precautions. Newsmen were photographed, given special passes, frisked for weapons. Armed deputies lined the courtroom and kept the audience under constant watch.

Perry Russo was the whole show. Dark-haired and somber, the 25-year-old salesman proved a polite and imperturbable witness. In response to Garrison's questioning, Russo said he had first met Ferrie in 1960. Russo had been trying to extricate a young friend from Ferrie's influence at the request of his friend's parents. Ferrie became so enraged at his efforts, Russo said, that he once threatened to kill him, but later they became friends.

Russo identified Lee Harvey Oswald as a man he had known as Ferrie's roommate under the name of Leon Oswald. He said he saw Oswald in the summer of 1963 with Ferrie at Ferrie's apartment, once polishing a rifle with a telescopic sight mounted on it. He testified that "Oswald" seemed rather surly and was "antagonistic" to him.

He identified Clay Shaw as a man he had seen three times. The first time, he said, was during a visit by Kennedy to New Orleans, when he saw Shaw in the crowd. The third time was in a car with Ferrie, months after the assassination.

Their second meeting was the heart of Russo's story. This, Russo said, was at a party at Ferrie's apartment in the middle of September, about two months before Kennedy was killed. He said he had just "dropped in" and found eight or nine people there. The others drifted off, leaving Russo alone with "Clem Bertrand"—whom he identified as Clay Shaw—Oswald and Ferrie. And then, said Perry Russo, the three others began openly discussing the assassination of the President.

He said Ferrie "took the initiative" and discussed "diversionary shots." He said there would be two or three people involved and one "would have to be the scapegoat" while the others made "the good shot." The three discussed a plan to escape by plane to Brazil via Mexico or directly to Cuba. The only reference to Russo's presence during this frank discussion was at the outset. Oswald

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said, "What the hell is he doing here?" Russo declared, and Ferrie replied that Russo was "all right—he doesn't know anything." Russo declared that he had no part whatever in the plot; he was simply one of the world's most fortuitous witnesses.

He withstood a long cross-examination without once visibly ruffling. He conceded that he had not identified a picture of Lee Oswald as "Leon Oswald" until Garrison's office had sketched a series of beards on it. He acknowledged that he had seen "Bertrand" once and Ferrie numerous times after the assassination and never questioned them about the "murder plot" or about the man named "Oswald" he had seen with a rifle. He had not come forward with his story in the three years since the assassination, he said, for a variety of reasons. He "had confidence in the FBI"—which had reported that only Oswald was involved in the Dallas killing. Besides, he "was involved with school, which was more pressing to me," and "I never push myself off on anybody."

He was followed on the stand by Coroner Nicholas Chetta, who testified that he had administered Sodium Pentothal—the so-called truth serum—to Russo, and by Dr. Esmond Fatter, who said he interrogated Russo three times under hypnosis. Each testified that hypnosis could assist a witness in sharpening his memory and enable him to recall past events.

The only witness other than Russo was a narcotics addict who claimed he saw—during a time he was on a four-cap-a-day heroin habit—two men he identified as Shaw and Oswald talking together on a New Orleans breakwater. At the conclusion of the four-day hearing, the judges ruled that there was "probable cause" to hold Clay Shaw for trial.

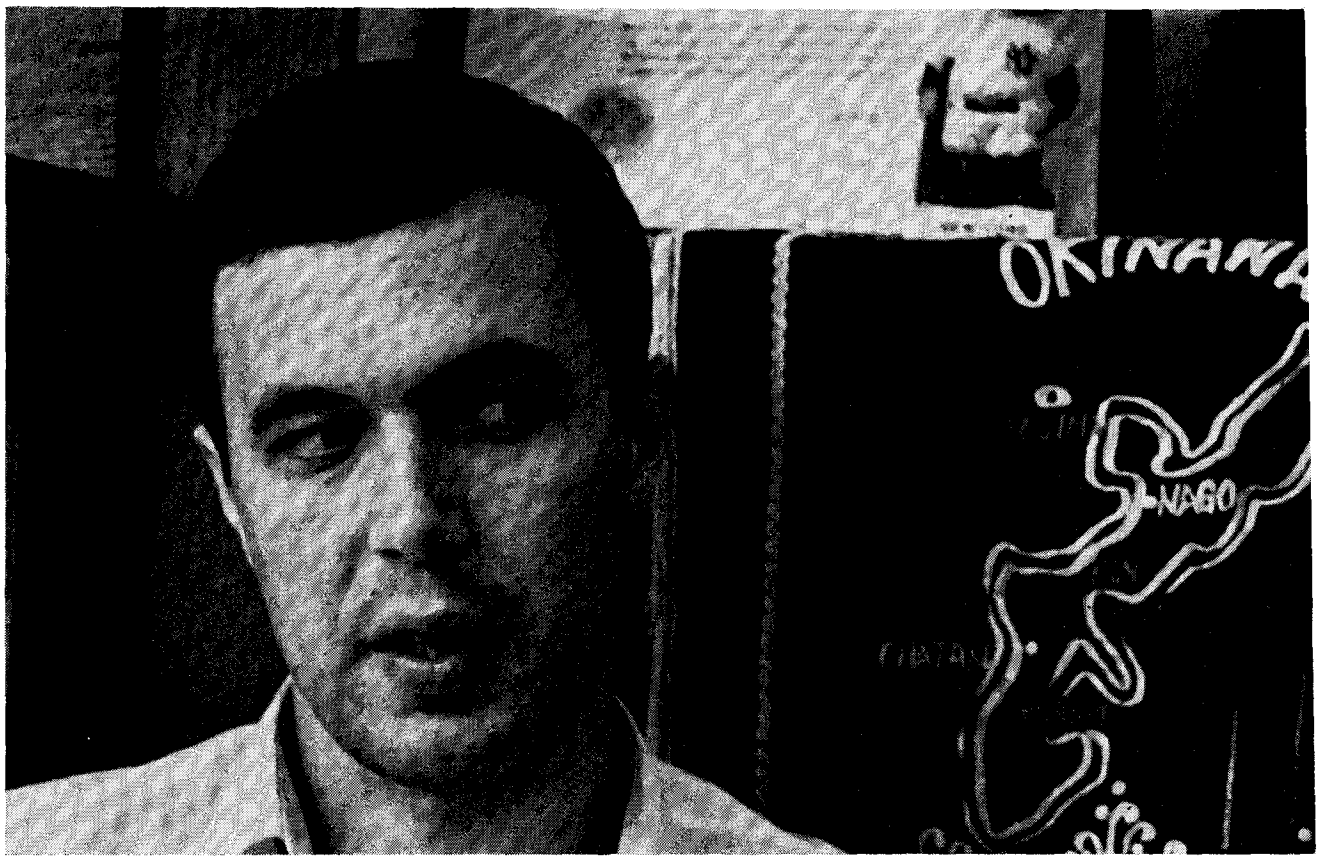
The way Russo related his story in court—and the way it was reported around the world—he had simply overheard an assassination plot and had told Garrison's office about it when he saw a picture of one of the plotters—Dave Ferrie—in the newspapers. Garrison had then had Russo's story "checked" by truth serum and hypnosis, and it had stood up. But if Garrison's own records could be believed, it hadn't happened that way at all.

Russo was first interviewed by a Garrison aide on February 25, three days after Ferrie's death and the day after Garrison had announced to the world that the case was solved. The interview was conducted in Baton Rouge, Russo's hometown, by Andrew J. ("Moo") Sciambra, a 31-year-old assistant D.A., just a year out of law school. "We talked about three hours, and Sciambra made a lot of notes," Russo told me after the hearing.

Sciambra returned to New Orleans and on Monday, February 27, wrote a minutely detailed memorandum to Garrison on what Russo had told him. It ran 3,500 words. At no point did it mention an "assassination plot." It made no reference to the party at Ferrie's apartment, where Russo later said the plot was discussed. There was no positive identification of Lee Harvey Oswald as "Leon" Oswald. Most striking of all, when shown a picture of Clay Shaw Russo had said nothing whatever, according to the memorandum, about having known him as "Bertrand." The memo specifically said Russo had seen Shaw only twice—once at the Kennedy speech and once in a car with Ferrie. There was no mention whatever of Shaw's even knowing Oswald.

According to a second memo by Sciambra, Russo was put under Sodium Pentothal on Monday afternoon in New Orleans, and this time he did make passing reference to the party at which the plot was discussed. There was no stenographic record made of this session, but Sciambra's memo clearly states that Russo mentioned the party only after this prompting by Sciambra: "I then asked him if he could remember any of the details about Clay Bertrand being up in Ferrie's apartment."

The sensational story Russo later told on the witness stand was elicited from him under hypnosis two days afterward. The trance was induced by Dr. Fatter, who conducted the questioning.



Garrison's key witness was insurance salesman Perry Russo, who described the "plot" while in a hypnotic trance.

The answers were recorded by a stenographer.

Obtaining dependable testimony via hypnotism, according to competent psychiatrists, is a highly sensitive procedure. A subject in a deep trance is highly suggestible. Says Harry Arons, an expert in the field, "It is possible to lead a suggestible witness in any direction by improper questioning."

Fatter used the device of having the hypnotized Russo picture a "television screen" and describe what he saw on it. When Russo yielded nothing about a party at Ferrie's or an assassination plot, Fatter began setting the stage for him. "Now picture that television screen again, Perry, and it is a picture of Ferrie's apartment and there are several people in there and *there is a white-haired man*. Tell me about it."

RUSSO: "We are having a party and I came in and everybody is drinking beer. There are about ten of us and I am there, the roommate, Dave, some young boys and some other friends of Dave's and I was with Sandra." He went on about a "record player" and "a guy making a speech"—but nothing about Shaw, Bertrand, or an assassination plot.

Finally Dr. Fatter set the whole scene for him. "Let your mind go completely blank, Perry—see that television screen again, it is very vivid—now notice the picture on the screen. There will be Bertrand, Ferrie and Oswald and they are going to discuss a very important matter and there is another man and girl there and *they are talking about assassinating somebody*. Look at it and describe it to me."

And under this prodding, Perry Russo finally came up with his story.

In their final session, two days before Clay Shaw's hearing, Dr. Fatter gave Russo this post-hypnotic suggestion: "Any time you want to, you can permit yourself to become calm, cool and collected. . . . You will be amazed at how acute your memory will become in the next few weeks. Things will seem to pop into your mind and it will be only the truth as you saw it. . . . Remember, Perry, the truth always wins out. . . ."

Throughout his testimony, I listened with fascination as a "calm, cool and collected" Perry Russo related his marvelously detailed hypnotic vision—the story that differed so greatly from the one "Moo" Sciambra had originally reported.

After the judges ruled that Shaw should stand trial, I called Garrison. "Something bothers me," I said. I told him there wasn't a thing in Sciambra's first report about a party, a plot or a "Bertrand." Garrison seemed surprised; apparently he had never read the report. "I'll get Moo out here and have him explain it," he said.

There were four of us in Garrison's study when I questioned Sciambra—Garrison, Sciambra, a private investigator named William Gurvich, who is assisting Garrison on his probe, and myself. I asked Sciambra why his report on his first interview with Russo said nothing about an assassination plot. Sciambra said I didn't know what I was talking about. I told him I had read his report carefully and knew exactly what was in it. "Maybe," he said, shifting his story, "I forgot to put it in."

"But you reported specifically that Russo said he had seen Shaw only twice, not three times," I persisted. Sciambra said he had been "awfully busy with a half dozen other things and had to sandwich in the report and might have forgotten" to include everything. I said it seemed incredible that he would uncover testimony that might solve the crime of the century and then forget to report it.

"You made notes when you first talked to Russo," I said. "Your original notes would show whether he mentioned an assassination plot." Sciambra said he had burned his notes.

Later I asked Dr. Fatter where he got the information he used in prompting Russo under hypnosis. He said it came from "Garrison's office."

Since the Shaw hearing, the girl Russo claimed accompanied him to the "plot" party, the former Sandra Moffit, has been located. She denied attending the party and said she had not even met Ferrie until 1965. Granting the potency of hypnotic suggestion, it seems possible that Perry Russo did not know, when he testified, what was fact and what was hypnotic hallucination.

At this writing Shaw's trial has not been set and is at least six months away. This will give Jim Garrison a lot of time to try to solve the crime he said he solved months ago. When Garrison met me in Las Vegas he made a comment that seems to sum up the whole affair. "This case," he said, "is straight out of *Alice in Wonderland*." □

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By John Bowers

Sharon Tate had finished her last scenes for *The Vampire Killers* (later to be called *Your Teeth in My Neck*), and had no film work for the moment. At 95 Eaton Mews West, London, she moved about in late afternoon looking for something to do. She sat Buddha-style on the living room floor and put on fake eyelashes, one eyelash at a time. She worried that a sunlamp treatment, taken a few hours before, was going to make red cracks in her face. "Doesn't it seem to be getting all red on the cheeks? Look close now."

She wore a gray sweat suit and furry boots, having been to her daily gym class that afternoon. She didn't like the gym class, but Roman Polanski, her director, had told her she must go. She frowned into a hand mirror, thinking she saw a red streak. She started to bite a fingernail, but stopped. Roman had forbidden any more fingernail biting; she had a tendency to bite them down to the nub. She went to the refrigerator, and amidst Wyborowa vodka and Carlsberg beer, brought out the makings for a salami sandwich. She would not drink a beer because it might bloat her, and Roman was taking her out for dinner.

There was no place in the apartment for her to settle back and relax now. Everything inside had a transient look, as if the tenants would only be there a short season. A complicated stereo set sat on crates; Bach on top of a stack of records, Cannonball Adderly on the bottom. There were no pictures, no pets, no cozy heat. Upstairs on the wall was a framed citation stating that *Knife in the Water* under the direction of Roman Polansk had been nominated for an Academy Award. As Sharon reached for a folder of still photographs from *The Vampire Killers* to show a male visitor she stuck up her bottom in a way she has; as she went through the photos, she pooched out her bosom. But she did it by reflex. Her thoughts were totally on her director, who was not there. She had been in three unreleased films—*13*, *Don't Make Waves* and *The Vampire Killers*, all with different directors. If she caught the public's fancy in any of these pictures, she would become a movie star. And she was pleased with her work in *The Vampire Killers*. She was in a nude bathtub scene in it, and in a brief sequence in which she got spanked.

The phone rang; it was a strange female voice with a French accent. "Is Roman there?"

"No, I'm sorry he isn't," Sharon said, in her accent of the moment, which was English. "Who shall I say is calling, please?"

Two of Sharon Tate's three pictures have been produced in Europe. Although Texas-born, Sharon spent her adolescence abroad, and much prefers London to Hollywood

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'SEXY LITTLE ME'

This is how Hollywood turns a pretty Texas girl into Sharon Tate, the star.

"Ch—I just wondered if he were in. Tell him Barbara. Thank you very much. . . ."

The dull London afternoon turned dark, and still no Polanski. He could be cutting *The Vampire Killers* or he could be tied up in London traffic or he could be sitting in a café. She took off her furry boots and put her feet into his house slippers, which rested at odd angles by a mammoth bed that cost over $600. The slippers were far too big for her. She wondered if tonight she would be thrown with people who would overwhelm her with their wit, their awesome knowledge, their self-confidence. When she was out in public with Roman, she never felt adequate enough to open her mouth. She could only talk to him alone. Her problem was that she had always been beautiful, and people were forever losing themselves in fantasy over her—electing her a beauty queen, imagining her as a wife, dreaming of a caress. Most people had fantasies. But a few people, like Polanski, took charge.

At the age of six months Sharon Tate was elected Miss Tiny Tot of Dallas, Tex. Her mother had sent in photos of the beautiful baby to contest officials. Sharon's father was (and is) in the Regular Army, and was then stationed in Dallas. (Both her parents are natives of Houston.) As Sharon grew up, the family moved around in Army style, her father frequently absent from home. She remembers that when her father would return from an overseas tour, and she had reached a nubile age, her mother's first command would be, "Now you, Sharon Marie, button up that nightgown when you come out of your bedroom. Daddy's home." Her father was very strict with her as she budded through adolescence, turning thumbs down on potential boyfriends and making her stay in nights. He was very strong and knew how to take charge.

But most people continued to do things for Sharon without her lifting a finger. At 16 she was elected Miss Richland, Washington, and a short time later named Miss Autorama. At the age of 17 she was in Verona, Italy, where her father was stationed, and the prizes mounted. At Vicenza American High she was a cheerleader and baton twirler, and was chosen Homecoming Queen and Queen of the Senior Prom. The Vicenza yearbook for 1961 shows her as a very pretty, large-eyed girl, with hair somewhat darker and hips a little broader than now. She daydreamed at this time about becoming a psychiatrist and a ballerina, and had little to do with her classmates. Yet if any far-out stunts or fads were proposed, this terribly quiet girl was ready to lead the way. "If miniskirts had come in then," she says, "I'd have worn the shortest one."

Today the fad among young girls in cosmopolitan circles is to use the old Anglo-Saxon words in everyday conversation, and Sharon Tate leads the way. But back in Italy at 17, she was just starting her worldly knowledge. She watched the on-location shooting of *Barabbas*, a film about ancient Rome, and the family scrapbook now includes still pictures of Jack Palance and Anthony Quinn in the movie costumes they wore in Italy. As she walked in Venice one day, she was spotted by the choreographer for the *Pat Boone Show*, which was being filmed in Italy. She next appeared very briefly in one of Boone's TV shows, and his glossy smiling face now rests in the album with a fond inscription for Sharon.

When the Tate family moved from Italy to Southern California, Sharon decided it was time to live on her own. She was 18, and she paid a visit to Harold Gefsky, then agent for Richard Beymer, a young actor she met in Rome. "She was so young and beautiful," Gefsky, a softly spoken man, said in his Sunset Boulevard office, "that I didn't know what to do with her. I think the first thing I did was take her to a puppet show."

He also got her work because her father, in Calvinistic style, had only given her a few dollars to sink or swim on. One of her first jobs was dressing up in an Irish costume and handing out Kelly-Kalani wine in Los Angeles restaurants at $25 a day. She also appeared in TV commercials for Chevy cars and Santa Fe cigars. People who knew her during this period agree on one thing. She was the most beautiful girl in the world. "Everywhere I took her she caused a sensation," Gefsky said. "I would take her into a restaurant and the owner would pay for her meal. Photographers kept stopping her on the street. I've lived in Hollywood since the mid-Forties, but I've never seen anything like it before or since."

But at this point no one, except perhaps Sharon, knew if she wanted to be an actress. Then one day Gefsky took her by to meet his friend Herbert Browar, who was connected with TV's *Petticoat Junction*. He thought possibly Browar could fix her up with a minor role, something to tide her over. Browar took one look at her and rushed her in to see Martin Ransohoff, head of Filmways, Inc.

Ransohoff has a strand of hair combed over his bald dome. He wears loose sweaters, torn windbreakers and breeches that are baggy in the seat. He first started producing TV commercials in New York when food particles were glued onto Brand X's plate to show the differences in detergents. He branched out into TV programs with such com-

Sharon will be shown off to American audiences for the first time in DON'T MAKE WAVES. Above, on the set, she reacts prettily to a compliment from co-star Tony Curtis.

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mercial winners as *Mr. Ed, The Beverly Hillbillies* and *Petticoat Junction*. He then tackled movies on the order of *The Americanization of Emily* and *The Loved One*, which got mixed reviews but generally made money. He founded the company in 1952 on $200, and today it operates on a budget of over $35 million. He will talk about Oswald Spengler or H. L. Mencken and then croon into his ever-present phone, "Helloooo, Bertie, baby. Where's the action, kid?" He chews gum till his head rings, smokes two packs a day and sends everyone to the wall with his adrenaline. He can be gratuitously cruel in speaking of others—"She's got a lunch pail for a mouth," he said of an aging actress, "and if we take out insurance on her, it'll have to be that she'll *die*." Then he can take his twin sons to a football game, clean up a dog's mess in his Bel Air living room, and talk to anyone in the world who has guts enough to call him. A rich man's son, he sold pots and pans from door to door while going to Colgate and claims the experience taught him what the public will or will not buy. He had little interest in films before he became involved in them, and his favorite actress in the old days was Deanna Durbin—who, coincidentally, was also Polanski's favorite. Both vividly remember her pedaling a bicycle down a shady street and singing through a dimpled smile. Not everyone has had pleasant dealings with Ransohoff in Hollywood, but all agree he is a super salesman.

When he first saw Sharon Tate, he squinted his right eye and did something that was very impulsive, even for him. "Draw up a contract," he shouted. "Get her mother. Get my lawyer. This is the girl I want!"

He had not seen a screen test, not even a still photograph. She had hardly opened her mouth. But Marty Ransohoff, like the rest of us, has his

At 6 months Sharon won Dallas' "Miss Tiny Tot" award.

fantasies—and Sharon Tate walked into one of his fondest ones. "I have this dream," Ransohoff said, "where I'll discover a beautiful girl who's a nobody and turn her into a star everybody wants. I'll do it like L. B. Mayer used to, only better. But once she's successful, then I'll lose interest. That's how my dream goes. I don't give two cents now for Tuesday Weld or Ann-Margret. . . ."

"I think he's just trying to pull one over on the public," Gefsky said.

Sharon signed a seven-year contract, and Ransohoff took charge. Gefsky, a nice man, bowed out. At first she lived in complete fear of Ransohoff, and did as she was told. "She wouldn't even eat a hamburger if he told her not to," a friend from that period said. If Ransohoff said that she was to appear on *The Beverly Hillbillies* disguised in a black wig, she appeared. If he told her to go on a moment's notice to Big Sur, New York, London, she went. Off and on she studied acting.

Jeff Corey, one acting coach, said, "An incredibly beautiful girl, but a fragmented personality. I tried to get reactions out of her, though. Once I even gave her a stick, and said, 'Hit me, do something, show emotion'. . . . If you can't tap who you are, you can never act."

Charles Conrad, another acting teacher, said, "Such a beautiful girl, you would have thought she would have all the confidence in the world. But she had none." Among her friends, however, she began to refer to herself as "sexy little me."

Ransohoff tried to place Sharon in *The Cincinnati Kid*—his own movie—but failed when the director demanded Tuesday Weld. He packed her off to New York to study under the personal direction of Lee Strasberg at the Actors Studio. "She was only with me a few weeks," Strasberg said, "but I remember her. She was a beautiful girl." In New York Sharon had a romance with a young French star, who offered relief from her Texas-style, Puritan upbringing. The actor was tall, dark and very nice. When they broke up, the actor bungled a suicide attempt.

Sharon continued to fear Ransohoff. Once, while driving at high speed near Big Sur, she turned her car over four and a half times, but somehow managed to crawl out with only minor injuries. Her first thought was that Marty would be mad. The first picture he finally placed her in was his French-made *13*, in which she plays a chillingly beautiful, expressionless girl who goes about putting the hex on people. Completed many months ago, *13* still rests in the can waiting for a 1967 release date. Ransohoff flew Sharon back to Hollywood for her second film, *Don't Make Waves*, in which she plays a beautiful, deadpan skydiver. Sharon's first two directors were older men, Britishers—very polite, very nice and understanding with a novice actress.

And then Ransohoff began dickering with Roman Polanski, the Polish director living in London, to make a picture. Polanski, a tiny, baby-faced man whose explosive manner and Beatle-like appearance belie his much-admired skill as a maker of art films, wanted to do something with Ransohoff called *The Vampire Killers*, a spoof of horror movies. He wanted to play in it himself, and, as in all his movies, he wanted a beautiful girl in a supporting role.

"How about Sharon Tate?" Ransohoff said.

"I was thinking more in terms of Jill St. John," Polanski said.

At Ransohoff's instigation, Sharon and Polanski had dinner together. He looked at her from time to time, but said nothing. On a second dinner date he was painfully silent once more. A real weirdo, she thought. What's he waiting on? She found out shortly. Walking in London's Eaton Square, he suddenly put a bear hug on her and they fell to the ground, Polanski on the bottom. Sharon clouted him and stormed off. "That's the craziest nut I ever saw," she said. "I'll never work for him."

But Polanski apologized, and they saw each other again. One night he took her to his apartment which had even less furniture than it has now and no electricity. He lit a candle and excused himself, flying upstairs to don a Frankenstein mask. He crept behind her, raised his arms, and whinnied like a madman. Sharon turned and emitted a terrible scream. It took over an hour for her hysterical weeping to subside. Not long afterward Polanski informed Ransohoff that Sharon would do fine for *The Vampire Killers*. On the set he treated her as if they never saw each other at night. He cajoled, flattered, got angry—whatever worked—and never had lunch with her. During the nude bathtub scene, he snapped still pictures of her. Still enthusiastic, he had her pose all over the set

This picture of Sharon and her father, Maj. Paul Tate (right), at a 1965 Fort MacArthur party is from a large "family events" scrapbook that Sharon dutifully keeps.

Boyfriend Roman Polanski not only directed Sharon in YOUR TEETH IN MY NECK, a forthcoming spoof on horror pictures, but also played one of the leading comedy roles.

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'Oh, I want to do a complete nude scene,' Sharon pleaded. 'Please say you'll let me . . .

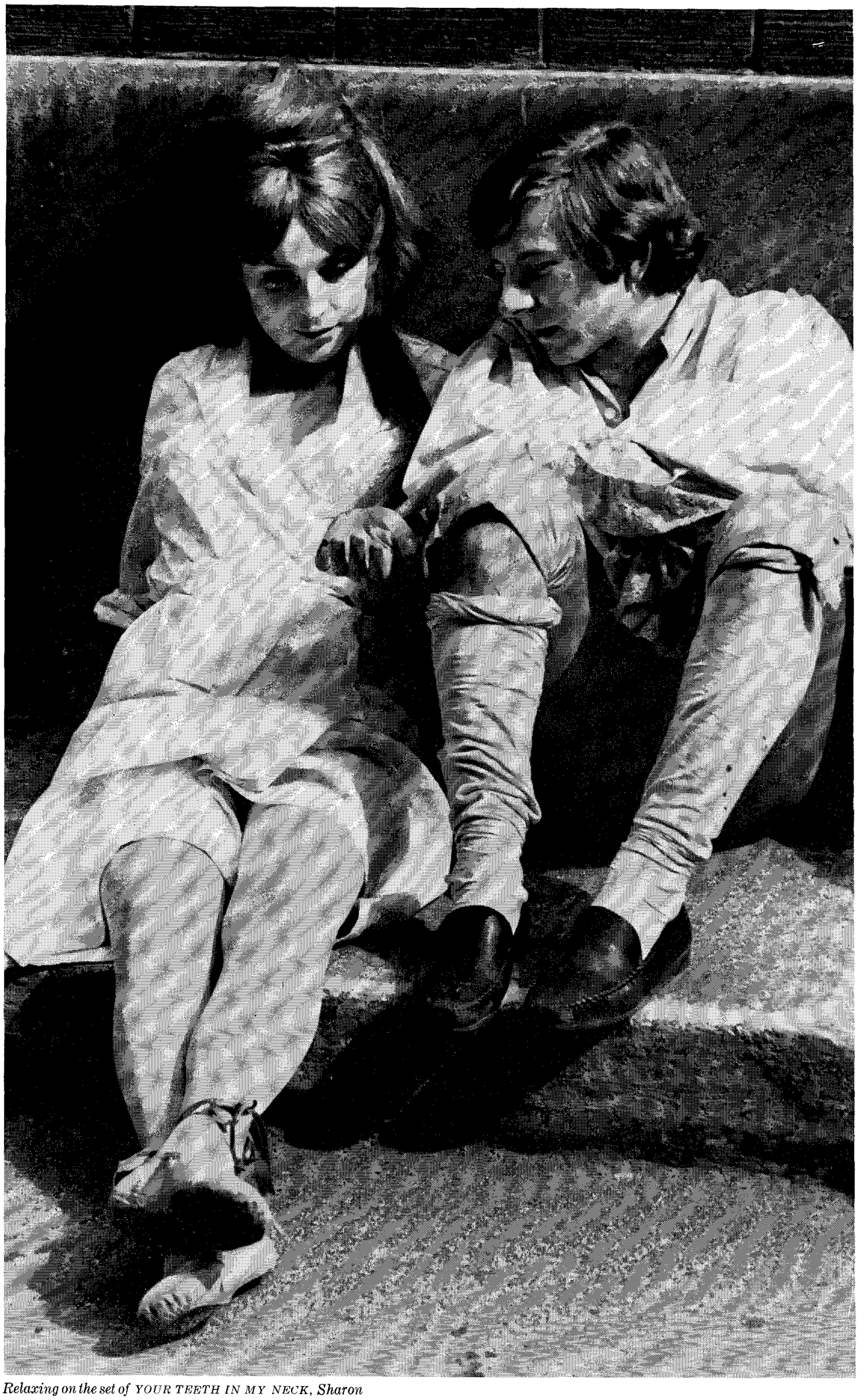
in the altogether, and then sent the results to *Playboy*. She plays a gorgeous redhead in *The Vampire Killers*—and she shows emotion.

Roman Polanski walked into his apartment in a sharp blue blazer and high-gloss shoes, carrying a briefcase. He had a good-sized nose and searching, deep-set eyes, and he nodded briskly to Sharon. "A Barbara called," she let out daintily. "Do you know who that could be?"

"A Barbara?" he called from the kitchen, out of sight. A pause. "You didn't get any last name? Always get last names. I don't know any Barbara that would be calling. Sharon, Sharon. There's no liquor here. Always see to it that we have enough whiskey. Can't you do that?"

Sharon went to the phone to order some, worrying about which brands to specify. She didn't want to be embarrassed by asking Roman—although he would certainly tell her. He knew the correct whiskey brands in London, the good pastrami places in Manhattan, and the right topless spots in Hollywood. He learned a country's customs and its language in a couple of weeks. He took a bath now upstairs, calling down for Sharon to fetch him some tea. Later he descended the stairs in a cowboy outfit and boots, ready for dinner. Some movie friends had shown up, and he led the party on foot toward Alvaro's restaurant.

At the restaurant Sharon basked in the eyes that roved over her. She listened big-eyed to Polanski explain the difference between the sun's heat and that on earth, apropos of Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451*. The only trouble was that it was difficult to digest *pasta* in such a giddy atmosphere, and she complained of her stomach. After Polanski figured out how to work the waiter's ballpoint pen, he signed the check.



Relaxing on the set of YOUR TEETH IN MY NECK, *Sharon listens attentively as the Polish-born Polanski explains how she can improve her performance in the next scene.*

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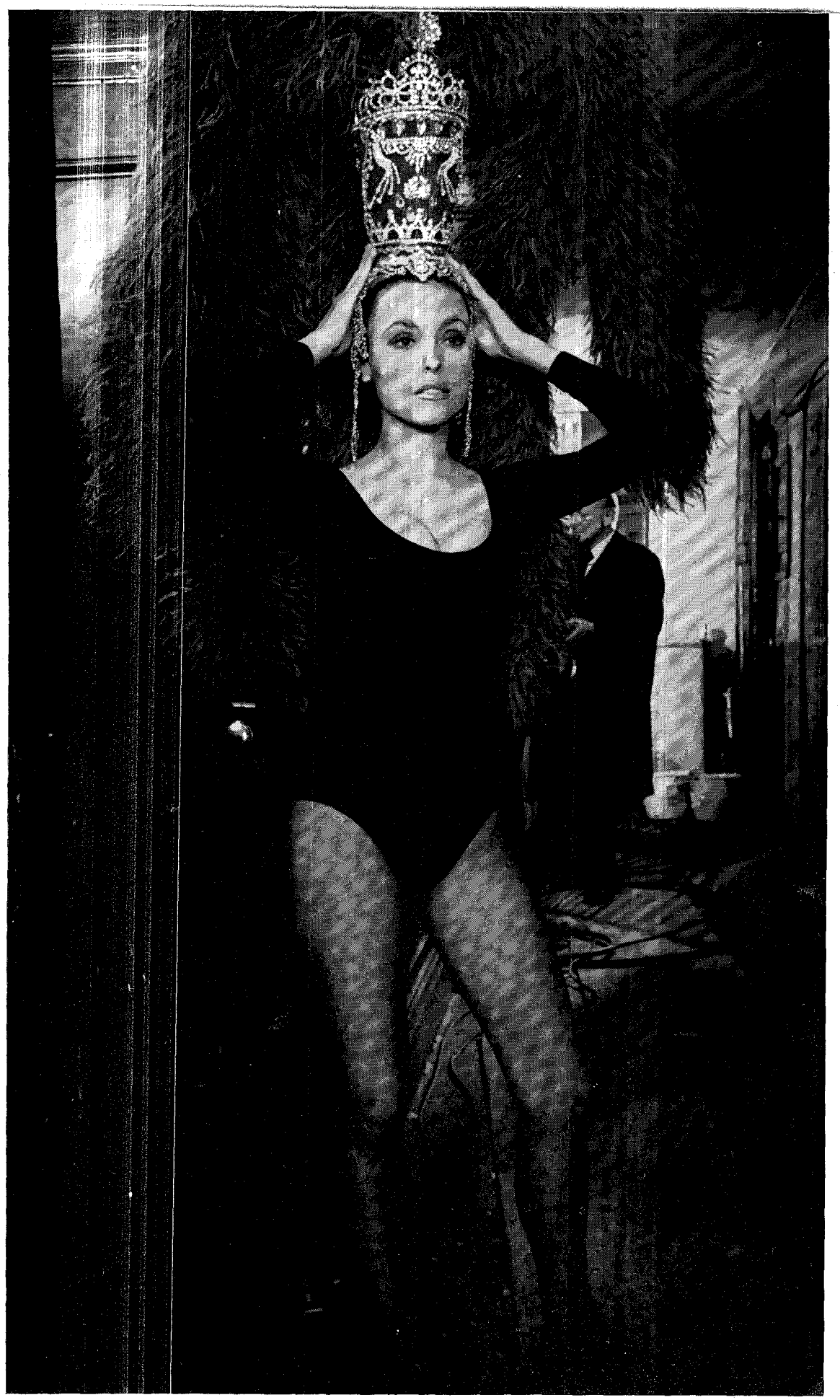

Portraying a Las Vegas showgirl who becomes a superstar in VALLEY OF THE DOLLS, *Sharon had to wear a 10-pound jeweled headdress which "gave her a headache."*

In a dreamlike state, Sharon began slipping into her fox fur coat in the foyer. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a tall Englishman with a prep-school tie and large teeth popped up and put his arm around her. "Ummm, you have a sexy feel, love. Don't we all love to touch you now. . . ." She squirmed away.

Out on the street, she said, "Roman, a complete stranger began hugging me in there."

"Yeah? Really?" A short distance away he suddenly spied a blonde in fox fur who had the same duck walk that Sharon has. "Hey, there goes Sharon," he said. "Let's get her and put the two of them together!"

"Don't you *dare*," she said, her anger flashing.

Another day, away from Sharon, Polanski said, "I'm trying to get her to be a little meaner. She's too nice, and she doesn't believe in her beauty. Once when I was very poor in Poland I had got some beautiful shoes, and I immediately became very ashamed of them. All my friends had plain, ordinary shoes, and I was embarrassed to walk in front of them. That's how Sharon feels about her beauty. She's embarrassed by it."

Sharon has a quarter-inch scar under her left eye and one beside the eye, the result of accidents which she keeps having. As Polanski drove with her one night in London, meticulously keeping on the left in the custom of the land, an Englishman with a couple of pints under his belt hit him from the right. The only one hurt was Sharon, whose head bounced off the dashboard, spraying blood on slacks, boots and fur. An angry red wound appeared at the start of her scalp, and it will leave another whitish scar on her head. With blond hair combed down over her forehead to hide it, she skied at St. Moritz. And then she caught a jet for Hollywood because Ransohoff had called. She must redo a few scenes for *Don't Make Waves*. She grumbled a little. She found she could grumble to Ransohoff now. She hated Hollywood, and she didn't want to leave Polanski. Also, she hated to fly. She had to be drugged to endure it.

And then she appeared beside Ransohoff at La Scala restaurant in Beverly Hills. She had a black costume that looked more like a slip than a dress, and her blond head caught glints of movie-star light as she turned this way and that. "Oh, there's *David!* David Hemmings. *David, David!*"

David Hemmings, who had been featured with her in *13* and had gone on to star in Antonioni's *Blow-Up*, waved. Other celebrities flicked glances her way, at each other, to the door to see what majesty might enter next. Occasionally they looked down at food or drink. The place was as crowded as Alvaro's in London, the customers practically the same. Ransohoff wore an open-neck sport shirt and shapeless coat, and he talked business. "Listen, sweetie, I'm going to have to cut some stuff out of *The Vampire Killers*. Your spanking scene has got to go."

"Oh, don't do *that*. Why would you do that?"

"Because it doesn't move the story. The story has got to move. Bang, bang, bang. No American audience is going to sit still while Polanski indulges himself."

"But Europeans make movies differently than Americans," she explained to the producer she once feared. "*Blow-Up* moved slowly. But wasn't it a great film!"

"I'll tell you something, baby. I didn't like it. If I'd have seen it before the reviews, I'd have said it'd never make it. It's not my kind of picture. I want to be told a story without all that hocus-pocus symbolism going on."

"But that one scene, Marty. When the girl shows her, ah ——" (only Sharon said the Anglo-Saxon word). In Hollywood, New York and London they all talked now about *Blow-Up*, dwelling on *that scene*.

"Yeah, I got to hand it to the guy for that one," Ransohoff said, chuckling. "He pulled a good one off there."

"Oh, I want to do a complete nude scene," she said. "Say you'll let me!"

"OK, OK," Ransohoff said, bored, looking toward the door. "Yes, yes."

"Do it now. Don't just say it." Then Sharon got bored.

Early in the morning Sharon appeared before the camera at Malibu Beach, redoing a scene for *Don't Make Waves*. The sun had a hard time getting through wisps of fog, and strong klieg lights helped out. In a sequence with an undraped David Draper, "Mr. Universe," Sharon stuck out her backside and shot out her front. Magically, a button or two came undone on her polka-dot blouse, and after close examination of camera angle, director Sandy Mackendrick decided to leave it that

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'Draw up a contract,' he shouted. 'Get her mother. Get my lawyer. This is the girl I want....'

way. He gave Sharon guidance in rubbing mineral oil over Draper's bare back, as the scene called for. "Treat him like a horse," he said. "Pat him just as you would an animal. That's the way. . . ."

She lovingly went over Draper's muscled back, and then went "*ugh*" when the camera ceased to roll. The scene was done over and over. In her tiny trailer dressing room, she took a break and smoked daintily. "I'm happier when I'm working," she said. "I don't have time to think much that way."

One thing to think about was a visit to her parents' home in Palos Verdes Estates, an hour's drive away. (Her father was stationed in Korea, her mother and two younger sisters were at home.) Driving to the house one night in a heavy seaside fog, she became quieter and quieter, her words less Anglo-Saxon. A passenger beside her remarked, as the car neared its destination, that the fog reminded him of snow. "You know what it looks like to me?" she said. "Vomit."

Her mother—a pleasant, plump, dark-haired woman—turned Sharon's face this way and that. "Have you had your blood count recently, honey? You look so pale to me. . . ." What did she think of Sharon's becoming a movie star? What did she think of Roman Polanski? "You know," she said, in the voice of every middle-class American mother, "I don't care—just as long as she's happy."

Back in Hollywood Sharon moved from hotel to hotel, from one friend's home to another. She talked to Polanski by phone. (It embarrassed him to try to write letters in English because of his mistakes.) So many things were unresolved, shadowy. Ransohoff was sore at Polanski because Polanski had gone way over the budget on *The Vampire Killers* ("Very un-Hollywood of him," a Filmways executive said; another referred to him only as "the little ——."); Polanski was mad at Ransohoff because Ransohoff was cutting away at his film and postponing its release in the States. (Ransohoff had also had difficulties with Tony Richardson, the English director, over the budget and the cutting of *The Loved One*.) "The thing is," said Sharon, "that Roman is an artist."

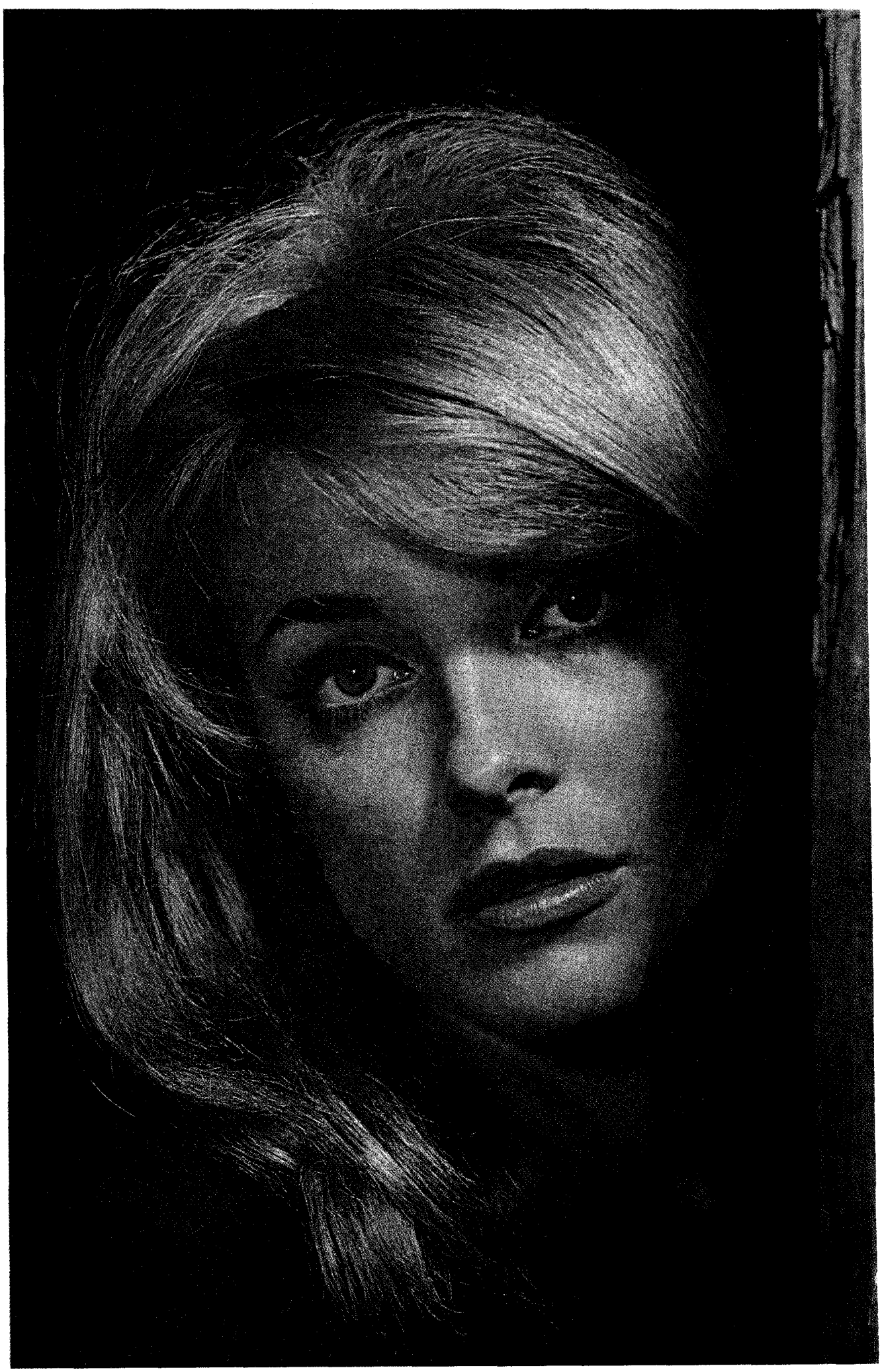
At night Sharon went to The Daisy, a private discothèque in Beverly Hills. She wore an aviator's leather jacket, slacks, and tinted Ben Franklin glasses. Seated near the dance floor, she silently watched young actresses her age go through their gyrations. Suzanne Pleshette and Patty Duke did subdued turns; Linda Ann Evans, in a miniskirt, did a much more spirited fling. Carolyn Jones, who only yesterday had played the ingenue, now looked like a chaperone. Sharon gave Linda Ann Evans the once-over and said, "I've worn a much shorter mini in London. That's nothing."

From another table a slim, bronzed young man with pampered black hair ambled confidently past Tina Sinatra, Patty Duke, Suzanne Pleshette—and hovered over this strange blond beauty in an aviator's leather jacket. He had the air of a football star in a small-town high school, who was used to having his pick. He showed his beautiful white teeth, and said, "Let's dance."

"No," she said, "let's not."

He kept the smile on his face as he backed away. He was now another who had tried to bring Sharon Tate into a private fantasy—but he didn't know that she had passed his type long ago.

She was going to fly to London and get engaged to Roman Polanski. Then she was going to fly back to star in *Valley of the Dolls*. Ransohoff was sending her to 20th Century-Fox to play a sexy bombshell who goes to Europe to star in nudie movies and who bewitches the world with her improbable lushness. □



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STRIKE!

In the vineyards where the grapes of wrath are stored, the poorest of the poor began an epic struggle against the masters of the land. Here is the violent and engrossing story.

By JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

Photographs by Ted Streshinsky

The magnetic leader of California's grape pickers, Cesar Chavez sought a basic right the growers stubbornly refused to admit—the right to organize themselves in a union.

Highway 99 drops out of the dun-colored foothills of the Tehachapis north of Los Angeles and for the next 500 miles cuts straight as a plumb line up through the great Central Valley of California. It is a landscape remarkable only in its flatness, its absolute absence of distinguishable topography. For the driver passing through the Valley, all that saves him from highway narcosis is an occasional glimpse of an irrigation canal or a big rotating sprinkler, or a yellow crop duster floating lazily in the bleached blue sky until it sweeps over the fields trailing clouds of insecticide.

Except for the few cold, gray months of winter, a deadening heat lies over the green fields. Together the heat and the flatness suggest a vacuum of the human will, but the feeling, like the Valley itself, is deceiving, for this is the heartland of the richest industry in California, a $3.8-billion-a-year industry that goes by the name "agribusiness." From this state and largely from this valley comes 37 percent of the fruit and vegetables sold in the U.S. It is growing that gives the Valley year its rhythm. It is growing that gives Valley life its peculiar tone, growing that has enabled Valley people to remain largely insulated from what industrial America thinks and does and worries about. In Tulare and Madera and Merced the prevailing ethic is that of the 19th-century frontier. And it is precisely this rhythm, this tone, this insulation, this ethic that made the Valley unable to understand an intense, unschooled Mexican-American named Cesar Chavez and the bitter labor strike that broke out in the vineyards around the little Valley town of Delano in the fall of 1965.

It is no way extraordinary that the Valley is unable to understand Cesar Chavez. He belongs to that inarticulate subculture of farm workers upon whom the Valley depends but whose existence does not impinge heavily on the Valley consciousness. The world of the farm worker is one of side roads and labor camps, of anonymous toil under a blistering sun. Nearly half the male workers are Mexican, and during the harvest, when wives and children spill into the fields to pick the crop before it rots, the

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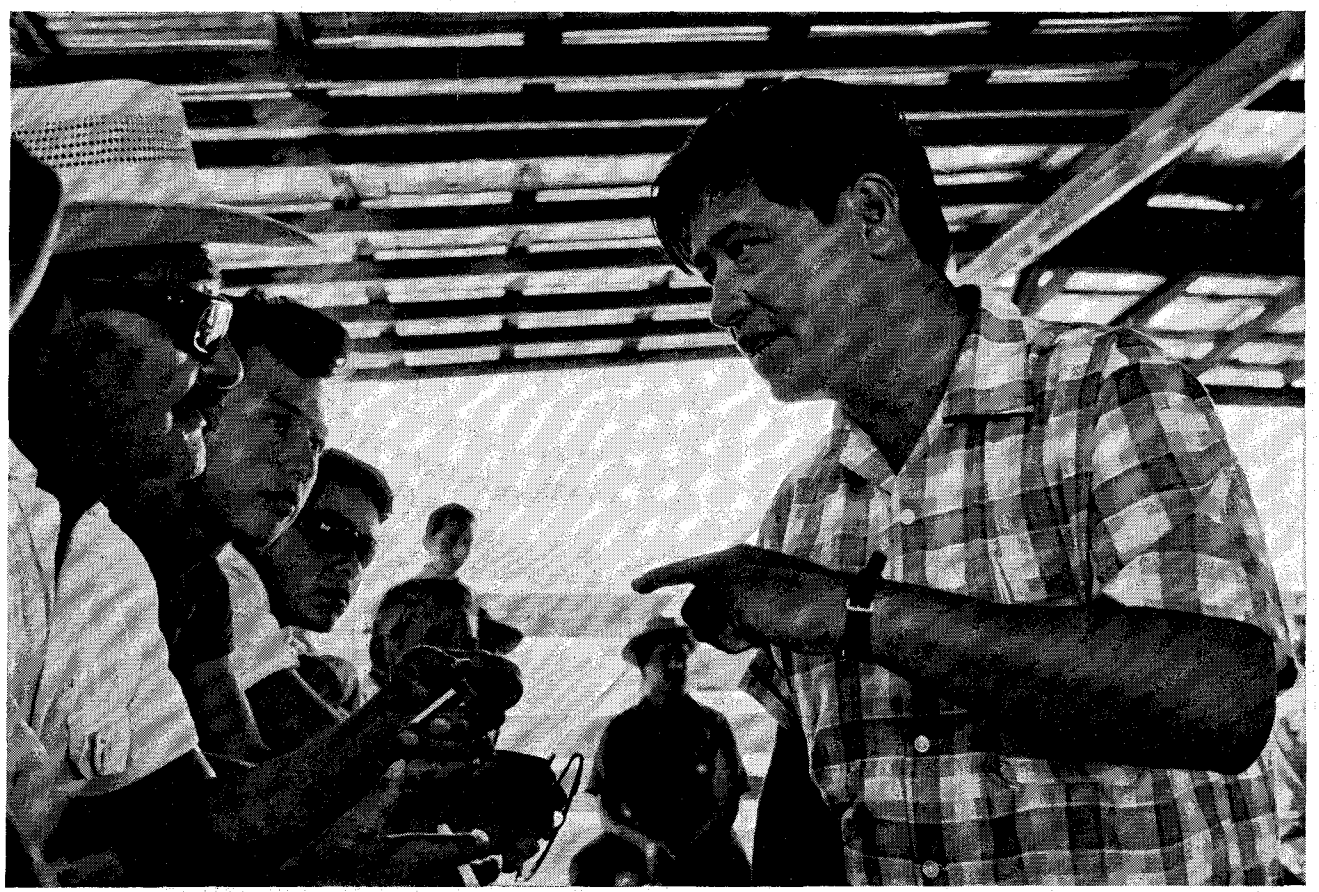
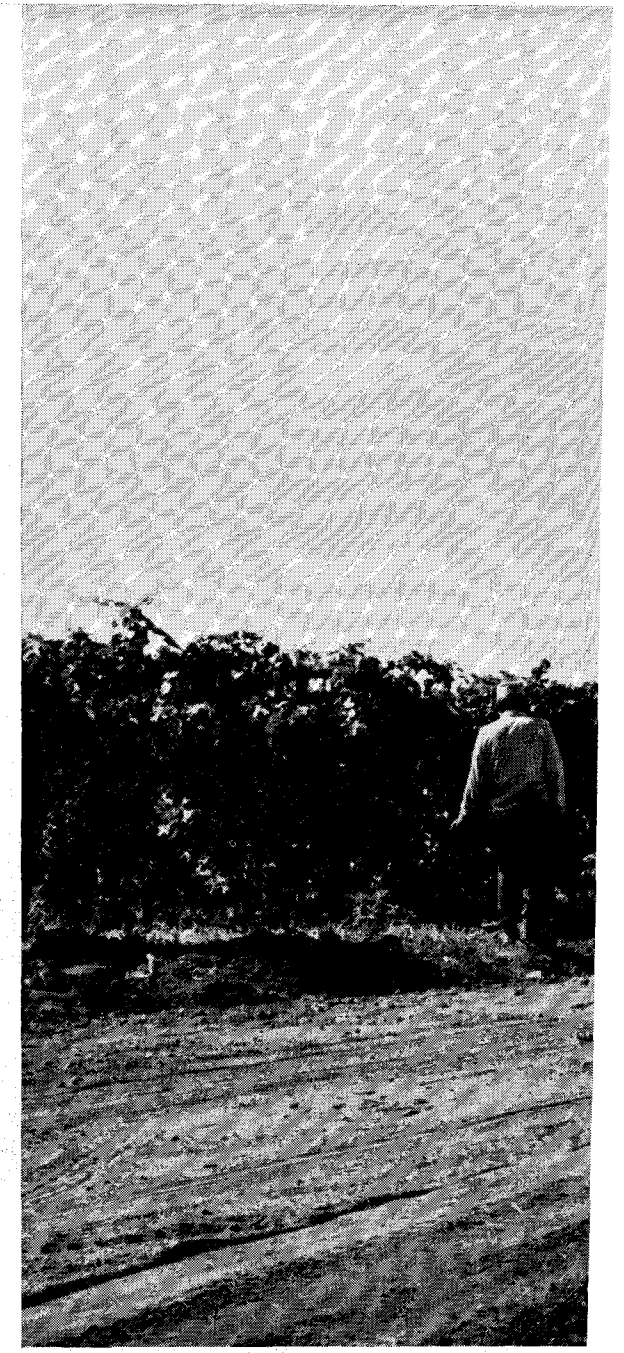
To discourage the strikers, some of the growers even sprayed them with insecticide and fertilizer.





These workers were laid off by the grower. Chavez begs them not to move on but to stay and support the strike.

percentage of Mexicans swells to over 70. Once the crop is in, they are as welcome as drought, regarded in each community as no more than a threat to the relief rolls. Migrating with the harvest from crop to crop, they work an average of only 134 days a year. Eighty-four percent earn less than the federal poverty level of $3,100; the average annual income is $1,378. So pervasive is their poverty that in Fresno County over 80 percent of the welfare cases come from farm labor families.

This was the birthright of Cesar Chavez. He went on the road at the age of 10, eking out a seventh-grade education in some three dozen farm-community schools. "That winter of 1938 I had to walk to school barefoot through the mud we were so poor," he has said. "After school, we fished in the canal and cut wild mustard greens—otherwise we would have starved. Everyone else left the camp we were living in, but we had no money for transportation. When everyone else left, they shut off the lights, so we sat around in the dark. We finally got a few dollars from some relatives in Arizona and bought enough gas for our old Studebaker to get us to Los Angeles. Our car broke down in L.A. and my mother sold crocheting in the street to raise the money for enough gas to get to Brawley. We lived three days in our car in Brawley before we found a house we could afford to rent. Next winter, we were stranded in Oxnard and had to spend the winter in a tent. We went to bed at dusk because there was no light. My mother and father got up at 5:30 in the morning to go pick peas. It cost seventy cents to go to the fields and back and some days they did not even make enough money for their transportation. To help out, my brother and I started looking along the highway for empty cigarette packages, for the tinfoil. Every day we would look for cigarette packages and we made a huge ball of tinfoil that weighed eighteen pounds. Then we sold it to a Mexican junk dealer for enough money to buy a pair of tennis shoes and two sweatshirts."

The words might have come from *The Grapes of Wrath* and, indeed, to read and hear about Delano and Cesar Chavez in the months that followed September, 1965, was to have a curious sense of *déjà vu*. The Delano strike appeared to have no kinship with the institutionalized formalities of most contemporary labor disputes. There was no ritual of collective bargaining, no negotiating table around which it was difficult to tell the managers of money from the hewers of wood and the carriers of water, no talk of guidelines and fringe benefits and the national weal, no professional mediators, on leave from academe at $100 a day and all expenses paid, plugged in by special telephone lines to the Oval Room at the White House. Even the cause of Cesar Chavez and his strikers seemed superannuated in contemporary America—the demand of workers for the right to organize.

But over the past 20 months, Chavez's demand has riven the town of Delano. There, for the first time in years, union activity was met with the cry of "Communism," and a town was mobilized to combat the Red Menace of labor organizers. There embattled growers, untouched by labor's consolidation over the past three decades, were acting as if the Wobblies were still the nation's No. 1 threat. There the A.F.L.-C.I.O. was mouthing the jargon of "capitalist exploitation," there the strident voice of the radical Left was heard, there the beards and sandals and dirty fingernails provoked the shrill charge of "outside agitators." There clergymen invoked Scripture to denounce other men, growers clutched the American flag and sang *The Star-Spangled Banner*, strikers waved red banners and chanted *We Shall Overcome*. There each side declared itself innocent of violence, yet anonymous telephone callers breathed threats, fires lit the night, and shotguns blasted away.

The song was an old one, the lyric curiously irrelevant. In that sun-seared Valley town, the mythology of the '30's had been superimposed on a situation of the '60's. And yet, for the first time, the myths were successfully threatening, as reality never had, to unravel the social fabric of agrarian California. As it happens, I married into the Valley, into a family that began farming there in the days of the Gold Rush, and so in the summer of 1966 I went to Delano to see a town beleaguered by forces it did not understand, to see how and why Cesar Chavez had become the right man at the right place at what was, sadly, both the right and the wrong time.

I.

HUNGRY? TIRED? CAR TROUBLE? NEED GAS? the road sign beckons from the shoulder of Highway 99. STOP IN DELANO. Until the strike began over a year ago, there were no other reasons to stop in Delano.

Geographically, Delano (pronounced "Del*ay*no") is located in the San Joaquin Valley, that part of

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"Huelga! Strike!" cries a picket leader over a bullhorn, urging the workers to leave the vineyard and join the union.

Local sheriff's officers—here, Tulare County deputies J.O. Webb and E.W. Washington—keep the pickets under stern surveillance.

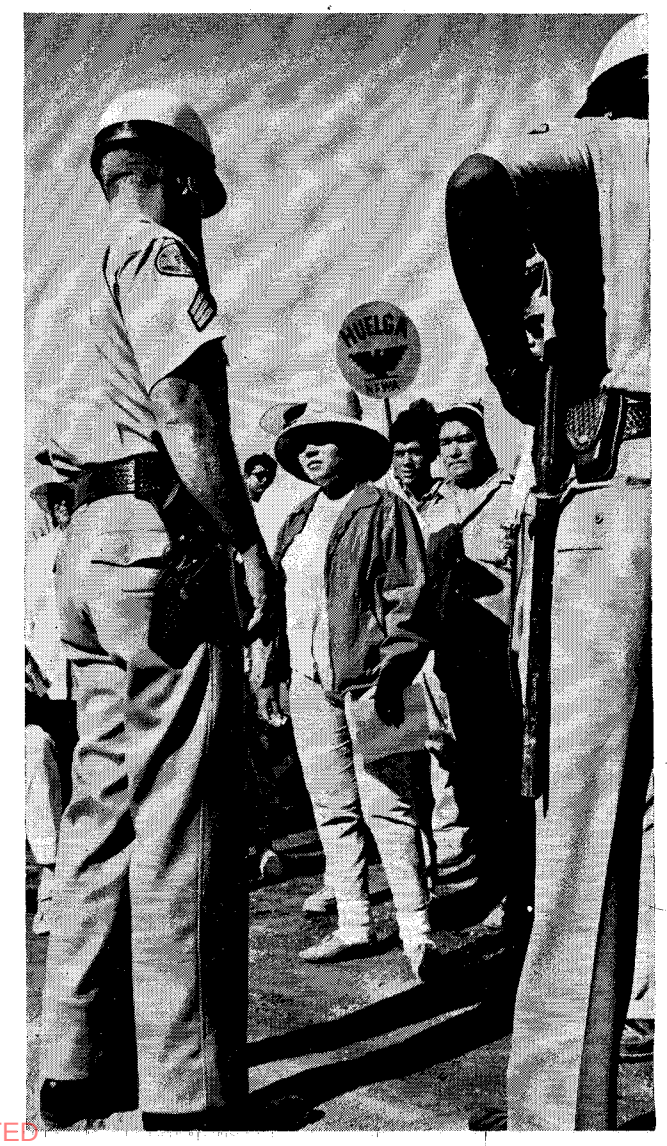
the great Central Valley drained by the San Joaquin River. The climate is perfect for grapes, and the town is enclosed in 37,000 acres of Ribiers, Perlettes, Muscats, Almerias, Emperors, and Thompsons. It is not the grapes, however, but the grape growers that make Delano unique in the Valley. In the 1920's the climate and fertility of the local vineyards attracted to Delano a contingent of Yugoslavian emigrants who had tended grapes for generations along the Adriatic. Today their descendants are the leaders of Delano. The signs on the packing sheds tell the story—Gutunich, Radovich, Pandol, Caratan. This is not that part of the Valley where the growers belong to the country club and their daughters to the Junior League. There is no country club at all in Delano; the social life of the growers revolves around the Elks Club and the Slav Hall.

Today the population of Delano is approximately 14,000, and it is split almost evenly between the "Anglos" who live east of the freeway and the Mexicans, the Filipinos, and the few Negroes who live west of Highway 99. The East Side is somnolent and well kept. Most of Delano's businesses are located here—an International Harvester franchise, a Bank of America branch, two movie theaters (one of which shows Mexican films twice a week), several motels, a Foster's Freeze, Marshall's Pharmacy, Mulligan's Furniture and Carpet Co. Little distinguishes one East Side residential street from another; block succeeds block of pastel ranch-style bungalows, their exteriors faded and pockmarked from falling plaster.

At first impression, the West Side looks little different from the East. But slowly it becomes apparent that Highway 99 is a social as well as a geographical line of demarcation between the two Delanos. It is not just that the skins of the people on the West Side are darker. The bungalows are shabbier and the cars are older. Occasionally a drainage ditch lies exposed, and there are more potholes in the streets. Just west of the Southern Pacific tracks is a strip of lo-ball and draw-poker parlors with names like Divina's Four Deuces, the Monte Carlo, the Guadalajara. Every night, old Mexicans in stained straw field hats and faded work shirts sit stolidly around the tables watching the cards passed to them. One night in the Four Deuces I asked an old field worker what he thought of the situation in Delano, and he answered, "This used to be a good town, before." It turned out that what he meant was before the construction of the freeway leveled the red-light district; the strike, in his opinion, was only a further and somewhat anticlimactic step in the decline of Delano.

The headquarters of Cesar Chavez's National Farm Workers' Association at 102 Albany Street is no more or no less seedy than the rest of the West Side. The N.F.W.A.'s rolling stock—decrepit automobiles which seem glued together with spit and baling wire—are parked outside. The cars are easily identifiable in Delano and are handy targets. A few days before my arrival in town, a Rambler driven by Chavez's administrative assistant, the Rev. James Drake of the California Migrant Ministry, which has been intimately involved with the strike since its outset, was shot up by assailants unknown.

The interior of N.F.W.A. headquarters is a dim and dusty shambles of plywood partitions,



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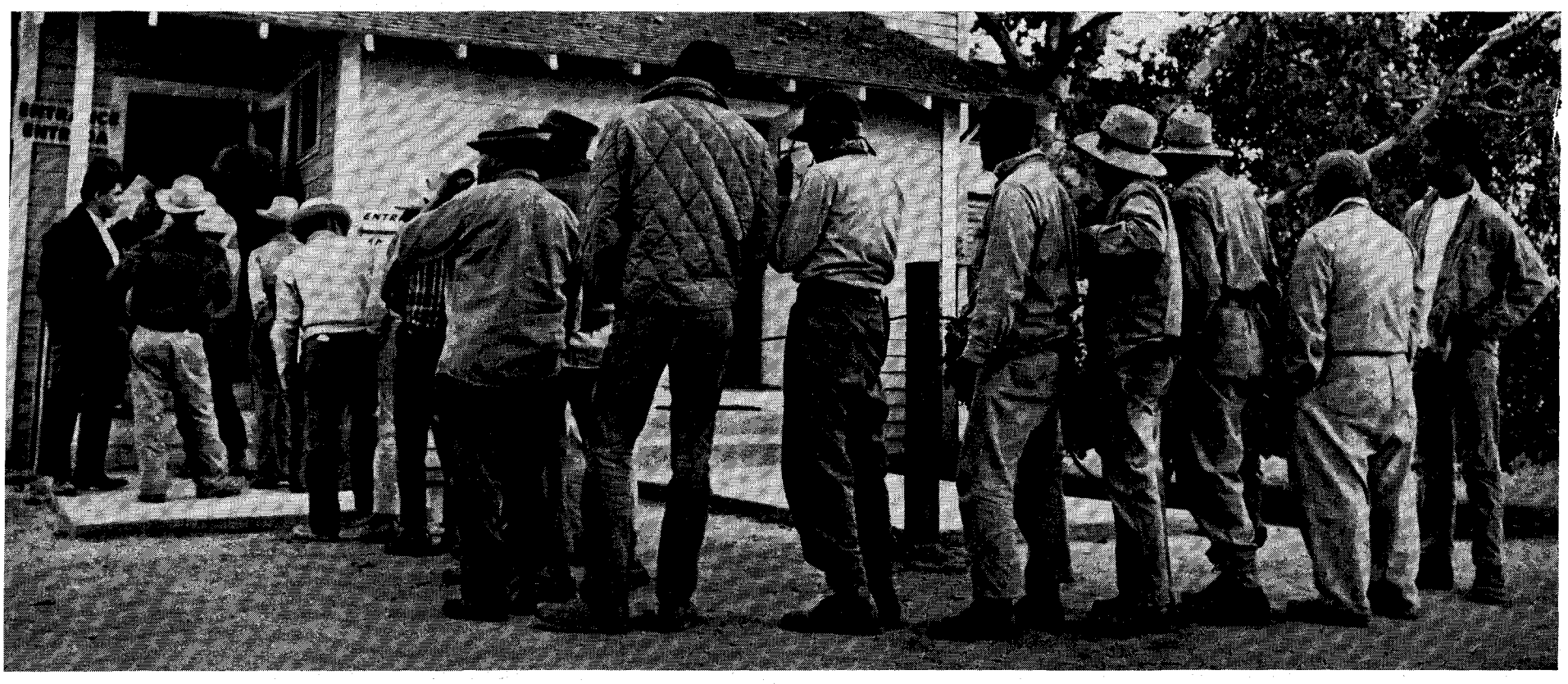
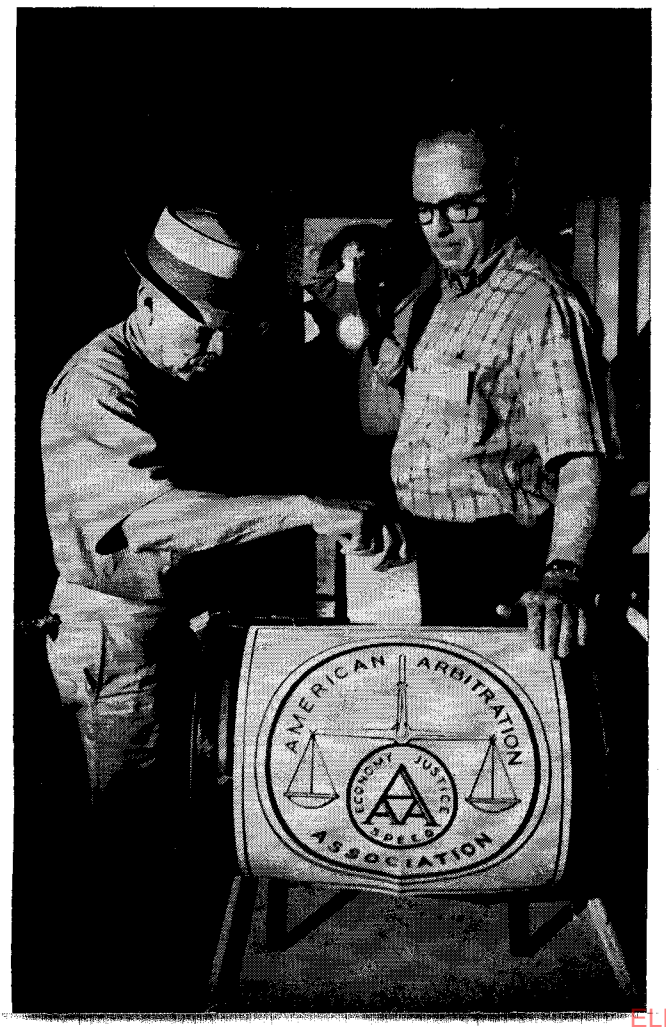


On the crucial day, grape pickers at Sierra Vista wait to vote on whether to have a union, and if so, which union.

'They say we workers are happy with things as they are—just like the slave owners said about their Negroes.'



The election proved to be a triumph for Cesar Chavez. Most of the workers chose to be represented by his union.

STRIKE!

mimeograph machines, and battered desks. Pasted in the window are paper reproductions of the N.F.W.A.'s splendidly barbaric coat of arms—a black eagle on a scarlet field on which is printed the Spanish word for strike: HUELGA. Among the townspeople of Delano, it is invariably spoken of as "Chavez's Trotsky flag." On every available inch of wall, there is a profusion of maps, telephone numbers, picket instructions, and cartoons that unfailingly depict the growers in planters' hats and sunglasses, smoking fat cigars and carrying bullwhips.

By the time I arrived in Delano in July of 1966, 10 months after the first walkout, the mood of the town was sullen and suspicious, especially toward outsiders. One day after I had been there for nearly two weeks, I was stopped on the street by a leader of Citizens For Facts From Delano, a local group formed to counteract what they considered prejudiced, inaccurate and pro-Chavez strike publicity. "I hear you're going to write a slanted piece," he said. When I asked how he had come to this conclusion, he replied, "Well, you've been seeing Chavez, haven't you?"

Gradually I grew inured to and versed in the demonology of Delano. For example, not only his supporters but Chavez himself swore that the organized opposition on the East Side was led by ex-prostitutes. This was matched by the town's conviction that the various Protestant ministers who had come to aid Chavez had "turned their collars around" to masquerade as Catholic priests among the predominantly Catholic Mexicans.

At the beginning of the strike, Delano had looked at Chavez, with some forbearance, merely as an upstart. His first grievance was economic, and the town conceded he had a case. At that time, the average wage in the Valley was $1.20 an hour plus a piece-rate of 10 cents a lug of grapes picked. Chavez demanded $1.40 and 25 cents a basket plus enforcement of the standard working conditions prescribed by state law. These laws were mainly concerned with adequate field sanitation facilities and were in many cases quite casually broken. At one Valley ranch, according to a woman worker, the field boss charged his hands for each cup of water, and at a farm in the Delano area, 67 workers were forced to drink from one cup, which was an empty beer can. Nor did this second ranch have the portable field toilets required by state law. Here woman workers were obliged to squat down between the rows.

These were grievances that some quarters in Delano were willing to consider legitimate—until Chavez also demanded that the growers recognize the N.F.W.A. as bargaining agent for all the field workers in the area. The growers refused. Certain that they held all the cards, the growers pretended that neither Chavez nor the strike existed.

At any other time this tactic might have prevailed. But the civil-rights movement in other parts of the country had pricked the national conscience, and of that vast body of the American public who were indeed second-class citizens, none was more so than the Mexican-American farm worker. The rights movement also had evolved a methodology of protest perfectly suited to conditions in Delano, as well as a cadre of workers willing to come there to put their special skills to work. They were mostly white college students for whom Delano was the only game in town; the civil-rights movement in the South had been taken over by Negroes grown increasingly sensitive to the fact of white domination, and the anti-Vietnam struggle was an abstraction with relatively few opportunities for confrontation.

Recognizing the need for outside support, Chavez went to Stanford University and the University of California at Berkeley to drum up backing from student activists, and he invited workers from the Congress of Racial Equality and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee to come to Delano to help organize the picket lines. The logistics of picketing over 30 ranches were staggering. "It's like striking an industrial plant that has a thousand entrance gates and is four hundred square miles large," one S.N.C.C. worker said. "And if that isn't bad enough, you don't know each morning where the plant will be, or where the gates are, or whether it will be open or closed, or what wages will be offered that day."

With two-way radios lent by S.N.C.C. and C.O.R.E., scout cars would spread out around Delano before dawn, looking for packing boxes stacked by the side of the road or a foreman's pickup parked down a lane—evidence that the vineyard would be worked that day. When a field looked promising, word was radioed back to N.F.W.A. headquarters and a caravan

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of roving pickets would be dispatched to the appointed rendezvous. Often the growers would see them coming and move their workers from the roadside to the middle of a vineyard so that they would not see the pickets. Other growers drove down the edge of their property with spraying machines, shooting insecticide and fertilizer on the pickets, or gunned over the roadside in tractors, raising dust to choke the strikers.

The pickets were bound by an oath of nonviolence, and at times it was sorely tried. Growers walked up and down the picket line, stamping on the toes of the strikers, tripping them up, or elbowing them in the ribs. On the first day of the strike, a grower's son wrenched a sign from one picket, stood it against a fence, and calmly blew it apart with his rifle. One day James Drake of the Migrant Ministry was walking in town when a grower stopped his car in front of him, got out, and began pummeling him. I asked Drake what he had done to protect himself, and he answered, "Nothing. He was just a little guy."

Despite the N.F.W.A.'s oath, however, the violence was not all that one-sided. One N.F.W.A. supporter aimed his car at three growers standing in the road, scattering them like tenpins, with the result that one grower had his leg broken. Piles of packing boxes were mysteriously put to the torch in the night, and the Kern County Sheriff's Office discovered that Chavez supporters had purchased 4,000 marbles which they were firing with slingshots at strikebreakers in the field. Rocks were thrown through windows in strikebreakers' houses and signs set up on lawns, saying: A SCAB LIVES HERE.

The attitude of the Kern and Tulare county law-enforcement agencies during those early days of the strike was, in the words of one observer, "scrupulously ambivalent." In some cases, the police seemed to go out of their way to harass the roving pickets. "I'd drive a different way every day, but the cops would always stop me," a picket named Augustín Lira told me. "They'd tell me my lights weren't working or my signals were out of order or that I didn't make a signal when I turned. The cops always had tape recorders and cameras. I'd tell the people in the fields, 'These tape recorders, these cameras the cops got, they don't scare me, they shouldn't scare you.'"

Cameras, in fact, seemed to be indispensable implements of detection in Delano. Police photographed everyone who walked on a picket line, and took down the license number of every car parked in front of N.F.W.A. headquarters. The numbers were checked with the California Department of Motor Vehicles in Sacramento and the names then sent to state and federal authorities to see if the owner had a record. With this information, the Kern County Sheriff's Office was able to make up a card file of 5,000 suspected strike supporters. Each card showed the supporter's name, criminal record if he had one, association with civil-rights groups if known, and a mug shot from the dossier of picket pictures if name and photo could be matched up.

In one case, pickets were threatened by workers still in the fields and, instead of arresting the workers who made the threats, the Kern County Sheriff's Office arrested the pickets. It was this odd procedure that precipitated the following exchange between U.S. Senator Robert Kennedy and Kern County Sheriff Roy Galyen when the Senate Subcommittee on Migratory Labor held hearings in Delano:

KENNEDY: What did you charge them with?

GALYEN: Violation of—unlawful assembly.

KENNEDY: I think that's most interesting. Who told you that they were going to riot?

GALYEN: The men right out in the field that they were talking to said, "If you don't get them out of here, we're going to cut their hearts out." So rather than let them get cut, we removed the cause.

KENNEDY: This is the most interesting concept, I think. How can you arrest somebody if they haven't violated the law?

GALYEN: They're ready to violate the law.

KENNEDY: Can I suggest that the sheriff read the Constitution of the United States?

II.

I was in Delano for 10 days before I could pin Chavez down for any appreciable time. He is constantly on the move, and virtually the only way to spend any time with him at all is to volunteer to be his chauffeur. He seems to transact most of his business in Delano in the back of a car, going from his own office at 102 Albany to the other buildings on the West Side into which the burgeoning N.F.W.A. staff has overflowed. He is a short man, now 39, growing heavy around the middle, with a dark-walnut complexion, coal-black hair, and restless dark eyes, and he is just short of pathologically suspicious of Anglos, even some who are closely connected with the N.F.W.A. (One of his stanchest supporters told me that once when he tried to press some advice on Chavez, which in retrospect seemed quite sound, he was rebuffed with the words, "You'll never understand, you're an Anglo." The friend said that Chavez was immediately embarrassed and apologized, but still resisted the counsel.) The Messianic quality about him is suggested by his voice, which is mesmerizing—soft, perfectly modulated, pleasantly accented. He seems to impart what one of his aides calls "a sense of quiet power." He is infinitely patient and deferential almost to a fault. Despite the demands on his time, he will stop and listen to the most mundane problems of any striker. One day when I was driving him around, he was running far behind schedule as he called on workers fired by a local grower, trying to get depositions from them before they left town. Yet he still paused at the camp the N.F.W.A. maintains on the outskirts of Delano to talk to a mechanic about the scarcity of spare parts for the union's automobiles, then concerned himself with trying to fix a leaky hose.

There is nothing of the bombastic Latin politician about Chavez. His words are edged only by the gentlest irony. "The idea still prevails," he told me one day with a slight, resigned smile, "that farm workers are a different breed of people—humble, happy built close to the ground." It was to

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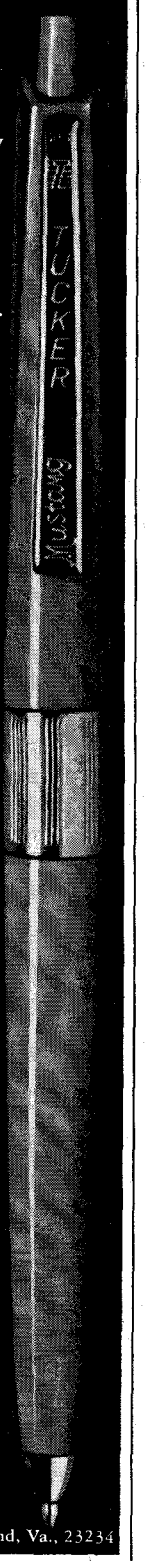

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correct this impression, to give dignity to the farm worker, that the strike began. "Some people say write off this generation of parents and hope my son gets out of farm work," he told the Senate subcommittee. "Well, I'm not ready to be written off as a loss, and farm work could be a decent job for my son with a union.

"The average farm worker in Delano has seven children, lives in a house which he rents for $55 a month, makes payments on a car, furniture and to a finance company. Before the strike, he worked eight months of the year at $1.10 an hour and his wife worked four months beside him. On weekends and in the summer his children worked too. This average farm worker buys food at the same stores, at the same prices as the rancher does. And he's not making it. So now these average workers are strikers; they've been willing to lose their cars, furniture, to live on beans and more beans, to work 'on the line' seventy hours a week for the right to a living wage."

What constitutes a living wage is a matter of lively debate in Delano. It is virtually impossible to talk to a grower without his pulling out his daily tally sheets to show that his workers—with their piece rates—average $1.78, $1.93, $2.14 an hour. "My men would lose money if they joined Chavez's union," Jack Pandol, a local grower, told me with some exasperation one day. "What kind of union is it that guarantees $1.40 when my men are making $1.78?"

"They think people live by the hour and not by the year," Chavez said when I told him of the conversation. "They say the farm workers are happy living the way they are—just like the southern plantation owner used to say about his Negroes."

This innuendo of racial discrimination creeps into every strike discussion in Delano. But discrimination here, as in all the Valley towns, is subtle. "The most overt manifestation of it," said one troubled East Sider whose sympathies lay reluctantly with the growers, "is the way the ranchers underestimated Chavez. They thought he was just another dumb Mex." Far more pervasive is the Anglos' acceptance of the way the itinerant Mexicans are forced to live, or perhaps it is more accurate to say the disinclination even to think about it. One afternoon I drove out of Delano to the notorious Linnell Labor Camp, maintained by the Tulare County Housing Authority. There are two types of family housing in the camp. The first is for permanent laborers, who live in relatively comfortable apartments. The housing for the short-term field workers is another story altogether. These are no more than sheet-metal tents, approximately 12 by 18 feet, and house a man and wife and up to four children. There is a natural-gas cooking stove but no heating and no running water. One tenant said that each unit was a refrigerator in the winter and an oven in the summer. The summers, he said, were the worst. When it was cold, families could pile more blankets on the beds and huddle together, but in the summer the only escape from the heat was to go outdoors. Constructed in the '30's, the units were officially condemned as unfit for human habitation, but as no replacements were available, they were still occupied.

In Valley schools, these *barrio* conditions have engendered humiliations. In a 1965 Stanford University doctoral thesis, Theodore W. Parsons, who spent 40 days observing classes in a Valley elementary school whose student body was 58 percent Mexican, cited some examples. One teacher, asked why she had called on an Anglo boy to lead five Mexicans in orderly file out of the classroom, replied, "His father owns one of the big farms in the area, and one day he will have to know how to handle Mexicans."

The principal of the school said, "Once we let a Mexican girl give a little talk of some kind and all she did was mumble around. She had quite an accent too. Afterwards we had several complaints from parents, so we haven't done anything like that since. That was about twelve years ago."

III.

Cesar Estrada Chavez was a *barrio* baby. He was born in Yuma, Ariz., into a family of five children whose father scratched out a precarious existence on a small farm near the Colorado River. His father went broke when the boy was 10 years old, and the family began trailing the crops from Arizona to California and back. Home was a succession of labor camps or the back of a ramshackle automobile. The time was the Depression and there were more workers than there was work. Labor contractors papered the Dust Bowl with the promise of employment, and regiments of Okies swept into California like tumbleweed only to discover that they were too many too late. School was something to be fitted in whenever the opportunity presented.

In time Chavez left home and began to follow the crops on his own. One of his stops was in Delano, where he met and married his wife Helen. It was at this time that he had his first brush with the Delano establishment. He and Helen were sitting in a movie one night when an usherette asked them to move. Chavez refused and the usherette called the manager, who in turn called the police. Under duress, Chavez was taken from his seat and escorted to the police station, where he was charged with violating the theater's seating policy—Mexicans on one side of the aisle, Anglos on the other.

His odyssey finally took him to San Jose, where he went to work in the apricot orchards. At this juncture, in 1952, fate stepped into his life in the person of Fred Ross. Ross was a tall, gentle representative of the Community Service Organization, a group largely dedicated to teaching the techniques of organized protest to Mexican-Americans. "I think I've found the guy I'm looking for," Ross wrote in his diary after meeting Chavez, and he recruited him for the C.S.O.

Chavez started as chairman of the C.S.O.'s voter-registration drive in San Jose, and in a period of two months he registered over 4,000 people. He got Mexicans out of jail, inquired about their welfare payments, helped them get driver's licenses, settled their immigration status with the proper authorities. "I learned quickly," he says, "that there is no real appreciation. I knew good organizers who were destroyed, washed out because they expected people to appreciate what they'd done. Anyone who comes in with the idea that farm workers are free of sin and that the growers are all bastards either has never dealt with the situation or is an idealist of the first order. Things don't work that way."

Chavez worked for the C.S.O. for ten years, becoming in 1958 general director of the entire organization. But the very success of the C.S.O. had within it the seeds of Chavez's dissatisfaction. He felt that the C.S.O. was veering too far from its radical origins, that it was attracting too many middle-class professional people—doctors, lawyers, politicians—more interested in prestige than in the urgent task of mobilizing the poor. He wanted the C.S.O. to focus entirely on organizing farm workers, but it was a plan the urban professionals found too parochial. To show his displeasure at what he considered the emasculation of the C.S.O., Chavez began to appear at meetings coatless and tieless and ultimately refused even to shave or cut his hair. Finally, in 1962, after his farm-union proposal was voted down, he resigned.

It was only natural that Chavez should return to Delano and with his $1,200 savings start the National Farm Workers' Association. "Helen came from here," he told me, "and I knew that no matter what happened, I would always have a roof over my head." The first year the going was rough and there was almost a complete turnover in the N.F.W.A.'s membership. But gradually the movement began to catch on as Chavez used the tactics he had learned in the C.S.O. He would send his older children—the Chavezes now have eight—into the fields with leaflets inviting the workers to come to him with their grievances. "If I thought someone had been cheated, I'd raise hell," Chavez says. "You always knew a friendly priest who would pay a call, a friendly lawyer who would write a letter threatening suit." By reading a government manual, he learned how to keep books and started a credit union for N.F.W.A. members, which Helen Chavez, quitting work in the fields, came in to run.

By 1965, the N.F.W.A. had enrolled 1,700 families, and Chavez twice used its strength to force pay raises from growers in the outlying towns around Delano. Despite his success, he still did not feel that the N.F.W.A. was sufficiently strong to call a full-scale strike against the massed power of Delano's growers. "You can't strike and organize at the same time," he told me. "If you don't have the organization, the strike is going to be broken, don't you worry about that." I asked him when he thought the N.F.W.A. would have been strong enough to call the kind of walkout he envisioned. "All things considered," he said, "I think we would have been ready in the fall of 1968."

IV.

The strike began three years ahead of schedule. The fuse was lit in the Coachella Valley, southeast of Delano, where, in the spring of 1965, Filipino grape thinners walked out in a demand for higher wages. The Filipinos for the most part were members of the Agricultural Workers' Organizing Committee (A.W.O.C.), an almost dormant group that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. had set up in the late '50's, then allowed to wither. The walkout spread north with the harvest, and when it reached Delano, Chavez and the N.F.W.A. were swept along

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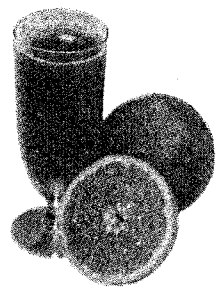

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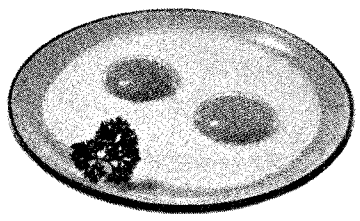

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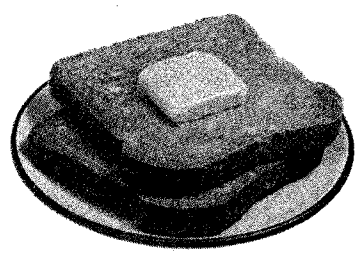

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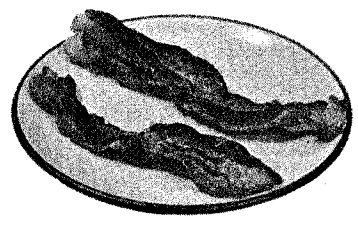

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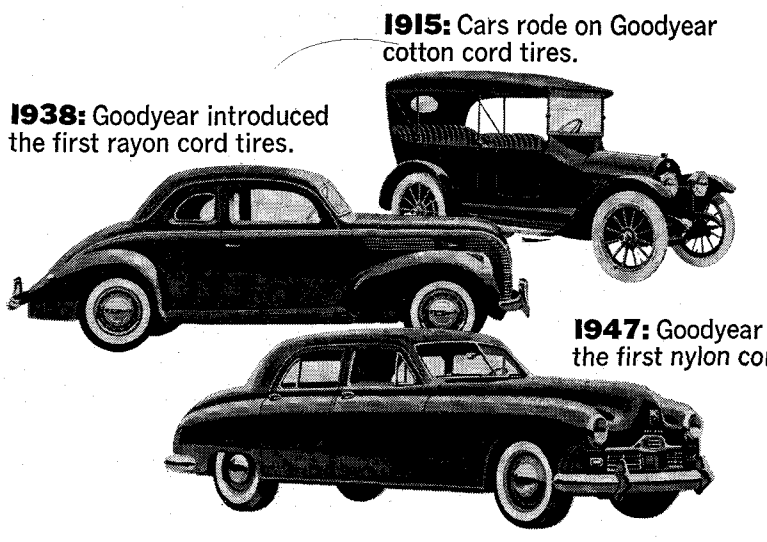
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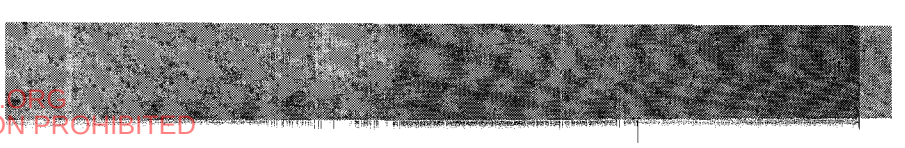

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'The bosses call us Communists. But we died for our country.'

STRIKE!

with it. But Chavez knew that without outside help the strike would be broken as had every farm labor dispute in the past. He also knew that the only way to get that help was to spotlight the situation in Delano as a moral issue. But the old-line Anglo labor organizers within A.W.O.C. vigorously resisted Chavez's plan to call on the clergy and civil-rights groups for support. "They couldn't make us out," Chavez told me one day. "The N.F.W.A. didn't speak the proper language—you know, worker solidarity, the union above all, that kind of thing. They thought it was treason to ask for outside help, because it implied the union wasn't capable of doing things on its own."

From the outset Chavez counted on the support of the church. "I've been making friends with the clergy for sixteen years," he told me, "especially the Migrant Ministry. And as for the Catholic clergy, how could they stay out of this one? All the Mexicans are Catholic. The church is the one group that isn't expecting anything from us. All the others, the unions, the civil-rights groups, they all want something in return for their support. Not the church."

By the time I came to Delano, picketing had settled down into both a science and a routine. Shortly after dawn one morning I joined the picket caravan as it was assembling—15 cars, old two-tone models mostly, of a late '50's vintage, with threadbare tires, pitted windshields, and engines that sounded like broken-down *espresso* machines. For nearly a half hour the caravan drove slowly up and down the back-country roads looking for crews. From the start, we were tailed by a Kern County sheriff's car, and when we crossed County Line Road we were picked up by two Tulare County police cruisers.

The first stop was at the farm of a rancher named A. Caratan, where a few workers were desultorily hoeing weeds. Piling out of their cars, the picketers—there were approximately 75—lined up the length of the vineyard and began shouting "*Viva la huelga.*" As I stood in the center of the road watching them, one of the Tulare County sheriff's men pulled up alongside me and asked me what I was doing there. He was smoking a cigar and wearing sunglasses and a sky-blue hard plastic hat. The plastic nameplate attached to his gabardine tunic identified him as Sgt. Webb, J.O. At that moment a grower whom I knew drove up and identified me; resting on the back seat of the grower's car was a riot gun. "Christ, I don't know if you're *huelga* people or employers or what," Sgt. Webb apologized. "We've had so goddamn many people out here saying they're reporters, we got to be careful."

Sgt. Webb reached into his cruiser, pulled out a bunch of grapes and offered me some. "God, this is boring," he said. "Nothing much happens anymore, and after eight hours we get hot and tired, too. And sure as hell, just when we get hot and a little lax, that's when something will happen. A lot of hatred has built up."

Moments later a picket threw a wadded N.F.W.A. authorization slip at one of the field workers. Like a cat, Sgt. Webb bounded across the road to the head picket captain, a handsome youth in his early 20's named Pete Cardenas. "You can't do that, Pete," he said. "Sure, I know it's only a piece of paper, but all the foreman knows is he saw somebody throw something. He thinks it's a rock, he might throw a rock back. So don't have your people throw anything, Pete, not even paper. It's going to be a long, hot day out here."

There did not seem to be enough workers in this field to bother with, so the caravan moved on again. The sun was high in the sky now and the heat bore down and the cars drove up and down the county roads, as if they were not quite sure where they were going. Finally they pulled to a stop at a ranch called Brockman Farms. There were boxes and a portable packing rig by the side of the road, and a radio played Mexican music.

The Brockman vineyard had been leased by a grower called Missakian, a large, formidable-looking man with a slight moustache and thinning hair plastered across his skull. He drove up and posted himself by a packing truck just inside the property line, staring impassively at the pickets. "Do you want your children to be field workers, too, or do they deserve a chance?" one of the picketers shouted through a bullhorn. "Does your miserable boss give you job security?"

Missakian moved away from his truck wearily. "You start talking about their miserable boss, you come over here and talk to me," he said, beckoning for the picket to cross the property line. "You hear," he said, his voice rising slightly. "You talk to me."

"The miserable bosses try to call us Communists," the picket with the bullhorn said in English. "But your boss's son, he went to school while the Mexican-Americans went off to war and were killed. We died for our country in Europe, in Korea, and they try to call us Communists. Your boss's son, he was deferred. I ask you now, were you?"

The crew went about their task as if they did not hear. It seemed a play in which everyone knew his role. On the front lawn of the house across from the vineyard, a group of adults watched the display, shucking peas and drinking lemonade. I saw a pigtailed teen-ager carrying a *huelga* flag on the picket line smile and wave surreptitiously with one finger at an equally young picker, who just as slyly smiled back.

"They don't spout so much of that Communist propaganda as they used to," a huge Negro deputy named E.W. Washington said, offering me a glass of water from his canteen. "That used to make me mad. They don't like America, why don't they leave it? And *filthy?* That Berkeley bunch, that S.N.C.C. crowd, they were the filthiest I ever did see. I said to one of them, I said, 'Don't you ever take a bath?' And he said to me, 'What's it to you?' And I told him, 'You just show up here tomorrow without taking a bath and I'll show you what it is to me.' And he said, 'You can't pull me in for that.' And I said, 'You just try me.'"

He took another swig of water and pointed at the pickets. "Look at those people," he said. "They aren't workers, most of them. A lot of them's on welfare. The county's paying them and they're out here trying to start a fight. I always said, we ain't never had a war in this country, and these people are trying to start one." I refrained from mentioning the Civil War, for Deputy Washington had taken another tack. "A man sweats blood trying to make something, he's got a right to try and save it," he said. "These people are trying to take it away from him."

From the outset, the cost of the strike had been prohibitive. By the time I got to Delano, it was costing the N.F.W.A. $25,000 a month just to keep its head above water. Gasoline alone cost $4,000 a month, the telephone another $1,600; in addition, the N.F.W.A. absorbed all the expenses, including rent, food, and car payments, of the hundred families on permanent picket duty. Money came in from everywhere in every way. The largest contributor was Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers, who earmarked $5,000 a month for Delano. Other unions held gate collections and sent the proceeds to Delano. (Harry Bridges's I.L.W.U. was even more strategically helpful. On the San Francisco docks, Bridges's longshoremen refused to load Delano grapes on the Orient-bound *President Wilson.*) Folksinger Pete Seeger gave a concert for the N.F.W.A. in Los Angeles and turned the receipts over to the strike fund. But most of the early money came in coins and small bills, the average contribution being $5.56.

Each $5.56 meant a great deal to the strikers, a fact I did not fully appreciate until I visited the camp the N.F.W.A. maintains across from the county dump on the western edge of Delano. At one time a labor camp, it is run by Julio Hernandez, a beefy, phlegmatic Mexican who is an officer of the N.F.W.A. From week to week, Hernandez never knows if he will have enough food for the strikers and their families. Every scrap of food is donated by friends of the strike all over Cali-

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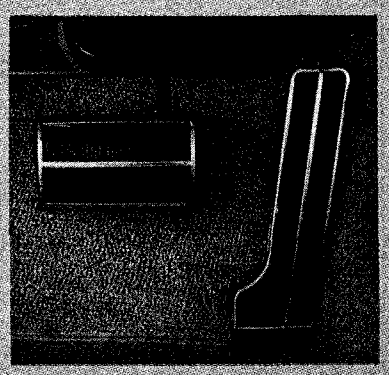

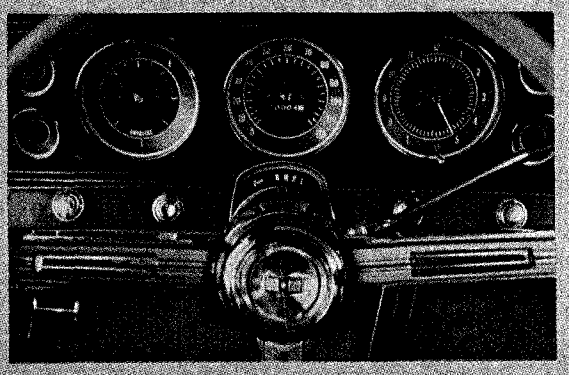

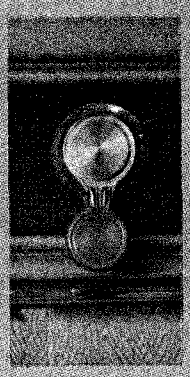

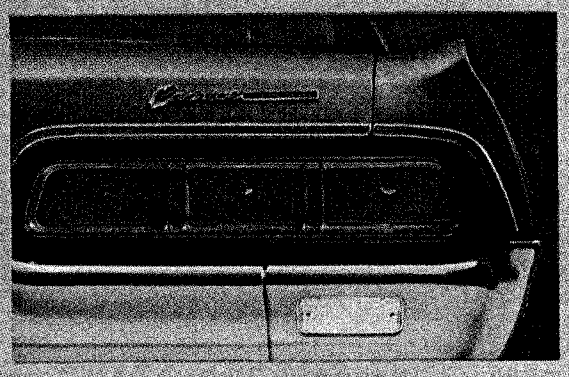

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fornia, and hardly a day goes by when a station wagon or pickup truck does not arrive with new provisions. One union has pledged 100 dozen eggs a week (in all, the strikers use 200 dozen); another, 40 pounds of hamburger; and a bakery in Los Angeles sends up, daily, 100 loaves of day-old bread. (The N.F.W.A. asked a bakery in Delano for its day-old bread and was flatly turned down; no food at all, in fact, has been donated by townspeople.) Every afternoon a delegated number of strikers' wives line up outside the storehouse for their week's provisions. One day I drove out to the camp and was told that supplies were so low that no food was being passed out. An emergency call had gone out for food, but in the meantime, all the strikers and their families had to eat in the mess hall. It was three days before stocks were replenished and normal distribution could begin again.

Under such a haphazard system, the strikers' diet could scarcely be called balanced. "We can never be sure of what we're going to get," Hernandez's wife told me. "I guess pork and beans are the cheapest thing for people to buy us. It's not part of the Mexican diet, but if it comes to starvation, I guess we'll eat it."

V.

It was difficult to have a straightforward discussion of the strike with the growers. "What's the problem?" a rancher named Bruno Dispoto asked me one day. "The workers have always gotten along well with us. They make good money. Some have beautiful homes. They own cars. They are our neighbors here and we were getting along well until the troublemakers started."

Among the growers, the feeling persists that the pickers are the last of the free spirits, holding all the cards in their hands. "Those clouds start bumping around in the sky and the workers begin taking off," said Dispoto. "If my workers were unionized, they'd have shackles around their necks. Can they work one day and take off two if they feel like it then? No, of course not. They wouldn't have the freedom our workers have now. This working one day and taking off two, that's the nature of these people."

This is the voice of the Valley, a voice that makes it difficult to explain why I felt as touched as I was by the peculiar situation of the Delano growers. Perhaps I have already suggested that these are not the growers of the liberal imagination, the hard-drinking, fast-wheeling planters with white hats and bullwhips and frivolous wives, arrogant heirs to absentee fortunes. Only two of the 38 growers in Delano are absentee landlords. The rest are largely those second-generation Americans of Yugoslavian descent, whose immigrant fathers came in the 1920's to a land still little more than a desert, trying to cash in on the American dream. But they had arrived a century too late. The frontier was ended; to the west lay the Pacific Ocean and around them lapped the 20th century and the complexities of industrial society. Because they arrived so late, they were clannish and stubborn and clung tighter to the frontier mentality than do the men whose great-grandfathers created it. The growers still speak in the accents of their fathers and not in the featureless inflections of modern, affluent California, and they cannot believe for one moment that they might be in the wrong. What touches me is that they think they are fighting Cesar Chavez, but they are fighting time and they do not know it—and there is no more ruthless or relentless enemy.

Of all the growers in Delano, the one least leery of outsiders is a stocky, middle-aged man named Jack Pandol. Pandol talks incessantly with a kind of exasperated good humor, punctuating his remarks with emphatic finger-shaking and fist-slamming. When he stops to chat with his workers, he lapses into a pidgin Spanish delivered with a Yugoslavian accent. ("That's the vernacular deal when we talk to our employees," Pandol good-naturedly explains.) He was truly bewildered by the demands of the N.F.W.A. "What's Chavez's program?" he asked me the first time I met him. "Give us a program and we'll try to find some meeting ground. We're not inhuman. But all Chavez is trying to do is replace my power structure with his." There, in a nutshell, is the problem of Delano.

With his two brothers, Pandol runs a 2,000-acre ranch. Early one morning Pandol picked me up and drove me out to a field where he had a crew working girdling vines. By the side of the vineyard there was a dusty pickup with a bumper sticker that said, I FIGHT POVERTY—I WORK. Pandol hailed a crew foreman standing by the side of his pickup. "Hey, Ted," he said, "come tell us how Chavez is nonviolent."

The foreman was a small neat man named Ted Ramos, who spoke in thickly accented English. "They used to shout at me, 'Hey, Ted, your name's on our list. Aren't you afraid?' No, I wasn't afraid. Chavez's people, they'd scratch the workers' cars with nails and then put nails under the wheels of other cars so that if you backed up or went forward, your tires were punctured. Who here is doing the right thing? The people working honestly here in the fields or the people out there shouting dirty words from the picket line?"

Several days later I drove out to see one of Pandol's labor camps. Like all the growers in Delano, he keeps his workers segregated—the Mexicans in one camp, the Filipinos in another, Puerto Ricans in a third. "They all eat different things," Pandol explained. "It's easier this way. We deduct two dollars a day from their pay and furnish camps and cooks."

"Bedding?" I asked.

"No blankets, no pillows," he answered. "They steal them."

I asked how he could be sure that his men, even though they remained on the job, did not favor the N.F.W.A.

"My men made their position clear by staying on the job," he answered.

Persisting, I asked if the growers might have been able to undercut criticism by holding a secret-ballot election which conceivably could have upheld their contention that their workers did not support the N.F.W.A.

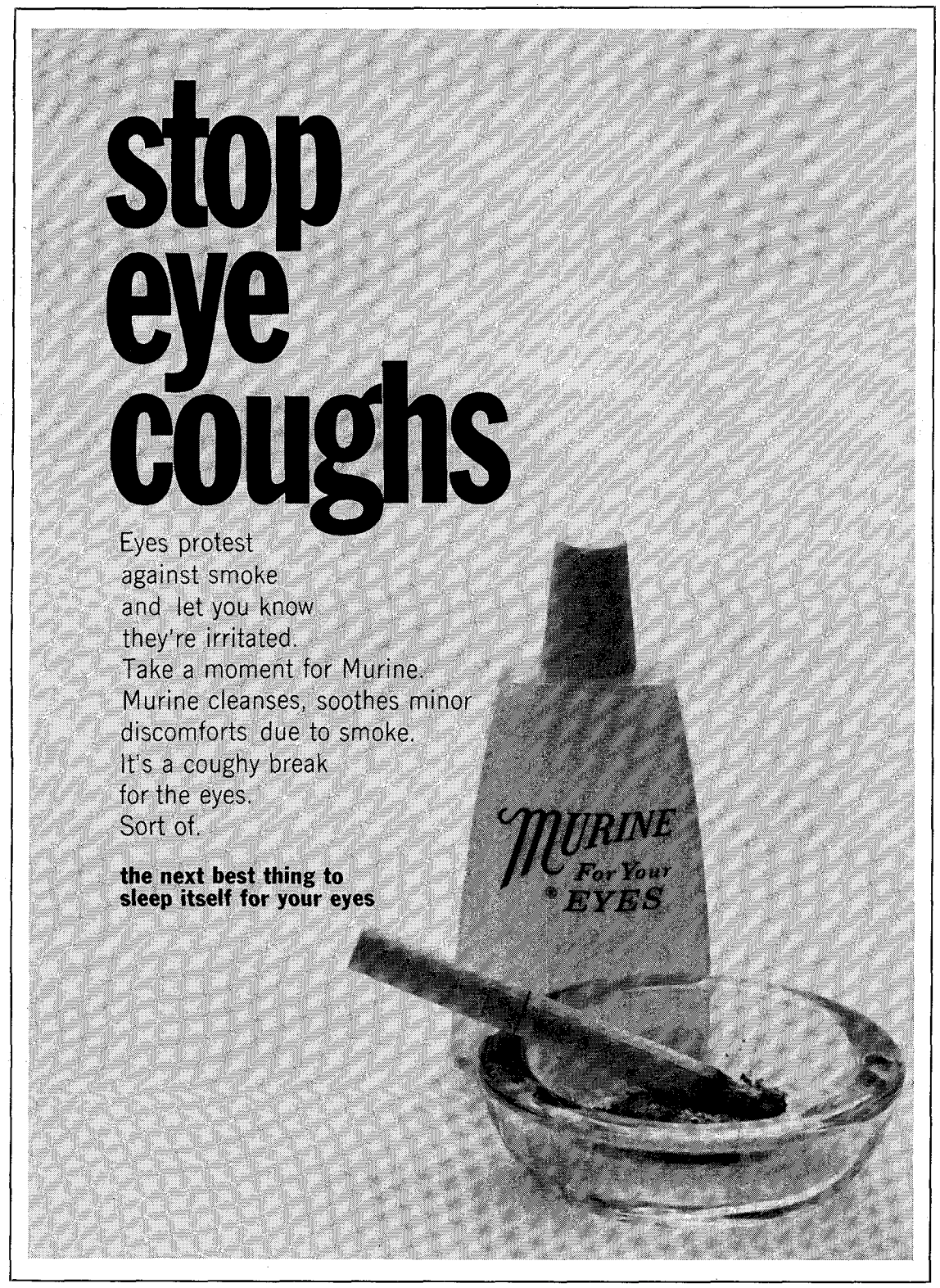
"When my people are unhappy, they come see me," Pandol insisted. "This isn't a strike, it's a revolution."

"But what about holding an election?"

"This is a ranch, not a voting booth," he said. "We can't have a ballot every morning, the X's go to work, the Y's stay home."

Among the growers, there was little inclination to take their case to the public. "We had a crop to harvest," Bruno Dispoto told me. "Telling our story was secondary. And anyway, people just weren't buying the good-guy grower story last fall." Thus, almost by default, the task of justifying Delano to the world fell to the people of the town. Shortly after the strike started, a number of them banded together in a group called "Citizens For Facts From Delano."

It required no great deliberation for Citizens For Facts to conclude that anyone connected with the N.F.W.A. was a Communist dupe, or worse. Many of the volunteers had been involved with the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley and were sympathetic to, when not actually members of, C.O.R.E., S.N.C.C., and the Students for a Democratic Society; in Delano, such associations were tantamount to taking instructions from Peking. Others,



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in fact, did belong to the W.E.B. DuBois Clubs and the Progressive Labor Party. Luis Valdez, one of Chavez's top aides, had traveled in Cuba against the wishes of the U.S. Government, and Alex Hoffman, the N.F.W.A.'s attorney, himself told me he had been cited by the California state senate report on un-American activities at Berkeley as having "made no effort to conceal his Marxist convictions."

So much was made of Valdez and Hoffman that I asked Chavez if he thought he could blunt the criticism by getting rid of his most radical followers. "There's not that many," he replied. "And if we did, I'm afraid people would start thinking they'd have to take a loyalty oath just to help us." Chavez was supported on this stand by the Catholic bishop of Stockton, the Most Reverend Hugh Donohoe. "Whenever there is a weakness in our society, it behooves the Communists to exploit it," Bishop Donohoe said. "Are we supposed to disappear just because the Communists appear on the scene? Of course not. We should remedy the situation so that the Communists cannot exploit it."

And yet it was not necessarily a symptom of paranoia to have ambivalent feelings about the volunteers. Some—the Migrant Ministry, the professional S.N.C.C. and C.O.R.E. people—were indispensable to Chavez. But to get the indispensables, Chavez had to put up with countless rejects and romantics, those eternally young who tended to confuse their own problems with the problems of mankind. One evening I talked with a striking red-headed girl in her mid-20's who had previously been in Mississippi with S.N.C.C. She seemed to accept the fact that the Mexicans would one day no longer need her, as the Negroes no longer wanted her in the South. I wondered what she would do when she was older and disenchantment had set in. She said, "Maybe I'll organize the middle class."

However Delano raged at the volunteers, it still reserved its purest vitriol for the clergy who came to town in support of the N.F.W.A. What particularly infuriated Delano was the clergy's insistence that the situation involved not simply a labor dispute but a moral issue. All over California, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish clergymen collected food and money for the strikers, walked in their marches and, when they came to Delano, were arrested on their picket lines. In its enthusiasm, the Catholic Archdiocese of San Francisco even indulged in a kind of *realpolitik* with strong overtones of blackmail; in a letter to the chairman of Beaulieu Vineyard, the archdiocese suggested that since Beaulieu was the major supplier of altar wines to the churches of San Francisco, it behooved it to recognize the N.F.W.A.

Resentment against such tactics was strong at the first Citizens For Facts meeting I attended. The meeting was held in the Delano Women's Club. There were about 75 people in the room, mostly older men and women, all Anglo save for perhaps half a dozen Mexicans and Filipinos. On a table was a pot of coffee and pitchers of Kool-Aid.

"Did you see that Father Salandini taking pictures on the picket line?" someone asked during the course of the evening. "He was telling them, 'We got your picture.' And him a priest in the Catholic Church."

"He's no priest in the Catholic Church I know," someone else answered indignantly.

"Maybe he's an Episcopalian in disguise," a third added.

"Chavez only claims he's got a union because it sounds good," Jack Pandol announced.

"He doesn't want a union, Jack, he wants a social revolution."

At this point, there was a motion about what insignia members of Citizens For Facts should wear at the upcoming State Senate hearing on the Delano situation.

"Let's wear the American flag," a woman in the audience volunteered.

"That's right, not some Trotsky flag. Leave that to Chavez."

VI.

Three months after the strike began, Chavez found the stratagem to focus nationwide attention on Delano. The tactic was economic boycott.

Though grapes might not seem to lend themselves to boycott, the two biggest ranches in Delano did. The Di Giorgio Corporation, with 4,400 acres in Delano, and Schenley Industries, Inc., with 3,350 acres, were absentee landlords only minimally interested in farming. Less than 10 per cent of Di Giorgio's revenues came from farming; the bulk came from the proc-

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essing and sale of canned goods. Similarly, only a fraction of Schenley's sales derived from its farming properties; most of its business was distilled spirits. For both companies, the profits from agriculture were marginal.

The vulnerability of these companies appealed to Chavez. Both Di Giorgio and Schenley distributed their products through outlets across the nation, and each outlet was a potential picketing site. Both also had scores of contracts with other unions that might cause trouble if the N.F.W.A. were treated cavalierly. In addition, it was extremely unlikely that either company wanted bad publicity that might jeopardize its consumer sales—not on behalf of an agricultural operation barely paying its way. Early in December, Chavez's boycott plans were given a boost when the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in San Francisco, after some assiduous backstage lobbying for the N.F.W.A., passed a resolution supporting the grape strike. The next day, Walter Reuther himself came to Delano to bestow the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s official blessing. "We will put the full support of organized labor behind your boycott," he told the strikers. "You are making history here."

From the beginning, Chavez had intended to concentrate on Schenley. "It was a simple decision," he told me. "In the first place, liquor is easier to boycott. And then it is usually the man who goes to the liquor store and he's more sympathetic to labor as a rule than his wife is." From an atlas, Chavez picked 13 major cities across the U.S. as boycott centers and then raised a boycott staff, all under 25, from workers and volunteers who had impressed him on the picket lines. They left Delano penniless and hitchhiked or rode the rails to the various cities where they were to set up shop. In most cities, the boycott staffers went to union locals and begged room, board, an office, a telephone and whatever help was available. Across the country they recruited some 10,000 people to pass out leaflets or to telephone neighbors, friends, churches and stores, urging support of the boycott. The staffers were seldom at a loss for ingenuity. In Boston, one staged a Boston Grape Party. He bought several lugs of Delano grapes, organized a march, and paraded his charges through town to the waterfront, where with attendant publicity the grapes were dumped into Massachusetts Bay.

In Delano, the N.F.W.A. also arranged to picket the freight-car loads of grapes that rolled out of the city by rail to markets around the nation. "We'd even slip volunteers on the trains right here in Delano," Chavez told me. "Sometimes a train would make six or seven stops, and at each one our people would slip off and contact our local organization to tell them a load of Delano grapes was in town. The local people would then set up the pickets." One volunteer team rode the rods with a load of grapes all the way from Delano to Hoboken, N.J. Another was apprehended by a railroad employee as their train was crossing one of the snow-covered western mountain ranges. Telling them they would freeze to death if they stayed on the train, the railroad man bought them a bus ticket to the first stop on the other side of the mountains, where he told them they could get back on board. He was a good union man, he told them, and this was his contribution to the Delano strike. "We even had girl volunteers who wanted to ride the rods," Chavez said, "but I wouldn't let them."

'The last thing we need,' said the Teamster official, 'is for someone to poke a priest.'

Though the economic effects of the boycott were negligible (despite the grandiose claims of the N.F.W.A.), the adverse publicity began to worry Schenley, particularly after a 250-mile, 25-day march of farm workers and their supporters from Delano to the capitol at Sacramento. Clergymen denounced Schenley from the pulpit, and letters of protest poured in from over 40 states. And the company had begun to feel pressure from the unions. The Teamsters had refused to cross an N.F.W.A. picket line outside the warehouse of Schenley's major distributor in San Francisco and threatened to stop serving a supermarket chain that carried Schenley products. Schenley signed an agreement with Chavez on April 6. Now the N.F.W.A. was free to concentrate on Di Giorgio.

Unlike Schenley, which was relatively new to its role as grower, Di Giorgio had long been a reigning power in California agriculture. Through interlocking directorates, the company was linked to the state's major financial, industrial, retail and real-estate institutions. Backed by the full weight of California's economic hierarchy, Di Giorgio had broken every farm labor strike against it in the past.

Seeking a way to neutralize Chavez, Di Giorgio agreed in April to let workers at its Sierra Vista ranch in Delano vote on the question of union representation. Chavez countered with the demand that Di Giorgio, like Schenley, recognize the N.F.W.A. unilaterally. Di Giorgio refused, but for the first time the door was opened for negotiations. For the next two months the union and the company haggled. Twice talks broke down, the first time after a scuffle outside Sierra Vista when, according to sworn testimony, a Di Giorgio security guard clubbed an N.F.W.A. woman picket over the head. Late in May, Di Giorgio won a temporary injunction against N.F.W.A. picketing at Sierra Vista. When the matter was finally heard before the Tulare County Superior Court, the injunction was denied. "No acts of violence were shown to have been committed by defendants [the N.F.W.A.] or their agents," Judge Leonard M. Ginsburg wrote in his decision. "Numerous acts of violence were shown by undisputed evidence to have been committed by plaintiff Di Giorgio agents. These included, among other things, threatening of pickets with a gun by an armed security guard; a subsequent attack upon a woman picket resulting in throwing her to the ground by [the Di Giorgio] general manager."

It was at this juncture that the volatile situation was brought to the flash point by the appearance on the Delano scene of the Teamsters Union. Up to this moment the Teamsters had been among Chavez's most vociferous supporters. Now the Teamsters announced that in fact they were candidates at Di Giorgio's Sierra Vista election, and, to Chavez's chagrin, they moved into Delano to battle the N.F.W.A. for the right to organize Sierra Vista.

Choosing this moment to cut Chavez's legs out from beneath him was probably the decision of the director of the Western Conference of Teamsters, Einar O. Mohn. In California, 100,000 of Mohn's Teamsters are directly dependent on agriculture, ranging from cannery and packing-shed workers to truck drivers who haul crops and processed food. The prospect of a potentially unfriendly union representing farm workers was intolerable to Mohn, because if the N.F.W.A. called a strike, Teamsters would lose work.

Delano welcomed the Teamsters with open arms. After months of siege, the town had reluctantly begun to accept the inevitability of a union and now saw in the Teamsters a way finally to take revenge on Chavez. "If the only way we can get that son of a bitch is by falling in bed with Hoffa, then we'll fall in bed with Hoffa," one grower told me. "It was almost embarrassing," a Teamster official said. "It was like the town was being shot up for months by a gunslinger and was just waiting for someone to come along and save it. They knew we were gunslingers too. But they put a badge on us anyway, hoping that when we'd meet up with Chavez, we'd bump each other off."

In San Francisco, meanwhile Di Giorgio and the N.F.W.A. were still hammering out ground rules for the election. When Chavez left Di Giorgio's San Francisco headquarters on the afternoon of June 20, it had been agreed only that the election would be held "at a future date." Some 40 hours later, however, Di Giorgio called a press conference and announced that the election would be held at Sierra Vista two days hence.

Chavez was furious. From a contact in the printers' union, he learned that when he had last met with Di Giorgio, the company had already had the ballots printed. "All the time we were sitting there, they knew they were going to pull a fast one," he told me. "How can you trust people like that?" The following day the N.F.W.A. went into court and got a restraining order removing its name from the ballot. Charging Di Giorgio with bad faith, the N.F.W.A. announced that it would boycott the election.

The June 24 vote was, depending upon whom one talked to in Delano, either a "phony election" or an "exercise in democracy." Both sides resorted to the most blatant kind of intimidation. An N.F.W.A. picket line outside the polling place at Sierra Vista shouted, "Don't vote, don't vote, *huelga, huelga.*" One priest snapped pictures of the voters as they climbed off the trucks, warning them that the N.F.W.A. would know if they voted. Di Giorgio was equally guilty. Two Anglo women hung a TEAMSTERS FOREVER sign outside the polling place. When one truckload of workers asked what would happen if they did not vote in the election, a company interpreter told them they would be fired.

The vote count resulted in victory claims by both sides. Of the workers casting ballots, most said they wanted to be represented by the Teamsters. But Chavez pointed out that nearly half of the eligible voters heeded his boycott call and did not vote, making this, in his words, an "astounding victory." He further announced that picketing and the economic boycott would continue. And so Delano girded for a long, hot summer.

VII.

Late in June Gov. Pat Brown, under pressure from the Mexican-American Political Association, ordered an investigation of the Di Giorgio election. The investigator urged that a new election be held; Di Giorgio and the Teamsters eagerly agreed. The N.F.W.A. cautiously assented, after a spirited meeting that adjourned with the singing of *Nosotros Venceremos*, which is *We Shall Overcome* in Spanish. Four days after the N.F.W.A. gave its approval, Di Giorgio suddenly laid off 190 workers at Sierra Vista. Over the telephone, Dick Myer, Di Giorgio's personnel manager, told me that the layoff was natural at that time of year; once the viniculture was completed, he said, there was always a two- or three-week layoff before picking began. Chavez, however, was convinced that the layoff was a ploy on the part of Di Giorgio to get rid of sure N.F.W.A. votes, and early that afternoon he drove out to Sierra Vista in an effort to persuade as many of the 190 as possible to remain in Delano until the election on August 30. (Under the terms of the agreement, anyone who had worked for Di Giorgio for 15 days in the past year was eligible to vote in the election.)

The sun was blistering down. The laid-off workers milled around seeking shade under the few isolated palm trees on the edge of the Sierra Vista property. Four Tulare County sheriff's cars had drawn up, and the deputies idled about surveying the scene, the sun glinting off their blue plastic helmets. Just inside the Sierra Vista property line, a young Anglo Di Giorgio employee with a movie camera was taking pictures of every move Chavez made. Weary and unshaven, Chavez climbed up on the roof of an old station wagon, and as he did, the Di Giorgio photographer moved into better camera position. Motioning to an N.F.W.A. volunteer with a camera, Chavez said angrily, "Take some pictures of that guy taking pictures of me."

Waving a bullhorn, Chavez asked for quiet. He explained to the workers that the (*continued on page 64*)

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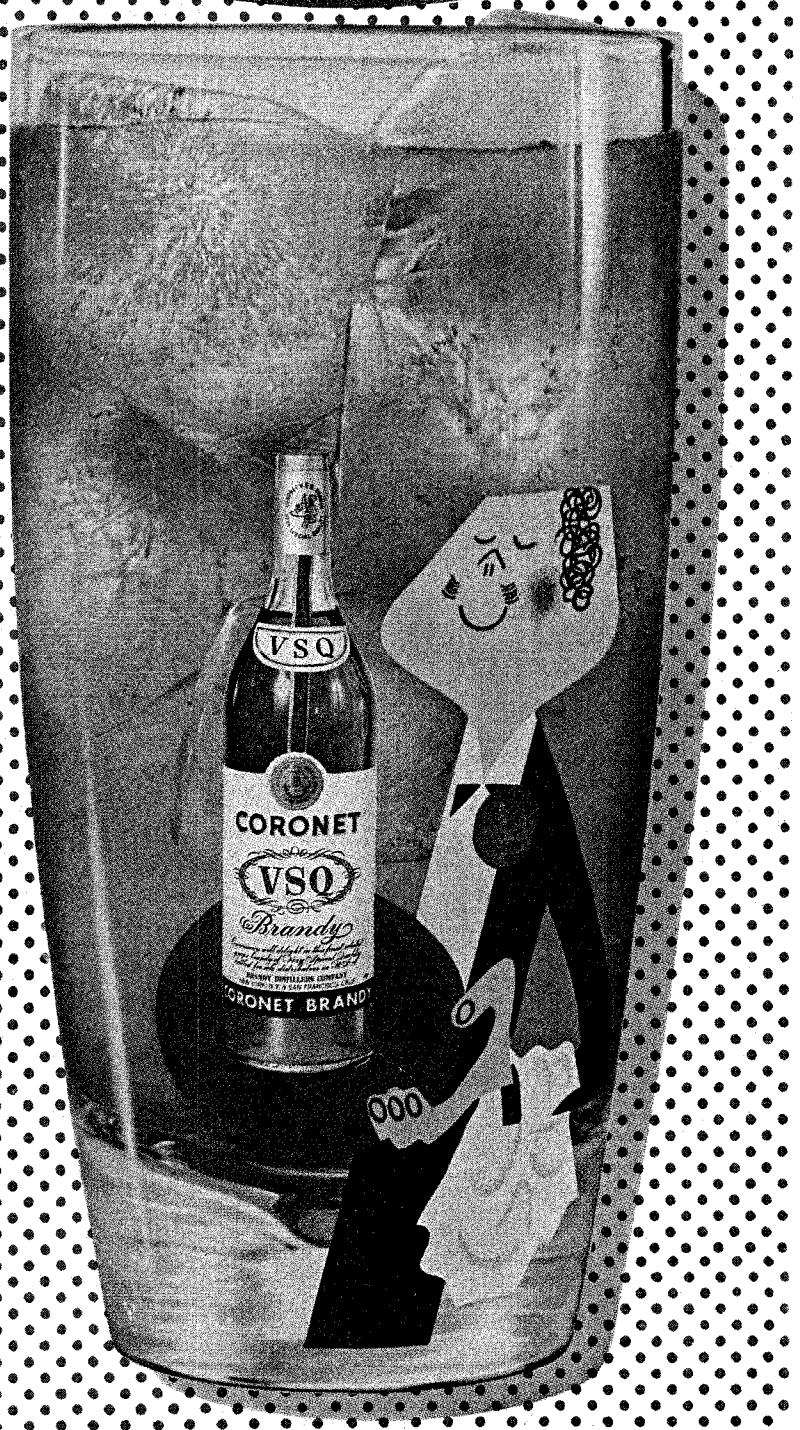

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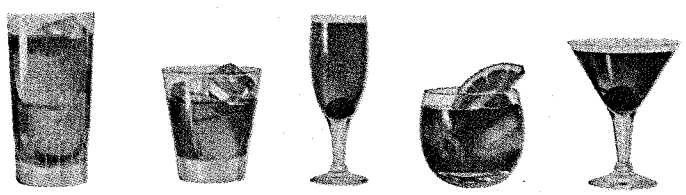

STRIKE!

(*continued from page 50*)

N.F.W.A. wanted them to remain in Delano. Their votes were necessary, he said, if there was ever to be a farm union, and he told them that the N.F.W.A. would provide them with room and board and try to get them work. Chavez looked glum. He knew he could never find enough work for the 190, and once they had scattered, it was unlikely that they would return to Delano to vote. I was standing at the edge of the crowd beside a youth in his late teens wearing an Army fatigue jacket with his name, Lopez, stitched over the pocket. Dick Myer of Di Giorgio had told me that the work in the fields was all finished, and I asked Lopez if this was so. "We didn't even finish what we started this morning," he said. "There's some rows half finished. They just brought us back for lunch and told us we'd be paid off at five o'clock."

Across the road some of the workers, mainly women wearing tattered mantillas, began kneeling in the dust behind a battered Mercury station wagon decked with flowers and covered with crepe paper and brick-patterned wallpaper. This was the N.F.W.A. strike vigil, kept around the clock. *Huelga* posters and American and Mexican flags adorned the car; the tailgate was open and in the back of the station wagon was a portrait of the Virgin of Guadalupe, surrounded by blankets and bedrolls for the workers who maintained the vigil at night. When Chavez finished speaking, the pickers slowly dispersed and the women in the dust started to chant the Rosary.

That night Chavez called a strike meeting at Lake Woollomes, a bleak, dusty oasis formed from the waters of the Friant-Kern irrigation canal on the outskirts of Delano. The heat had broken. A radio was playing Mexican music, and the workers sat around drinking soda and chatting among themselves. Chavez sat at a barbecue table filling out forms for some of the laid-off workers who had come from Texas and now claimed that Di Giorgio would not pay their fare home. One of the volunteers asked if he wanted anything and he smiled wearily. "Just get me some canned sleep," he said. "Eight hours concentrated."

Later that evening I drove Chavez home. The layoff had been a blow, not only for the votes lost but because it had cost him some 20 organizers he had infiltrated into the Di Giorgio camp. "That's why they did this," he said bitterly, "to get rid of those guys. We've pulled four sets of people out of there, and every time we've had to start all over again."

Most of Chavez's bitterness, however, was reserved for the Teamsters. "Those bastards," he said. "We shook the tree and now they're trying to pick up the fruit. That's how they operate. And if they get away with it this time, we'll never get them off our back."

After nearly three weeks in Delano, I decided to leave the Valley and come back for the election, still a month off. While I was gone, Chavez, needing money and organizing strength for his battle with the Teamsters, had merged the N.F.W.A. with the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s farm group, the A.W.O.C. My first night back, I encountered some volunteers in a West Side bar and, to my surprise, they regarded the merger as Chavez's Munich. One told me that Chavez had "sold out" the farm workers to the A.F.L.-C.I.O., which, like all institutions, was "corrupt." I suggested that Chavez's first obligation to his members was to win the election, and that without the resources of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., it was extremely unlikely that he could. "Maybe you're right," the volunteer reluctantly concurred. "But the romance is gone."

The next morning I visited the A.F.L.-C.I.O. headquarters, which had been set up in the back of a barbershop on the West Side. Unmade cots were strewn around the office, and a mimeograph machine was grinding out leaflets to be distributed to the workers in the fields. There were stacks of copies of Sen. Robert Kennedy's indictment of the Teamsters, *The Enemy Within*, extracts of which had been printed in both English and Spanish. I leafed through some of the pamphlets. "Have the Teamsters told you the Teamster pension fund is UNDER A FEDERAL PROBE?" asked one.

Later that morning I stopped in at Teamster headquarters in Room 208 of the Stardust Motel. A half dozen Teamster organizers lounged around outside, drinking beer and comparing golf scores. Some had changed into swimming trunks and were trying to get the others to take a dip in the Stardust pool before lunch. Sitting inside the Teamster office was a pinched

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, well, if it isn't one of our young friends who's been picketing us for socialized medicine."

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and lacquered blonde secretary reading a copy of *The Enemy Within.*

It was from Room 208 that an official named William Grami was ramrodding the union's organizing force in Delano. What seemed to perturb Grami most about the N.F.W.A. was its lack of professionalism compared to the Teamsters. "They're not even a union," he told me. "They're a civil-rights organization. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. made a big mistake. If it had been me, instead of merging with Chavez I would have kept him on a leash, used him to scare hell out of the growers, and then gone in and picked up the pieces." I pointed out that this seemed to be what the Teamsters were doing, and he shrugged.

The main thrust of the Teamster campaign was to Red-bait the N.F.W.A. in much the same way that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. was gangster-baiting the Teamsters. Copies of an article in the John Birch Society magazine labeling the whole Delano strike as Communist-inspired had been translated into Spanish and passed out in the fields. One Teamster pamphlet said that a vote for the Teamsters was a vote "against revolution, hatred of one race against another, the New Left, riots, beatniks, and destruction of the field crops that feed the nation." Grami himself, choosing his words fastidiously, always referred to the N.F.W.A. as the "Viet Cong."

I asked Grami about reports that Teamster organizers had roughed up several N.F.W.A. members a few days before. He smiled slowly. "We've been right here at this motel," he said. "No one's brought any charges against us. This is a tough town, things happen here. Why, there's been six murders just since I've been here. And not one of those so-called beatings was serious, you'll notice. A belt in the nose here, a punch in the eye there."

As we talked, a Teamster organizer came into the office. "Bill, did you hear about that priest at the vigil this morning?" he asked. "Did you hear what he said about us? Why, I'd like to. . . ."

"No, you wouldn't," Grami said soothingly. "The last thing we need is for somebody to take a poke at a priest."

That afternoon I drove out to Sierra Vista for the last hours of campaigning. At all the camps, Di Giorgio had passed out a series of letters urging workers to vote for the Teamsters. "The Teamsters do not want support from beatniks, out-of-town agitators or do-gooders," said one I found tacked on a camp bulletin board. Parked under a stand of trees a short distance away was a big Teamster bus stocked with beer and soda, which Teamster organizers were passing out to workers with a show of geniality. Two Teamster sound trucks cruised the camps, trying to shout down N.F.W.A. organizers.

"Hey, I'm going to tell your wife about that little girl," the driver of one Teamster van blared over his loudspeaker at an A.F.L.-C.I.O. organizer. "How old is she? Eighteen? Man, that alimony will kill you."

"That's OK, man," the organizer shouted back. "At least I've got my manhood. That's more than you can still say. You're all run down."

"You'd like to be run down like me, man," the Teamster laughed.

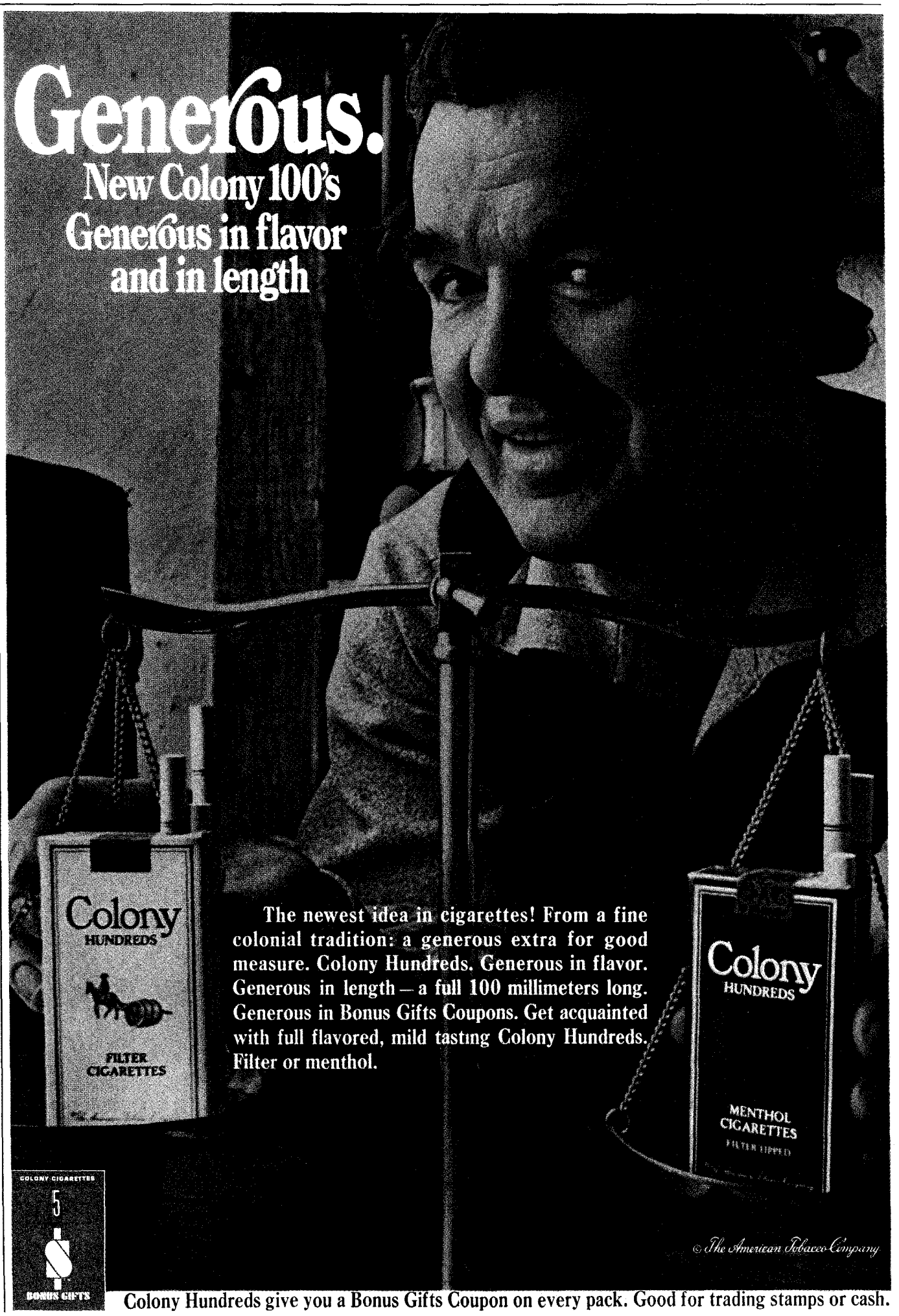
"Not on your life, man. I hear they got you for molesting a little girl. Nine years old is what I hear."

"You're a comedian, man," the Teamster said. "Jackie Gleason ought to sign you up."

"You sound scared, man. You're going to lose tomorrow. What's Hoffa going to do about that? Hoffa don't like losers."

I tailed one of the Teamster vans into a clearing where some 100 workers were sitting under the trees trying to escape the heat. The driver of the truck was a Teamster named Art Chavarría. He was a big man with a pencil moustache, a mountain of black hair piled on top of his head, a raucous laugh, and a capacity for nonstop talking. He spotted a woman talking to an N.F.W.A. organizer and drove his truck over to where they stood. "Honey," Chavarría said over his microphone, "what do you want to talk to the Viet Cong for? You want to learn about Cuba, you want to learn about the Commies, you talk to Valdez. He's very big with Castro, I hear. Yeah, I hear he's Castro's adviser to Chavez. That's right from the horse's mouth. Sure, that's why he spent so much time in Cuba. You mean you didn't *know?* They're keeping that a *secret?* Honey, you come over here and I'll tell you all about it."

Chavarría was clearly enjoying himself and looked around for another target. At the edge of the group gathered around his truck was a young Anglo girl wearing scruffy, baggy pants and a dirty blue sweater. "Now don't tell me," Chavarría said. "I bet I can guess. I bet you're for Chavez. See, she's blushing. I'm right. Honey, you look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like a college girl. I can always tell a college girl. The class always shows." A burst of phlegmy laughter escaped over the microphone. "Tell me, what college you go to? Really, I want to know. I got five kids and I don't want to send them to that college."

"Why don't you go home, you bum?" a woman field-worker wearing red slacks shouted angrily at Chavarría.

"These people always dress the part," Chavarría laughed gleefully. "What color are your pants, lady?"

A bearded N.F.W.A. photographer stepped to Chavarría's truck and began snapping his picture. "I'm easygoing, baby," Chavarría said, "but I just hope you try to take a picture of me the day after tomorrow."

"That's right, Art, you just keep talking," the photographer said.

"We're going to win tomorrow," Chavarría said. "And we're going to celebrate. That's the nice part of being with the Teamsters. We're not going to cuss you. We're going to say, 'Good morning, ladies, good morning, gents.' "

"You just go on believing that, Art," the photographer replied.

"I notice you're the only one here with a Japanese camera," Chavarría said. "You're not even a good American."

"You said it, Art."

Chavarría looked at the photographer's beard. "Hey, baby, I was a barber once. You need a shave, I'll give it to you." Then he elaborately took his nose between his fingers. "Baby, I don't mind you taking my picture," he said. "But you smell. You take my picture, you stand downwind. I tell you what. You stand downwind and I'll get you some of that stuff you squeeze under your arm. It's good. It gives one-day protection."

The photographer was beginning to irritate two other Teamster organizers who were standing at the back of the group.

"Why don't you bust him in the chops with that mike, Chavarría?" said one.

"That's right, Art," said the other organizer. "Jam it right in his mush."

That night the Teamster organizers gathered in the bar of the Stardust Motel. They were quiet and smelled of shaving lotion and they were so confident that they did not discuss the election at all. They reminded me of a superbly conditioned professional football team on the eve of a match with a pickup squad of local all-stars. A short distance away, in the Filipino Hall, the N.F.W.A. was holding an election rally. The auditorium was jammed and reeked of sweat and cigarette smoke and excitement. The feature of the evening was a pair of films lent by the United Auto Workers showing the plight of migratory workers during the Depression. Shot after shot of labor camps flickered across the screen. Wan women were shown nursing dirty, emaciated babies; defeated men shoveled gruel onto their plates from the community pot. Time and again the camera cut away from such scenes to a billboard at the 1933 Chicago World's Fair that said: THERE'S NO WAY LIKE THE AMERICAN WAY.

The lights came back on and Chavez was called to speak. He stood uneasily in front of the audience, hands in his pockets, a trace of a smile on his face, waiting for the applause to die down. "I think we have done all the work that is necessary," he said. "I hope that with the help of God we will be victorious. Thank you."

The voting began at seven o'clock the next morning at Sierra Vista. The polling booths were covered with red-white-and-blue curtains. Some 1,800 workers were eligible, 700 of whom were actually at work at Di Giorgio that day; the balance were eligible because they had worked at Sierra Vista at some point during the year. These others were the unknown quantity who, if they appeared in Delano to cast their ballots, could swing the outcome. There were, in fact, to be two elections, one for the shed workers and the other, by far the larger and more significant for both the Teamsters and the N.F.W.A., for the pickers.

Two women, one wearing tennis shoes, stood in the press section snapping pictures of every reporter and photographer who passed through. I saw them talking to an officer of Citizens For Facts, and later one of them asked me the name of the bearded N.F.W.A. photographer. I in turn asked her name.

"Mary Smith," she said, turning away.

"And your friend?"

"Mary Brown," she tossed back over her shoulder.

Later that morning I drove over to Teamster headquarters. The office was empty except for a secretary filing her nails with an emery board. The N.F.W.A. headquarters, however, was alive with activity. Scores of cars clogged the street outside the office, and dozens of workers milled around on the sun-parched lawn. On the wall inside the office were street maps of all the outlying towns, and cars were constantly dispatched to Wasco and Earlimart and Porterville and Pixley to pick up eligible voters. Others had answered the N.F.W.A.'s mailed pleas for help and trekked into town from out of state. One man paid his own way up from Jalisco, in Mexico, 2,000 miles away, and another had driven from Texas with seven voters in his car. A family of eight had driven all the way from Mexico only to find that they were not eligible, and another family of four, who had come over from Texas, had their car break down before they reached Delano. The father called N.F.W.A. headquarters to say they could not make it before the polls closed. "If you lose by four votes," he said, "I'll never forgive myself."

The next afternoon the final tally was announced. The Teamsters won the shed workers' vote, as expected, by a count of 94–43, with seven ballots for no union. But in the all-important field workers' election, the N.F.W.A. snowed the Teamsters under by a vote of 530–331, with 12 votes for no union. Of the 513 votes cast by workers not currently employed at Sierra Vista, most went to the N.F.W.A. Chavez's out-of-town policy had paid off.

The N.F.W.A.'s victory rally at Filipino Hall was tumultuous. Priests, ministers, A.F.L.-C.I.O. organizers, students, workers and weeping girls engulfed Chavez, throwing their arms around his neck, pulling him to and fro. A Mexican woman pushed her way to the stage and gave him a painting of a monument erected in Mexico in memory of the Revolution of 1910. Another woman field worker, her dark face lit with emotion, handed him a statue of Christ dressed in green and white robes. Slowly Chavez raised the statue above his head.

"Viva," they shouted.

"Viva la huelga!"

"Viva la causa!"

'Viva Cesar Chavez!"

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VIII.

It was not the beginning of the end; it was not even the end of the beginning. In a three-hour period one evening early this year, five fires were set in various offices maintained by the farm workers all over Delano. Though the A.F.L.-C.I.O. has allotted $10,000 a month to the union, the cost of the strike has mounted to $40,000 a month. His time in Delano already fragmented, Chavez today must chop it up even finer; in Starr County, Tex., farm workers, some of whom are paid a base wage of only 60

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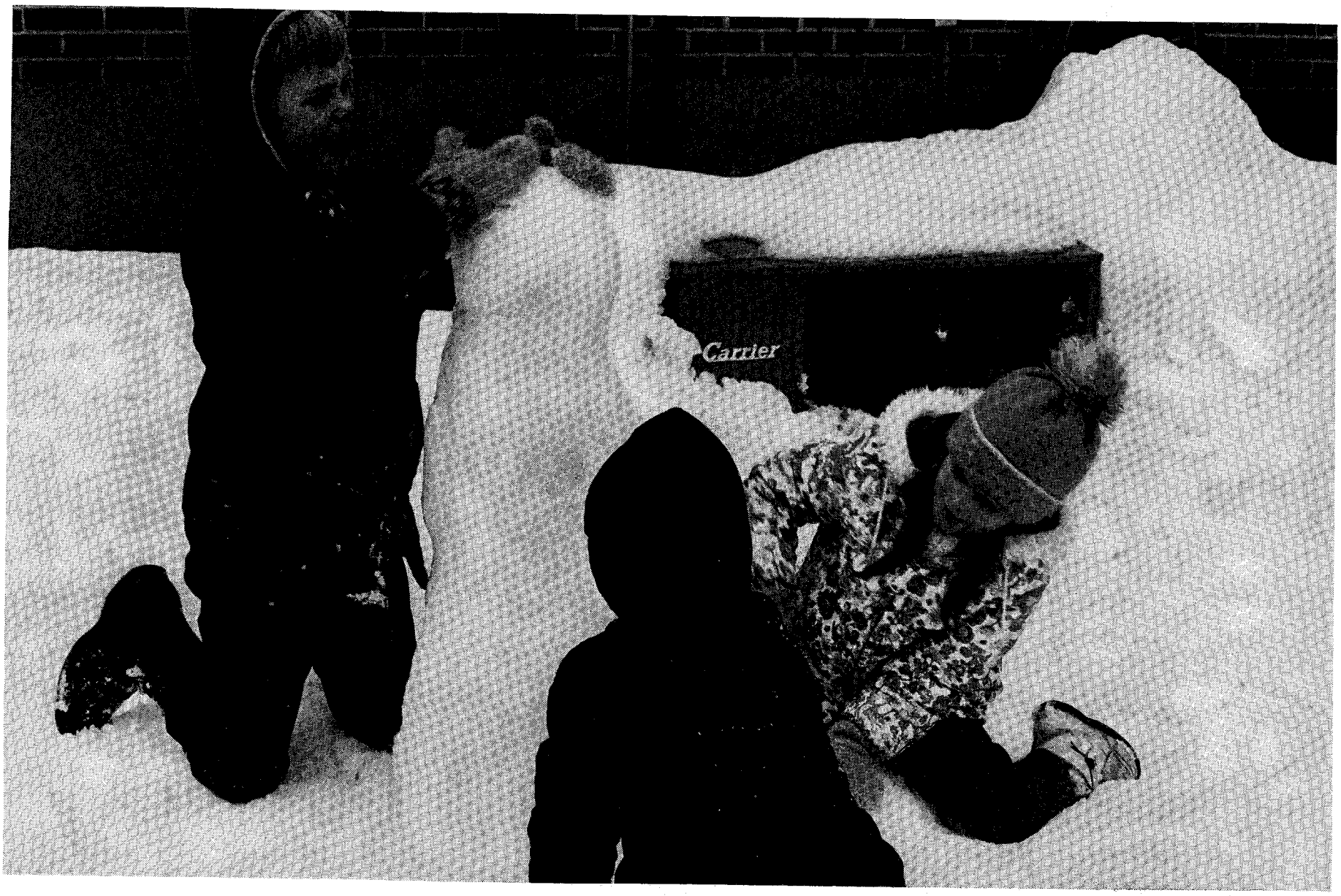

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cents an hour, have been out on strike since last summer, and their cause absorbs an ever-increasing amount of Chavez's waking hours. And then there is the haunting fear that whatever the outcome of all his efforts, it may be only a matter of time before mechanization makes the farm worker obsolete.

As a new harvest season approaches, the Delano growers are more determined than ever to wait out Chavez's siege. Unlike Schenley and Di Giorgio, their main business is grapes, and to a man they feel that it is virtually impossible for Chavez to break a grower who is not susceptible to consumer pressure. Yet one can sense a weakening of their resolve since the Sierra Vista vote. One grower has already negotiated a contract with the Teamsters, and Jack Pandol has admitted, however grudgingly, "If I have to deal with a union, I'd rather it was one that would get down with me and do business, not one that wanted to whip me to my knees."

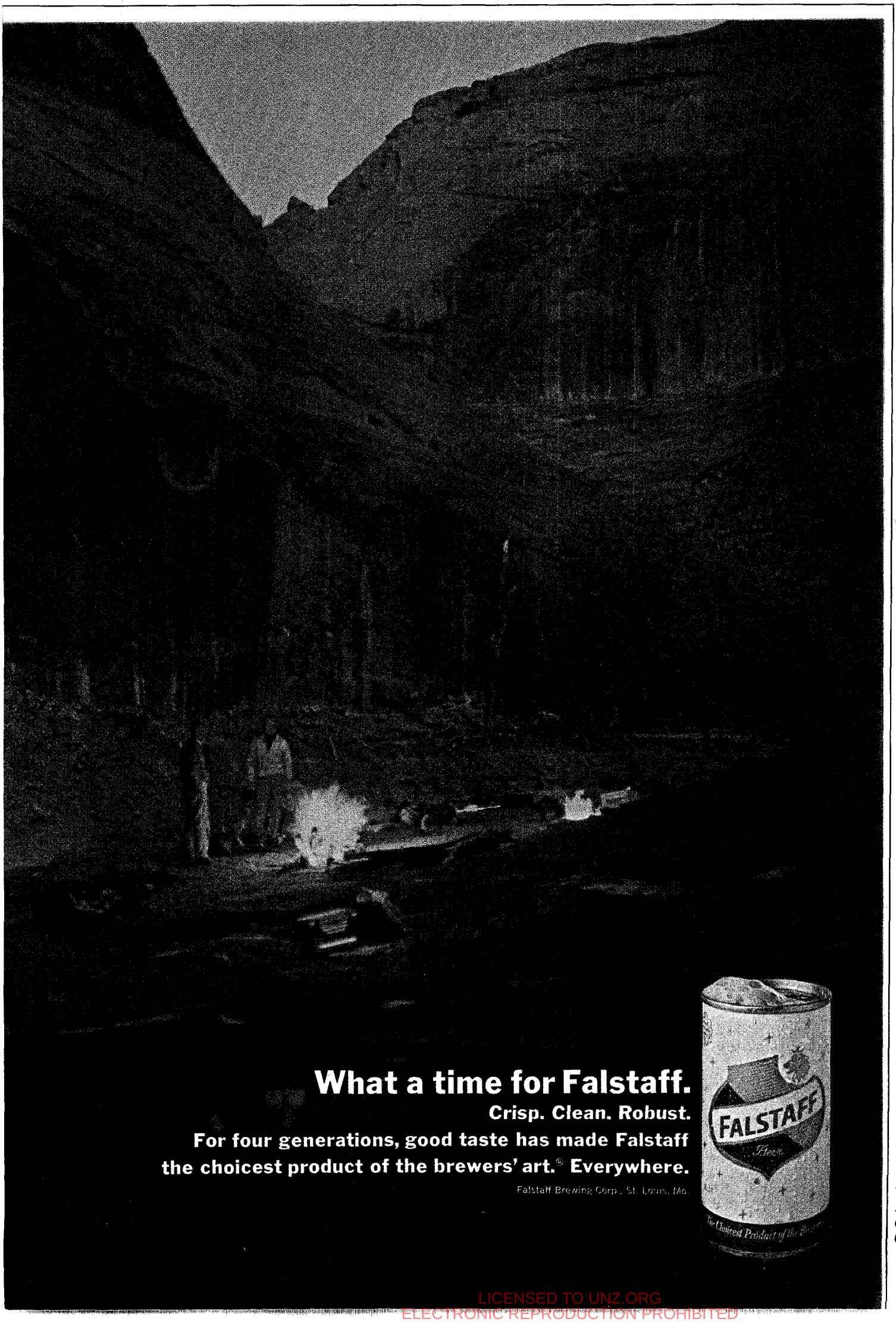
A year ago, no grower would even have considered the possibility of a union. Now they were making a choice, and no matter how inimical this choice might be to Chavez, it was perhaps his proudest legacy. "We talked for years about helping the farm workers, but did almost nothing about it," said one A.F.L.-C.I.O. official. "Today we're fighting the Teamsters to see who can do the most. If both of us keep escalating our commitment, the organization of the farm workers seems almost inevitable."

But it was an inevitability that Delano would still be a long time in accepting. Shortly before I left, I talked to a grower. He was in a reflective mood. "God, we were stupid," he said, "all of us, right from the start. We should have banded together when this thing started, all the growers, and held an election right then. Chavez wouldn't have had a chance. No one had heard of him and that would have been the end of it. No publicity, no nothing. We would have been the good guys for holding the election and we would have won. And Chavez would have been finished." I asked why they had not done it. "Because we never had before," he said simply.

No man, no town likes to think it was wrong, and it was the bitterness at having been proven wrong that seemed to pervade Delano. The cherished assumption that the workers were happy and did not want a union had been exploded. As the destroyer of the myth, Chavez was singled out for the most virulent hatred. It was, strangely enough, a hatred that raged most strongly among those Mexican-Americans in the Delano Establishment who had sided with the growers and for whom Chavez had exhibited his most unadulterated contempt. "The scars will never heal," one of them told me on my last afternoon in Delano. "After this little thing is over, the Mexican-American leaders will retaliate against these militants. We've got influence right up to the governor. We're not going to forget someone called us Judas. We're sophisticated. We've got education and breeding and we're going to get back."

For its part, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. was more sanguine. "I told the workers they had to be prepared for the tortures of success," an official named William Kircher told me that day. "Success in our business, the trade-union business, means getting workers to middle-class status. You succeed and '*huelga*' is just going to be an exciting recollection. The guy who carried a banner in 1966—well, in five years you're going to have a hard time getting him to a union meeting. Revolutions become institutions, that's a truism of our business. Look at the *Marseillaise*. That used to be the rallying cry of the French radicals. Now it's the song of state."

I did not share his optimism. As I left Delano, the scorched September leaves were just beginning to fall, and the sun blazed down on the somnolent streets and the horizonless fields that stretched away from either side of U.S. 99. I could not help thinking that it would be a long time before *Nosotros Venceremos* would become the song of California's great Central Valley. □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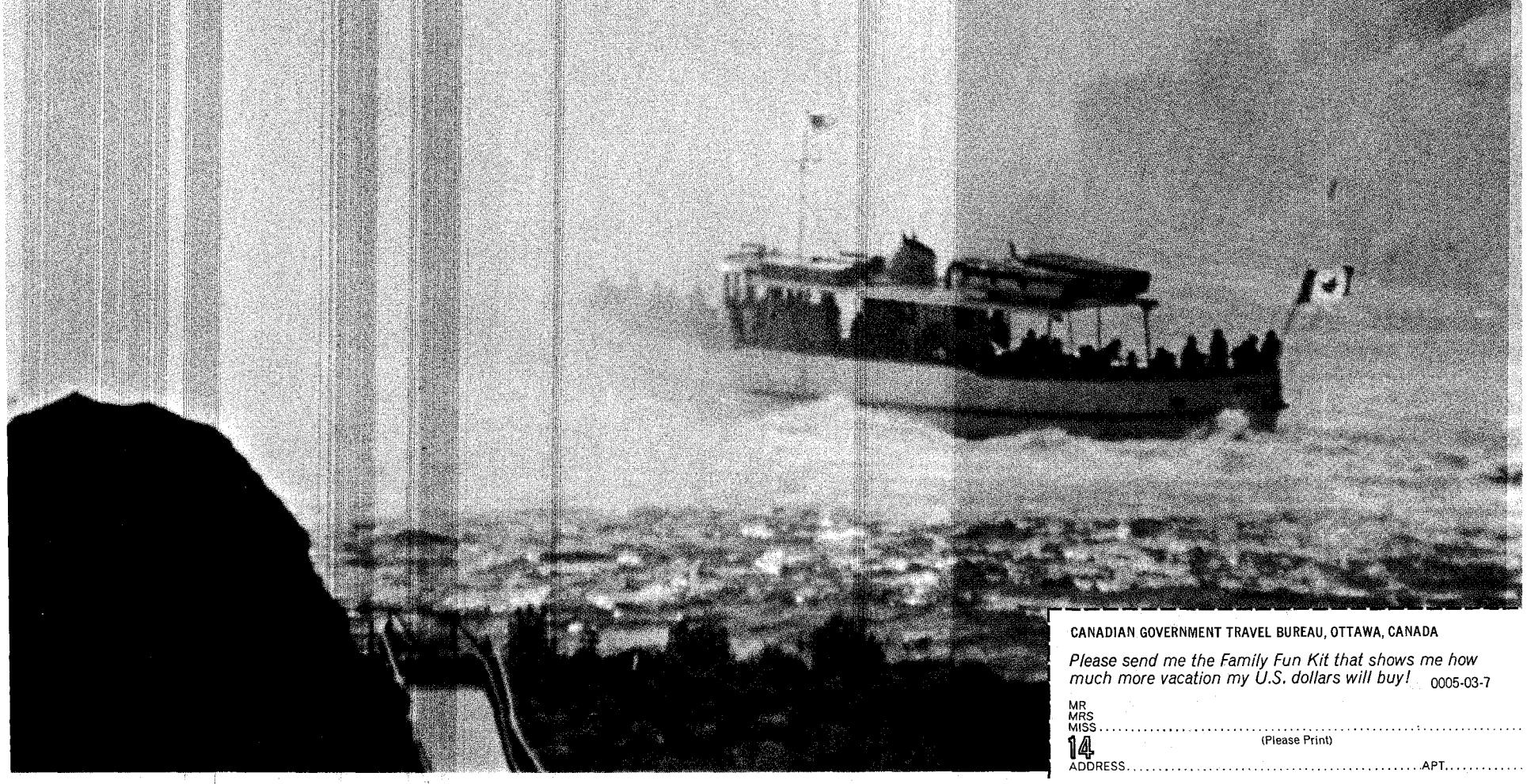

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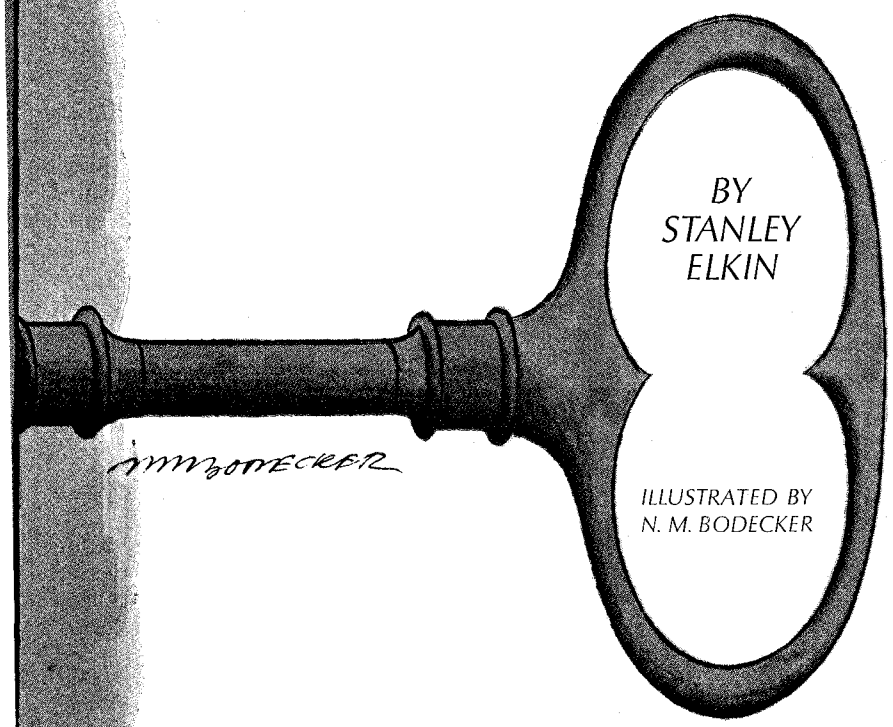
The guards grabbed him. "Throw him in the security block!" the warden roared.



BY STANLEY ELKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY N. M. BODECKER

THE MERCHANT OF NEW DESIRES

'Life is ordinary,' the prison warden kept saying. But Feldman, the department store king, refused to believe him. Selling things, anything, things nobody wanted—that was the art, the triumph that made life extraordinary.

In his middle age, Leo Feldman, the department store magnate, decided to become a criminal. No more Mr. Niceguy, he told himself, and got a switchblade knife from Sporting Goods. He took it with him to Board of Directors meetings, where just the idea of it in his pocket gave him a sense of edge he had not felt for a long time. It wasn't enough, however, and soon it had become just another piece of masculine jewelry, like his wristwatch or his tie clasp or his money clip. He exchanged it for a gun. His wife saw it. "What is this?" she asked.

"It's my rod," he explained. "It's my gat. It's the old equalizer."

"It's a new kind of cigarette lighter," she said, and almost blew her head off.

Feldman, alarmed, returned the gun and, instead, learned to jimmy his own safe, but this, he saw, was only another shabby subterfuge. It defeated his purposes. What he expected of crime was that its moral shocks would blow the ordinary and the crabbed sky-high before the assault of his honest malice. He dropped the pretense of crime and became a real criminal, a fence, dedicating a portion of the basement of his department store to the merchandising of stolen goods. Secretly, he picked up a load of hijacked cameras and sold them at an incredibly tiny fraction of what their cost would be elsewhere. His executives came to him, disturbed. "A loss leader," he explained, calming them. "We'll make it up on the film and developing." He sold valuable transistorized shortwave AM-FM clock radios for practically nothing. "Don't worry," he said, "we'll get them on the batteries." He discounted color-television sets and fur coats. "You're forgetting what we can do to them on the service policy," he assured his people. "And don't forget about summer storage."

Within three months he was arrested. "Crime doesn't pay either," he told the arresting officer. "There is no more conspicuous criminal than your respectable man."

At his trial all he would say in his defense was that he had been failed by virtue and failed by vice. Also, he promised that the judge would never know another good night's sleep, that when he got out he would come back and kill him.

They sentenced him to a year in the penitentiary, where, because of his invaluable experience as the owner of a department store, he was assigned work in the prison canteen. For a while he was as happy as he had been during those first days when he had carried the switchblade, but it wasn't long before the prison disappointed him, too, proving itself to be as uninteresting as the society he had deliberately turned his back on in his former life. He became a troublemaker.

A short time after his first monthly physical, Feldman received this note from the warden:

Your weight is good, your lungs are clear, your specimen sparkles like a trout stream. But slow down. I tell you for your own good. You'll never make it. The doctor is very concerned, and so am I. I'm just a custodian, a sort of curator, and it grieves my collector heart if I have to lose one of you guys. You're making problems for yourself. I'd be reassured if I thought it was guilt. Guilt's good, guilt's healthy, but your kind of guilt isn't honest. It's diffuse, unfocused. Anyway—slow down, play ball, calm down. Life is ordinary, Feldman.

Fisher

P.S. Here are the basic rules of this place. I'll just sketch them in for you. I won't be particular, because you're probably already familiar with the particular stuff. (We have an expression: "You cons can't see the ropes for the loopholes.")

1. Lights out at 10 o'clock. The day begins—adjusted of course to seasonal dawn—at 6:30. This means that you can get eight and a half hours sleep if you work it right. Bankers don't get that much, ships' captains don't. Guys who have lumberyards in Ohio get less. Actually, it's an hour more sack time—this is supported by sociological studies—than the national average. Penologists are beginning to think that a greater sleep load is a very important factor in rehabilitation, an aggressive dream life being a major element in holding down violence.

2. Keep a neat cell. There's no real complaint here.

3. Silence at meals. Sit at assigned tables. (You already know the chicken mechanics of the operation, and I won't bother you with any additional details except to point out that it's to a man's benefit to learn to live with nuisance.)

4. Work. *This is Most Important!* I can't emphasize this aspect too much. *Develop a good work ethic.* The most difficult thing you will have to face up to here is the problem of sharpening your work ethic in the absence of a profit motive. But this is very important. I assure you, Feldman, if you can just overcome your qualms in this area the world will open up for you. You will soon begin to understand how ordinary life is, and to appreciate it for

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that. What do you need that we don't provide? Food? We give you food. Shelter ditto. We see to your health. What's left? Movies? We show subsistence-level movies once a week. If you say sex I remind you that you're a middle-aged man. Anyway, it is wholesome to live with an edge on. I don't say suffer. But repress, repress. Have Spartan sensibilities. Be always a little uncomfortable. That way, when pain comes—and how often *does* it come? real pain is very rare—it won't matter so much. I've already said more than is necessary. (I don't owe you anything.) Work hard at your job. You're in the canteen. These men have a limited amount of money to spend. Still, you're a merchandiser. See what you can do to improve business in your department. I'll put it this way: *I want to see improvement over last month's figures or else!*

5. Free time. This is up to you. There's no complaint here. You can read, play sports, work in the model shop, whatever. Make a friend if you can't get interested in a hobby. I repeat, life is ordinary. Mine is, his is, yours is. Nothing's strange. Consecutive, the world's consecutive. It's rational. Life is ordinary.

All right. You'll be getting another examination in a month. If you're no better by then, stronger measures will have to be taken.

Fisher

Sure, life is ordinary, Feldman thought, awakened the next morning by the flash of the sun on the bright surfaces of the bars of his cell. Certainly it's ordinary, he thought, plunging his arm deep into the toilet bowl to polish its enamel sides. He looked up and down the long line of cells. Men sat on their cots, their shoulders slumped, their heads in their hands. Sure it is.

"Good morning, fellas," he said to the cell block at large, to the murderers and the robbers of banks. "How'd you sleep?"

"Stow it, big mouth," warned a convict in another cell. "Watch your step, pig creep. You punk around with me, and I'll get you when you come through the foundry on your way to deposit the canteen chits. I'll crack your skull with a shovel and stuff you into Furnace Six."

"These things happen," Feldman said. And they did. Life *was* ordinary, Feldman thought. His crime was that he had tried to make it less so. He smiled cheerfully at the man who had threatened to kill him.

The truth was that Feldman was feeling better about the prison since he'd received the warden's note. Fisher's interest in him, the odd mixture of cajolery and threat, was a demonstration of his uneasiness about Feldman, and the note an admission of his patience, his willingness to take pains with his special prisoner. He as good as put Feldman on notice that he considered Feldman a challenge, and Feldman, encouraged, felt protected, more confident than he had been at any time since he'd come to the prison. Thus far, he realized now, his reputation as a troublemaker had been based on merely a mild recalcitrance. What couldn't he do now that he had been given assurances?

"Bisch," he told his cellmate, "watch my smoke."

"See what you can do to improve business in your department," the warden had said. Feldman had some very good ideas, indeed, about how to improve business in his department, but first it was necessary to obtain the cooperation of the three men who worked with him there—Walls and Harold Flesh and Manfred Sky. There was a strict division of labor in the prison and a strong tradition of seniority that not even the latent violence in the less senior roughnecks ever did much to affect. Feldman, as the newest man in the canteen, had to be careful how he approached his three fellow workers.

He went to the two large, converted cells that served as the prison canteen and promised Flesh and Walls that if they gave him what he chose to call their "power of attorney" he would do all their work for them; they could take it easy and maybe have some fun as well. Getting Manfred Sky to agree was more difficult.

"Authority isn't authority until it's deputed," Feldman argued. "Responsibility means nothing until it's delegated."

"I'm in charge here," Manfred Sky said sullenly.

"I know that, Manfred. I know that. Listen to me a minute. Did you ever see a general? *I* have. I sat across a table from one when my store was promoting defense bonds for the Government. He had assistants—captains, majors, a full colonel. Manfred, those junior officers looked *toyland* next to this fellow. Do you understand? West Point, Senior Prom, Flirtation Walk. They could have been R.O.T.C. boys with their swords over a campus queen. But that general—that general was a *dream* of power! In a khaki uniform, Manfred, very plain, unribboned, almost a business suit. He'd deputed his mess kit, Manfred, he'd delegated his knapsack, he'd proxied his side arms. Just these stars on his shoulders like awry stickpins, like something in a brown firmament. He looked like the United States sitting there. These were complex negotiations; many things had to be worked out. I was asking concessions for the space the Government was taking up in the store. He had his Judge Advocate people. He didn't say a word. He never opened his mouth. With the eyes—everything with the eyes. He never made a sound. Well, that's an exaggeration. I sat across from him and I could hear this faint hum. Like a generator or a transformer. Oh, the power, oh. Don't kid yourself, Manfred. He was in charge, too. *He* was."

"Wow," Manfred Sky said.

"I ask for your power of attorney, Manfred. Give me your hand on this."

"Why?" Manfred asked finally. "What's in it for you?"

"*Me?*" Feldman said. "I'm a *workhorse*, Manfred, a *grind*. Feldman the fetcher, the rough-and-tumbler. This is true, Manfred. I have no executive gifts. I haven't the gift of silence."

Flesh and Walls were watching.

"How about it, Manfred?"

"Well, I don't know," Manfred Sky said.

"What would you say to a *bribe*, Sky?" Feldman asked.

"Done," Sky said.

Then Feldman took down the chewing-gum displays. Walls, who had taken some trouble with the arrangement of these, objected. "Wait," Feldman said, "you'll see."

He cleared away the toothpaste tubes. He had Flesh hide the cigarettes, while he removed the shaving creams and the aerosol deodorants. He stood back and looked critically at the shelves. "My God," he said, "the candy!"

"Wait, I'll get it," Walls said.

"Never mind," Feldman said, "I will."

He took away the famous kinds and allowed those he had never heard of to remain. He was very discriminating. There were seventeen boxes of "Licorice Brittle," two dozen tubes of "Flower Balls"—rose, gardenia, gray orchid, phlox, other flavors. He gave prominent display space to some curious, unwrapped bars of hardened confectioners' sugar. These had precisely the texture and taste of the candy sockets that support the candles on a child's birthday cake. They had jelly centers. Not by bread alone, Feldman thought.

He opened the soft-drink cooler and looked inside. He removed the Coke and Pepsi-Cola and 7-Up and all the fruit flavors except guava. He held up a bottle of a bright, mauvish liquid. He read the label. "Bleer's," it said. It was the low-calorie kind. Hits the spot, Feldman thought, and returned it to the cooler.

Then he picked over the tray of combs, leaving only the wide, eight- and ten-inch combs and removing all the tight-toothed pocket combs. These he placed in a large cardboard box into which he had already put writing paper, packets of envelopes, ball-point pens, and all the number-two pencils. He covered the box and slid it under the counter, out of sight. He had found a single package of number-four, hard-lead pencils, and these he built in a rectangular construction on top of the counter.

He discovered some shoe trees, which he hung on a tall, revolving razorblade display stand from which he had first removed all the double-edged blades. (He allowed a few packages of odd-shaped injector blades to be displayed.) He arranged the greeting cards, first transferring to the cardboard box all those cards whose messages of sympathy or celebration seemed to Feldman rather ordinary. He was left with a small, curious assortment: "Get Well Soon, Father-in-Law"; "Bon Voyage, Cousin Pat!" (very big in Dublin, Feldman supposed, among the relatives of Irish emigrants); "Welcome Back to Civilian Life, Corporal, But Too Bad About Your Dog's Accident"; "Congratulations, Comrade, On the Success of Your Strike!"

He took away all the Kleenex and white pocket handkerchiefs, substituting instead five carefully folded, patterned babushkas of the sort the men usually sent as gifts. There were other gift items as well—three travel alarm clocks, a portable iron, several umbrellas.

Then, in a massive pyramid, he arranged six dozen bottles of suntan lotion that had arrived yesterday by mistake. He stood back to appraise what he had done.

"How do you like it?" he asked Manfred. Sky stared at him.

The canteen opened in the middle of the afternoon, and a convict came up to the wire cage behind which Feldman was waiting. He held an envelope.

"Give me a stamp," he said.

"Certainly," Feldman said. He took a special-delivery stamp from the box of stamps he had presifted. He slipped it to the man through the opening in the cage. "Thirty cents, please," he said politely.

"Not this," the man said. "A *stamp*. A regular stamp. A nickel stamp."

"All out," Feldman explained.

"What do you mean all out? I want to send a letter."

Feldman glanced down at the stamp the convict had just put back in his palm. "They'll deliver it any hour of the day or night with this," he said. "This is one of the best stamps there is."

"I don't want it delivered any hour of the day or night. It's a letter to my mother. I say I'm feeling fine, and that I'm glad Uncle had a good time in Philadelphia."

Feldman nodded sympathetically.

"Look," the man said, "maybe you've got an airmail stamp. I'll send it airmail."

"All out," Feldman said. He considered the problem for a moment. "I've got it," he said suddenly. "Do you know anyone in Europe?"

"Why?"

"If you know someone in Europe I can sell you an overseas air letter for eleven cents. You write your mother the air letter, and your pal in Europe redirects it to your mom. If he figures out what you want him to do with it straight off, she could have it in just under two weeks."

"I don't know nobody in Europe," he said.

"Asia. These air letters go to Asia, too. It takes a little longer to Asia, but——"

"I never been to Asia. I don't know nobody in Asia. Just give me the goddamned special delivery."

"Coming right up," Feldman said sweetly.

The next customer, a young man, also wanted a stamp. He was holding some documents. They looked important. Probably they were legal forms he was sending to his lawyer.

Feldman shook his head sadly. "I've only got this cent-and-a-quarter, precanceled job for nonprofit organizations," he said.

The young man made some private calculations. "Well, give me seven of them. That makes it more than the eight cents it costs for an airmail."

"Gee, I've only got this one left. There's been a run on them."

"What would happen if I put a cent-and-a-quarter stamp on this letter?"

"It goes surface mail," Feldman said expertly. "Rail, bus, that sort of thing."

"I see," the young man said dubiously.

"And you'd have to send it open, of course. Unsealed."

"These are important, confidential papers," the convict said. "My appeal rides on this."

"Uh-huh," Feldman said.

"They have to go out today."

"Do you know anybody in Europe?" Feldman asked.

Finally the young man had to take his chances. He stuffed the papers into the envelope and started to lick it.

"Unh-unh, unh-unh," Feldman warned, waving his finger.

"I forgot," the young man said. He handed the unsealed envelope to Feldman reluctantly. He seemed anxious,

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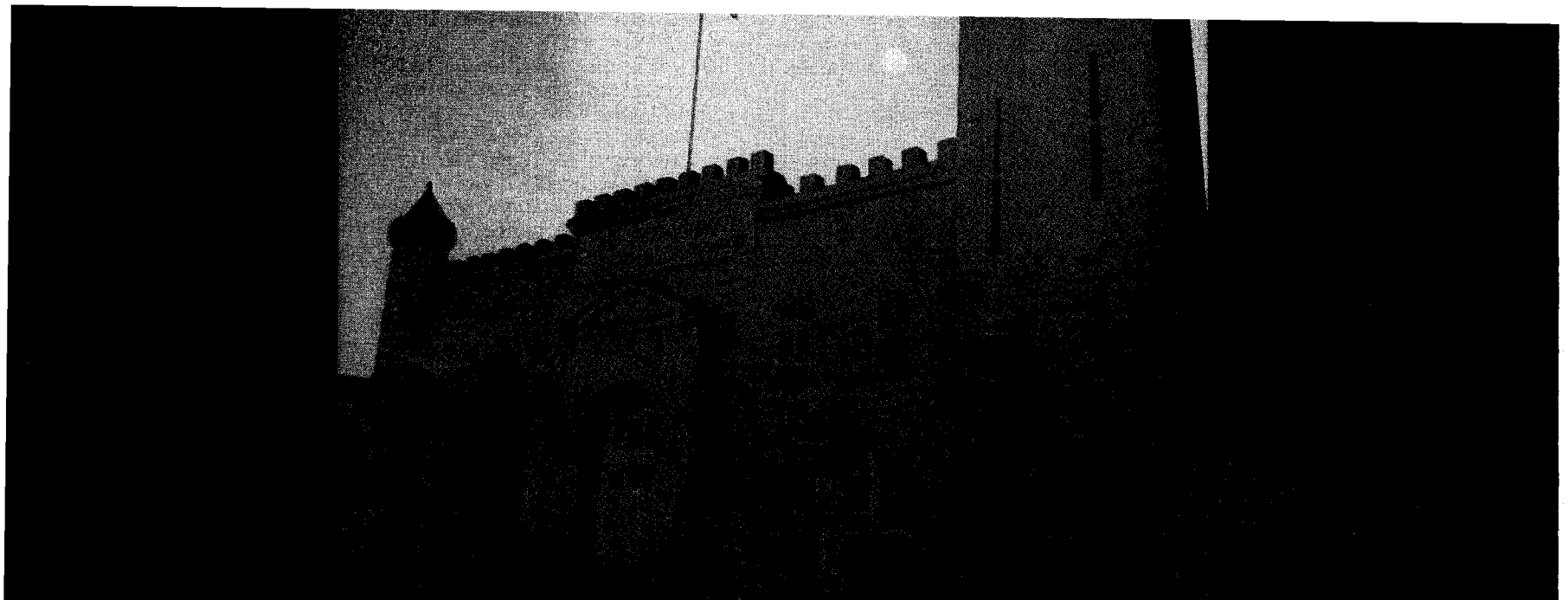

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From the inside, our distillery looks like a distillery. From the outside, it looks like a castle.

Col. Taylor built it like that back in 1887. And ever since, it's kept us on our toes.

Because when you make Bourbon in a castle, it's got to be some Bourbon.

Old Taylor is just that.

And we want to keep it that way.

So we still draw our limestone water from the same spring the Colonel discovered in 1887.

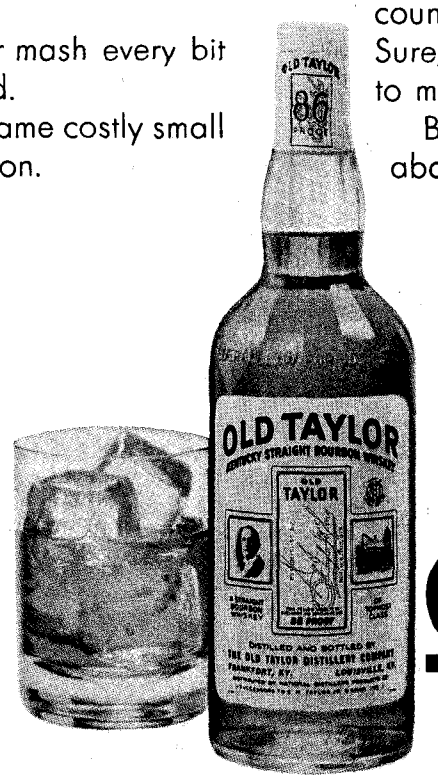
We still tend our mash every bit as tenderly as he did.

We still use the same costly small grains he insisted upon.

And we must be doing our job well. More people drink Old Taylor than any other premium-priced Bourbon in the country.

Sure, a castle is an extraordinary place to make Bourbon.

But then there's nothing ordinary about our Bourbon.



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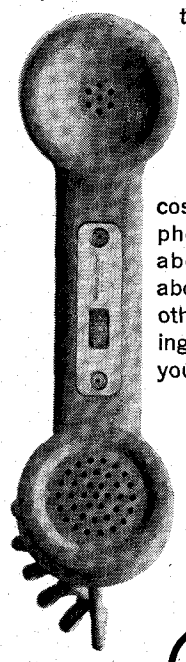

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The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

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very nervous. Feldman dropped it cheerfully into the mailbag.

"How about a drink?" Feldman asked. "To relax you."

"All right," he said. "A Coke."

"All out," Feldman said. "Here," he said, "try this. Just got in a shipment. A new taste sensation. And only one calorie." He extended an open bottle of the mauve soda pop.

The young man took a few swallows. "It tastes like bubble gum," he said.

"That's what they're drinking," Feldman said. "The kids. They're doing the new dances and drinking bubblegum soda."

"Yeah," the convict said.

"Say," Feldman said, "I guess if that appeal comes through you'll be getting out soon."

The young man looked troubled again. "Maybe you'd better give me back my letter," he said. "Maybe my friend has a stamp."

"What, are you kidding?" Feldman said. "Are you kidding me? That's a federal rap, buddy. Me, tamper with the mails? I'm not sticking *my* hand into that mailbag. What, are you kidding? That's *federal*."

"Well, let me back there. I'll do it."

"I can't," Feldman said. "You never heard of an accessory? Forty-two percent of the guys *in* here are accessories. Besides, I can't let unauthorized personnel back here. You know that. Jesus, the Feds would want me, and the warden would want me, too."

"Well, what about me?" the convict said. "I already committed a federal offense."

"You?"

"I'm not a nonprofit organization," he said gloomily.

"I didn't hear that," Feldman said. "You never said it, and I didn't hear it." He looked at Sky and Flesh and Walls. "You guys are my witnesses. I didn't know. To me he looked nonprofit." He turned back to the young man. "Look, relax. Try to see the bright side. Maybe the papers *won't* fall out. Maybe the bus and railroad strike will be settled soon."

"There's a bus and railroad strike?"

"A *little* one. They're not far apart at all. The President is sending an arbitrator in a private plane. As soon as the fog lifts. Then, if everything works out and your appeal goes through, you'll be out soon."

"In a few months," the young man said uneasily.

"What have you done about your shoes?" Feldman asked.

"What shoes?"

"Your *shoes*," Feldman said. "That you came in with."

"I don't know. They took them away."

"Well, certainly they did. They hold them down in Wardrobe for when you get out. Were they new?"

"I don't remember. Yes. I got them just before I was framed."

"I see."

"They were Italian."

"I see."

"They didn't have laces."

"Oh?"

"They had these little gold zippers."

"They sound very nice."

"Yes, they were comfortable. Very light," he said wistfully.

"Soft leather," Feldman said.

"Yeah. Very soft."

"That's too bad."

"Why? They were very comfortable."

"No, I mean soft leather collapses. It doesn't hold its shape."

"Oh," the convict said.

"Shoe trees would save them," Feldman said. "Of course, the wardrobe guard doesn't tell you that when he takes your shoes. Sure, a lot he's got to care. He's looking out for himself. He tries to save himself a little work. What does the wardrobe guard care? A man gets out and his soft leather has collapsed. His shoes are shot. It's a damned, lousy pity."

The young man pulled on his soda. Feldman hooked his finger at him. The man leaned forward.

"Get a pair of shoe trees," Feldman said confidentially. "What is it, a three-dollar investment? If you're talking about the style I *think* you're talking about, you'd be protecting something worth several times more."

"They cost me thirty bucks."

"There. You see?" Feldman said. His face became very serious. "Save your shoes," he said slowly. He might have been the chief dentist of the world warning all the schoolchildren about their teeth. He reached behind his back and detached a shoe tree from the razor-blade stand. He brought it around his body quickly and slapped it with a smart, ringing clap into his palm. The young man, startled, jumped back. Feldman's eyes were closed. "*What is it preserves in this world that decays? Where age always withers and time's never stayed?*" The young man stared at him. Feldman opened his eyes. "What, friend, do the ancients say makes perfect?"

The convict shook his head.

"Come on," Feldman said, "this is basic. What do the ancients say makes perfect? *Practice*, that's what. Do re mi fa sol la ti do. Practice. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood? Practice, pal, makes perfect, pal. *Practice!* Habituality conquers reality. See the athlete: every muscle a maneuver. Unused, things collapse. Occupancy is a life principle. What else explains the growth of the caretaker industry in this country? They leave rangers in the forests in the wintertime. Use. Use use! Who's talking about your creepy, zippered, dago shoes? This is *life* I'm talking about. Skippy—character I'm pushing for three dollar bills. Your shoes need practice. Let my shoe trees walk your shoes. Stuff them with my proxy feet, and let them run around down there!" He shoved the shoe tree into the young man's hand.

"Leather dehydrates. Did you take chemistry? Did they tell you about that in chemistry? The shoe tree you're holding in your hand has been treated with a thin emollient possessing exactly the consistency and molecular structure of human foot oil. Save your shoes! *Save* them!"

"But they're locked up. How could I get them into the shoes now?"

"The guard," Feldman said breathlessly.

"He'd never let me."

Feldman reached behind him. "Slip him this candy and wink," he whispered. He forced a bar of confectioners' sugar into the young man's other hand.

When Feldman had finished with him, the young man had spent three dollars seventy-six and a quarter cents in prison chits. It was a goddamned shopping spree, Harold Flesh said. He had never seen anything like it.

It went on like that for days. Feldman sold things in half-dozens that had never been sold before at all. He put up a sign one afternoon before the men came in—WE HAVE STAMPS!—and the convicts, heeding Feldman's oblique hint about a new shortage, bought up all they could. He had particular success with the hard-lead, number-four pencils. When the men discovered that these produced thin, unsatisfactory, almost invisible lines, he sold them ink into which they could dip their pencils like old-fashioned pens. He had a lot of luck, too, with the "Flower Balls," which, he claimed, experimentation demonstrated were the only thing that could neutralize the taste of the guava soda. The mauve soda neutralized the taste of the "Flower Balls." Only the suntan lotion could neutralize the taste of the mauve soda.

He told the convicts that the difference between success and failure lay in education.

"I know," one said. "I'm taking a course for college credit."

"College credit? *College?* Don't kid me."

"I am. European Literature in Translation."

"Then why are you here? It's Saturday afternoon. Why aren't you at the game? Where's your pledge pin? Who's your date for the big dance?"

"Are you calling me a liar?"

"I'm calling you a fool," Feldman said. "Tell me, Professor, what is the capital of South Dakota, please? Which is smaller, the subtrahend or the minuend? Give me the words to 'The Pledge of Allegiance.'"

"What are you talking about?"

"Fifth grade," Feldman said.

"Hey," the prisoner said.

"Hey, hey," Feldman said. "What's the matter? You never heard of the formative years?"

"The formative years?"

"*Sure*, the formative years. Of *course*, the formative years. It makes me sore the way they take you guys for a ride. Why are you here now, do you suppose? Because you stole a car, pointed a gun, beat up a grocer? You're here now because you had lousy formative years. *Mal*formative years, that's what you had. I won't fool you. You're a grown man. What's done is done. I can't make you ten years old again. But I can give you a tip. Listen to me, college boy. The only education that counts is the one you get in those formative years. The difference between you and the squares is that the squares *know* 'The Pledge of Allegiance.' Imagine someone pointing a gun who can tell you the capital of Iowa."

"You know, you're right."

"Of course I'm right. Go back, go back. Learn what everybody learned that you didn't learn. There's a program for men who didn't complete grammar school. Sign up for that. It'll be your *re*formative years. Here," Feldman said, "you'll need paste. There's no time to lose. You mustn't grow any older. Here's blunt scissors. Take notebook paper, crayons, a ruler. Here's gummed reinforcements."

In a week all that was left was what Feldman had hidden. Gradually he began to reintroduce cigarettes, edible

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Note: Our "steeplechase" Ford came from a dealer showroom floor, with standard suspension and tires, and heavy-duty shocks (available as optional equipment). Only addition: a skidplate underneath the car to further protect the oil pan.

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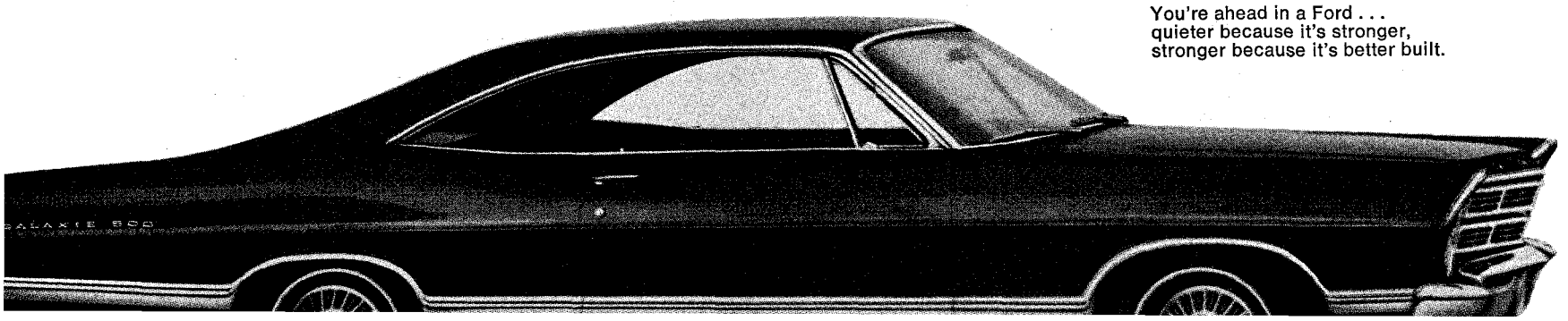

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candy, the toiletries. These he let Flesh and Walls and Sky sell.

"You hate these guys," Flesh said.

"No," Feldman said. It was true. He loved a good customer.

"It's as though they had to spend their money," Sky said.

"That's *right.* That's *right,* Sky." He felt expansive. Without fear, the mood of his safety still on him, he realized he missed his old life. He was tempted to talk to his fellow workers as he had sometimes talked to his employees. (Gradually he had begun to think of the three as his employees. Criminals. . . . The best staff he had ever put together.) "Anticipate the consequences of desire, and you'll be rich. All things are links in a chain. Objects take their being from other objects. A salesman knows. This is the great incest of the marketplace." It was, indeed, the way he used to speak to his employees. After hours, when the store was closed—before a weekend, perhaps, or a holiday. There was something military about it. He might have been an officer who had just brought his men through a great battle. Blood. Money and blood. All shoptalk, all expertise, had a quality of battle about it, of exultation in the escape from danger. Something was always at stake. Every moment you lived. Even as you talked, bragged, there was something at stake. No one could really afford ever to tell the truth. But sometimes the truth was so good you couldn't keep it to yourself.

"Unless he's enormously wealthy," Feldman now told the three, "a man puts out just about what he takes in. Some people get behind and a few rare ones get ahead, but for the most part accounts balance. This is so, no matter what a man earns. There's something humorous about the plight of some young man struggling to get along on five thousand a year who is still struggling to get along on fifteen thousand a year ten years later. It's because desire's built into the human heart. Like the vena cava or the left ventricle. It's there from the beginning. You never catch up. You spend new money on old wants. When I found out about this, I wanted to be in on the action. I asked myself, If all things are links in a chain, what must I do to control the chain itself? The answer was clear. I must own a department store! Did you know that in England, where they were invented, they used to be called universal stores? That's so. That's what I worked for, what I wanted. Because the possibilities are unlimited in universal stores. There's everything to sell.

"I'm telling you what's what. That's usually a mistake, but I don't see right now how it can hurt me. I'll tell you something that may surprise you. I've always been very fond of my employees. The boss usually is. He loves a man who works for him, who furthers his ends. . . . Now, what was I talking about?

"Oh, yes. I like to wait on trade myself. Sometimes I try to see how far I can take a customer, if I can wrap him in the chain. I was behind the counter with my buyer once, and a woman came over to buy some gloves. She spent four thousand dollars and was on every floor of my store and in almost every department before she left. This was unusual. The woman was wealthy and had almost no sales resistance, but, wealthy or not, I got her in even over *her* head. That's the test.

"Listen, it's like odds and evens, men and women, Yin and Yang. I discovered that there are causal items and resultant items. An object can be both, but usually it's one or the other. Ice cream is causal, because it generates thirst. But chewing gum is resultant. That's why they put it by the cashier's counter in an ice-cream parlor. A hammer is resultant, but a two-by-four is causal as hell."

"Tables and chairs," Flesh said.

"That's only the beginning," Feldman said. "Cloths for the tables, and silver for the cloths, and plates for the silver, and bowls for the plates, and soup for the bowls, and napkins for the soup, and rings for the napkins——"

Feldman saw the door fly suddenly open. It was the warden. Two guards were with him.

"And what for the rings?" Walls asked.

"Fingers for the rings," Feldman said quietly.

"*Guards,*" the warden shouted, "*arrest that man!*" He was pointing to Feldman. They came behind the counter and grabbed his arms. "Throw him in the security block," the warden roared. "I warned you and warned you," he shouted at Feldman. "I sent you a letter. I explained how to get along. Life is ordinary, I told you. But you think you're the exception. I know what you did here, how you forced items on the men they didn't need, bankrupting them, bankrupting poor men. Deliberately twisting what I told you. Your passion's on you like perfume. You're up to here with passion, up to *here* with it. But life is simple, Feldman. You'll see that now. Now you'll see that. Get him away. Lock him up in a cage by himself."

In trouble. These were the words of Feldman's dream. He awoke. He sat up. *In trouble.* As, *in atmosphere.* Or, *in China.* It was an ambience, a dimension. Doom, he thought, the house struck by lightning, the wooden leg in flames, the poisoned heart.

Then why, he thought, am I smiling?

He had been awakened by a noise. Was someone escaping? Was a cell open? Had a prisoner thrust his hands through the bars to catch a guard's throat? Would he be made to run with them? He listened.

There was only the breathing of the men in the cells. It was a sustained, continuous sigh. He heard a toilet flush somewhere down the row of security cells. Someone wrenched up phlegm from a sour throat. In their sleep men turned uncomfortably on their narrow cots. Rolling, they groaned. He heard their bad digestion, coughs, the clipped, telescoped declarations of dreamed speech. No one was escaping. All cells were locked. They were cornered, all of them.

He lay down again and tried to go back to sleep. How long had he been there? Two months, three? Would they really let him out in only a year? They had to. That was the law.

"Who's up?" a voice asked suddenly, timidly. "Is someone up?"

The words were distinct. They had not sounded like a sleeper's mutterings.

"Is there someone awake in here?" It sounded as if the man were testing, like a soldier poking with his rifle into the rooms and corners of an empty farmhouse.

Feldman remained silent. Why am I smiling? he thought.

"Dear God," the voice said. Feldman had heard the speaker—someone two or three cells away from him—slip out of his cot. Apparently he was on his knees. "Forgive me my past mistakes, God, and help me to think of a plan to get out of this place."

Feldman heard the speaker rise and get back into his cot. Then another voice spoke.

"Dear God, I need a chance. Give a guy a chance."

Still another spoke.

"God in Heaven," the voice said, "see my children get an education."

Men were awake throughout the long, dark cellblock.

"Get the rat who squealed, who turned state's evidence, Lord."

"Dearest Jesus of my soul, I need a drink bad."

"Give me brains, God, savvy."

"Make me lucky, Lord."

"Look after my wife, God. See she stays true."

"My kids, God."

"Kill my enemies."

"Please help my mother to forget me."

"Help me to learn a trade, Lord."

"Dear God, please let the parole board see things my way."

"Help me, God, to give up smoking."

"Dear Jesus, I can't stop thinking about women. Help me to forget women."

"Dear God in Highest Heaven, let me win."

"Place."

"Show."

"Grant that society sees fit to abolish capital punishment, Lord."

"Teach me to get along with others."

"Give me the patience to endure my sentence."

"Dear God, give our leaders the wisdom and strength they need to guide us through these troubled times."

"Prevent China from developing the capability to deliver the Bomb, Jesus."

"Keep my daughter off the streets. Don't let her run with a fast crowd."

"Dearest Lord, don't let them discover where the money's hidden."

"Gentle the guards, Jesus."

"Sweet Saviour, lover of my soul, fix my life, please."

"Amen," said a man.

"Yes," another said. "Amen."

"Amen. Amen," they all said.

Feldman smiled. His joy was immense.

He had left his cot. He was on his knees now, too. Like the others. He felt he owed it. He was very grateful. "For having escaped the second-rate life," he prayed, "for having lived, extraordinarily, detached as someone with a stuffed nose; for my power and my range, my department store and my canteen; for having the sense to recognize when I was fed up; for everything comfortable, for my never having known battle or been bitten by beasts; for these things and for others, for the deals I've closed and the things I've gotten away with; for the high privilege of always having it both ways; for the good life and the last laugh—Father, I heartily thank Thee. Amen!"

He got back into bed. And soon, soon he was asleep and dreaming he had escaped. □

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Have I got a beaut of an allergy—soap!!"

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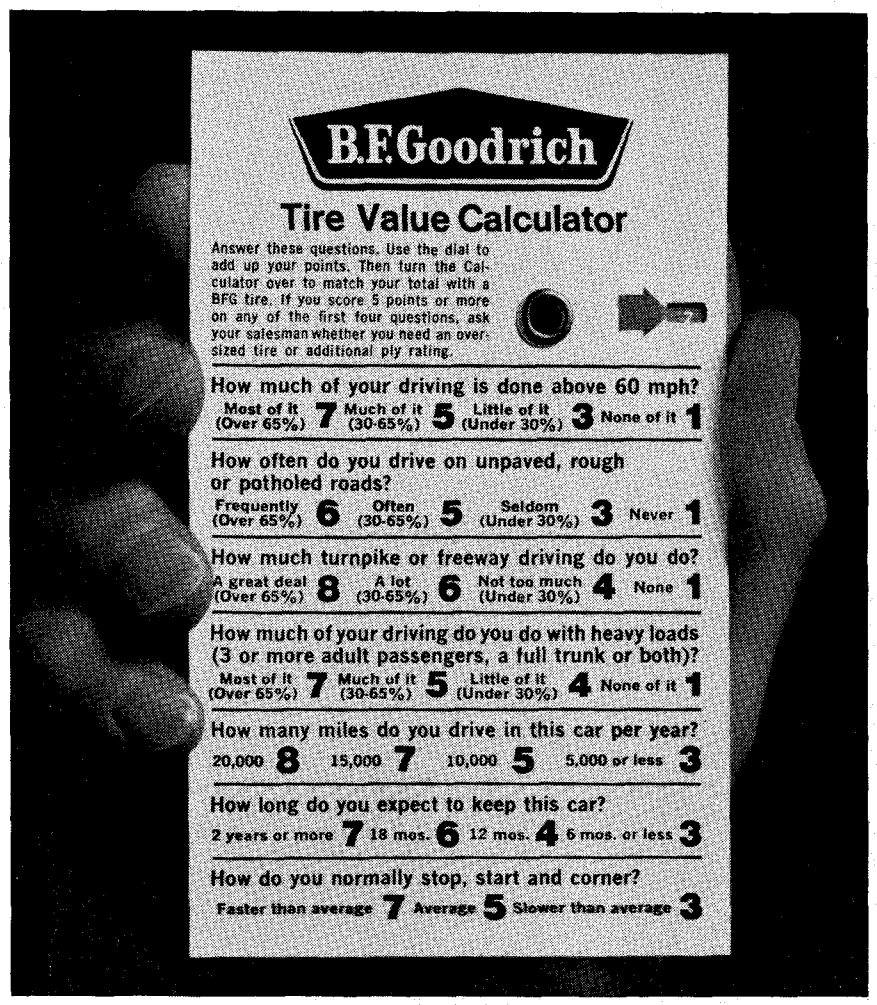
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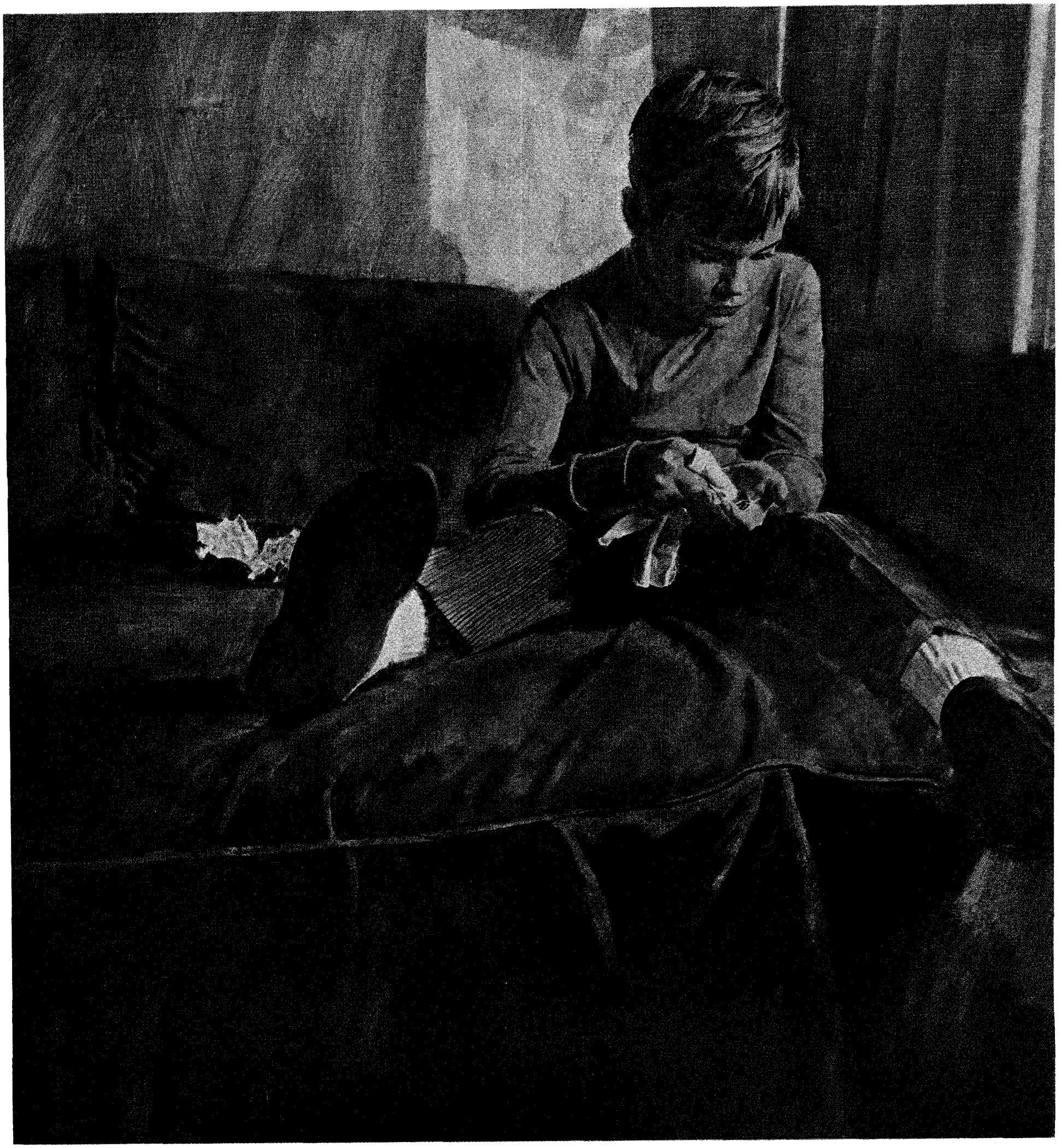

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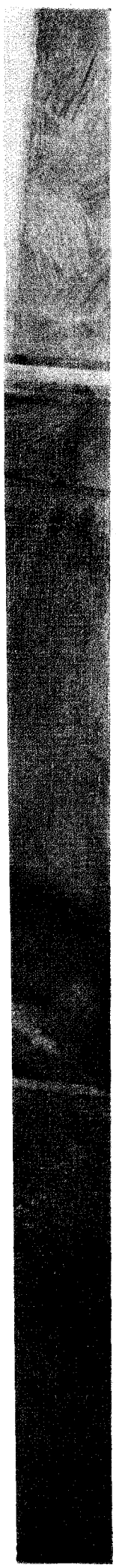

YOU CAN'T BUY PEOPLE

'He needs children to play with,'
the teacher said. And Mum said,
'He has what he needs.'
And Roger heard only their words,
and treasured the gift that
he could give no one.

BY VERA RANDAL WHITE

Was the coin still there? Was it? Once again Roger pushed his hand down into the pocket of his corduroys. He moved it slowly, feeling with his fingertips the seam in the cotton lining and the soft, tiny particles of lint. Please let his quarter be there.

The schoolroom was a shifting background of isolated fragments, momentarily vivid, floating in and out of focus. A blue-black fly buzzed against the window. Nancy Cunningham leaned forward to whisper something to Sue Ellen. Sue Ellen giggled, and Mrs. Haagensen rapped her ruler against the top of her desk.

What if he had lost it? But it had been there just a little while ago, all round and smooth, safe in the bottom of his pocket. Slowly his fingers moved. There was just a little way to go. He raised his pale, flat little face, half watching Jackie Evans, who stood at the head of the room, close to Mrs. Haagensen's desk.

"We sat in a box," Jackie said. "So close we could almost touch the players." He waved the baseball program before his face. "This tells you the name of everyone."

Roger's fingers jumped in his pocket, right to the bottom. And it was there. He could feel the roundness and smoothness of it. He held it inside his pocket, pressing it between his thumb and forefinger. It was his very own, because he had found it, glinting dully against the concrete when he was walking home from school last week.

"We had hot dogs," Jackie Evans said with sudden enthusiasm. "Hot dogs and peanuts and soda pop." His elfin face was radiant. "Orange pop."

"Yes, Jackie," Mrs. Haagensen said. She lifted a bright-nailed hand to smooth her dark hair. "I'm sure we all enjoyed hearing about your experience."

He hadn't told Mum, but had kept it—in his pocket during the day and under his pillow at night. And each morning he felt almost sick to his stomach until he found it and clenched it tight in his fist again.

"You may sit down now, Jackie," Mrs. Haagensen said. "Now, who wants to be next for Show and Tell? Do I have a volunteer for next week? Someone who hasn't had a turn yet?"

And on Saturday, when Mum was cleaning Mrs. Manning's upstairs, he had sneaked into the kitchen and taken a little pink polish from the jar, and put it on a piece of aluminum foil, and folded it into a tiny square package. And that night when Mum went out to the movies, after she'd told him to go right to sleep, and Mr. and Mrs. Manning went out, and Ginny Manning went out, he got up and turned on his light and polished his quarter with a rag.

"No volunteers?" Mrs. Haagensen's dark eyes moved up and down the rows of faces. "Then I shall have to choose someone who hasn't had a turn yet." Her eyes moved up the third row, and down the fourth.

And then, abruptly, he could feel Mrs. Haagensen's eyes on his face, and he jerked his head backward, looking away from her, feeling his spine straighten with the quick and sudden movement.

"Roger?" Mrs. Haagensen said.

His name sounded warm and greasy the way she said it. He stared at her.

"Wouldn't you like to show us something next week, and tell us a little about it?"

He gripped his quarter harder between his thumb and forefinger, his face expressionless.

Mrs. Haagensen paused briefly, waiting. "Would you rather not, Roger?"

He nodded, marionette-like, lowering his head, raising his head.

"Roger would rather not," Mrs. Haagensen said brightly, and her eyes moved on, down to the end of the fourth row, and up the fifth. "George Bird," she said. "It will be your turn next week. Clear your desks now, children, and line up at the head of the room. It's time to go home."

Roger slid over to the side of his seat and stood.

"Not you, Roger," Mrs. Haagensen said in her fat, greasy voice. "You're to stay a few minutes. Remember? All right now, children."

Roger sat again. Remember? Mum was coming to school because Mrs. Haagensen had sent her a note.

"I'll be back in a minute, Roger," Mrs. Haagensen said.

Maybe she was going to tell Mum he really had something for Show and Tell right there in his pocket. The line was filing past Mrs. Haagensen, who stood, plump and red-dressed, at the door. George Bird twisted his head around and stuck his tongue out. George put his thumbs in his ears and wiggled his hands.

Illustrated by Bill Whittingham

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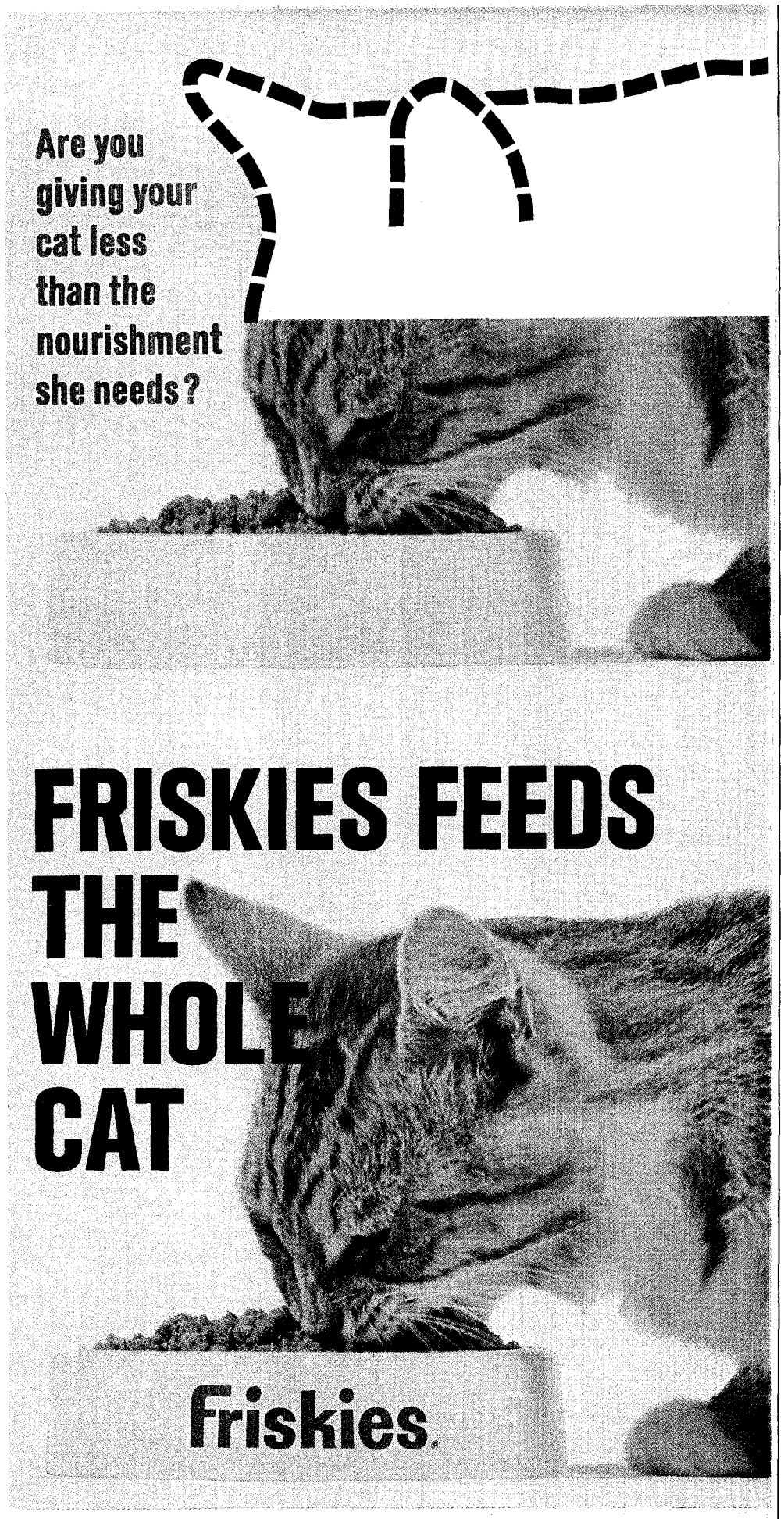

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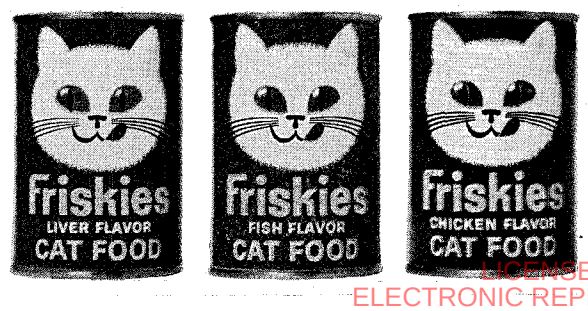

Mrs. Haagensen followed the line into the corridor.

She couldn't know. She couldn't.

Mrs. Haagensen returned and sat at her desk. "Come up here, Roger," she said, gesturing toward a desk directly in front of her.

He stood and walked stiffly down the aisle, his eyes lowered. The toes of his brown oxfords were scuffed and dusty again. Mum would polish them tonight until they shone like new. "Must make them last," Mum would say.

"You gave your mother the note, didn't you, Roger?" Mrs. Haagensen said.

Didn't you, Roger? "Yes," he said. He had given Mum the note. Mum had wiped her dough-sticky hands on her apron, and held the paper close to her face. "You been bad in school?" Mum said. And he shook his head. Mrs. Haagensen never scolded him the way she scolded the other kids.

"Then I guess she'll be along in a minute. Roger?"

He reached down to feel his quarter. The coin was satin smooth. One of Mum's ladies had a chair covered with satin. Not Mrs. Lewis, the lady before Mrs. Manning. Not Mrs. Gordon. But back, way back, there was a lady. He couldn't remember her name or her face, but only the chair of smooth, gold satin standing in the corner.

"Roger?"

Sometimes when the lady was away, he sat in it, touching it with his fingertips, rubbing his cheek against it.

"Roger, are you unhappy here in school?" Mrs. Haagensen said. "The other children would be friends with you if you just gave them a chance." The voice was pouring over him. He could feel each drop sliding down under his shirt. "We all need each other, Roger," Mrs. Haagensen said. "This may sound strange to you, but the other children need you. I need you. We need what you can give to us, and we want to give to you, too. I didn't send for your mother because I'm angry with you, Roger. I'm not angry."

And then Mum stood in the doorway with her black coat open, and her uniform a green stripe in the black, and her round, dark hat pulled down so firmly that her hair hardly showed at all. "Mrs. Haagensen?" Mum's face was wide-cheeked and flat, and her voice was dry and scratchy as scouring powder.

"You're Roger's mother," Mrs. Haagensen said. "I'm so glad you could come." Mrs. Haagensen stood and shifted her chair to the side of the desk for Mum. She pulled one from the corner for herself. "Won't you sit down, please?" Mrs. Haagensen said.

Mum walked across the room, heavy-footed, unhurried, and lowered herself stiffly. "He been bad in school?" Mum said.

"No, Mrs. Cotton. He's not bad in school, and"—Mrs. Haagensen looked toward him for a moment—"I'm not angry with him. He's never bad. On the contrary. He's never fresh, never naughty, never mischievous."

"He does his work all right?" Mum said evenly, tonelessly.

"It's not his work I'm concerned with, Mrs. Cotton," Mrs. Haagensen said. "It's something quite different. I thought perhaps the three of us might talk about it together, and you and I could have a conference some other time. He keeps to himself. Sometimes I get the feeling"—she smiled at him—"sometimes I get the feeling—I think Roger may know what I mean—that he's not really in the room at all."

Mum stared at Mrs. Haagensen. "He comes to school. I send him. He comes."

"That's not what I mean, Mrs. Cotton. Roger daydreams. Daydreaming is not an unhealthy thing in itself, but there are extremes."

"He's not bad in school," Mum said. "He does his work all right."

"We had his hearing and sight checked by the school physician, didn't we, Roger?" Mrs. Haagensen said. "And they're both excellent. It's in the area of social relationships that I feel Roger needs help. And I thought perhaps if the three of us got together——"

"I have a stew to get ready for dinner," Mum said.

Mrs. Haagensen flushed. "I'm sorry. I'll try to be brief. I feel that Roger has trouble relating to other people."

"Trouble?" Mum said.

"Yes. Problems in this area. Problems that perhaps the three of us could work with a little."

"Problems?" Mum said. "Roger has no problems."

"Come now, Mrs. Cotton. We all have problems," Mrs. Haagensen said gently. "You, me, all of us."

"Roger has no problems."

"Well, let's put it a different way, then," Mrs. Haagensen said. "He needs the warmth of other people. He needs children to play with."

"He has what he needs," Mum said. "As long as I live, I will work for him. Every week I put money in the bank. When I die he will have enough to buy what he needs."

"There are things one can't buy, Mrs. Cotton. Friends. Roger needs friends."

"He will buy what he needs," Mum said evenly. "A place to live, clothes, food, maybe even a woman to clean for him."

"You can't buy people, Mrs. Cotton."

"Can't you?" Mum reached into her large black handbag and pulled out her gloves.

Mrs. Haagensen sighed. "I know Mrs. Manning quite well. Ginny was in my class once. I'm sure she would be pleased if Roger had a friend in to play after school."

"She would not be pleased," Mum said.

"I'm sure she would, Mrs. Cotton. I'll talk to her, if you like. And I'll ar-

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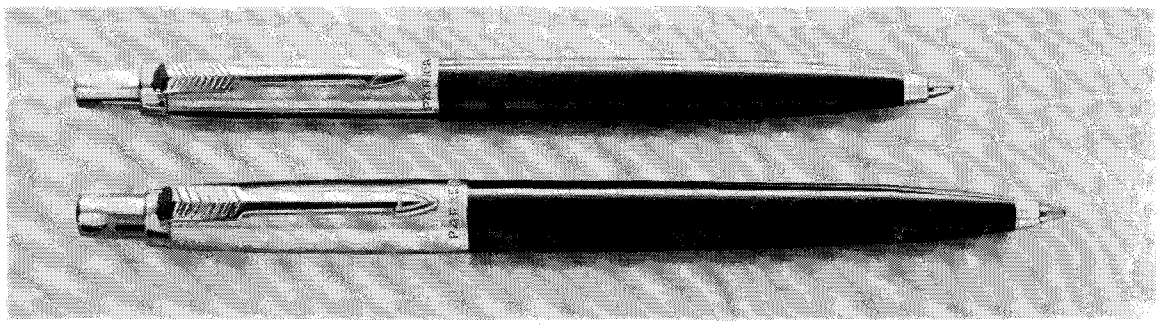

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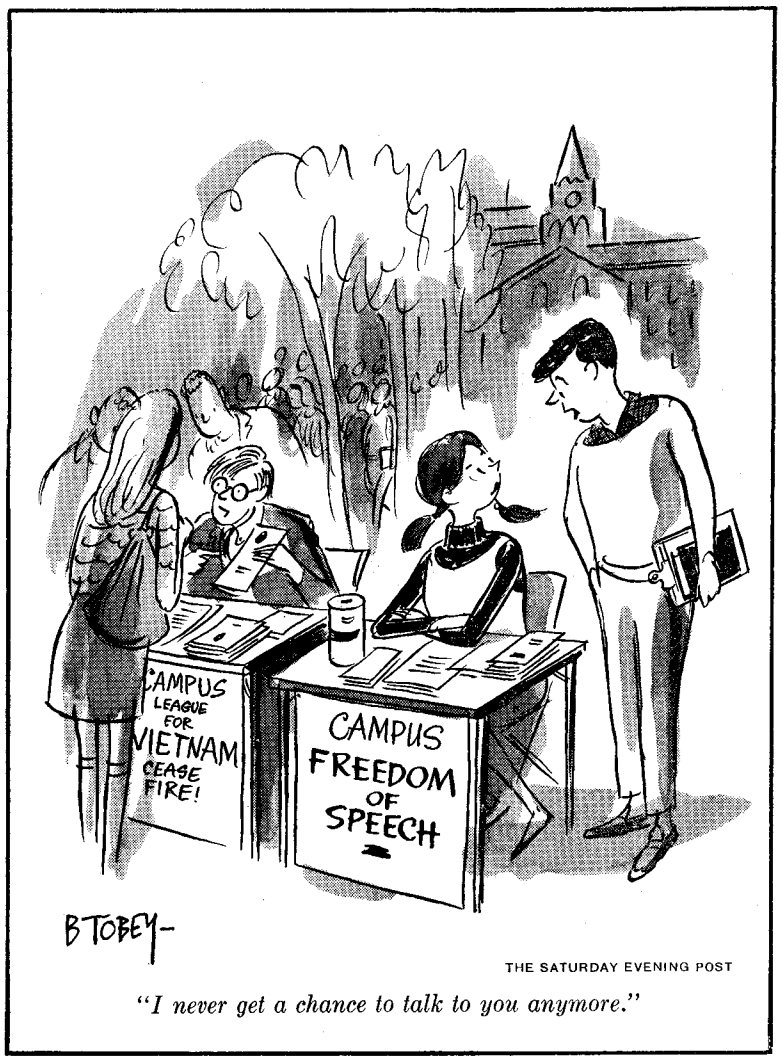

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I never get a chance to talk to you anymore."

YOU CAN'T BUY PEOPLE_____

range an afternoon date for Roger, with Paul, or George Bird, or Jackie Evans, perhaps. Jackie is a very nice child. Would you like that, Roger?"

"She would not be pleased," Mum said. "If she sees Roger too much, then we will have to go."

"I'm sorry you feel that way," Mrs. Haagensen said. "Are you not satisfied at the Mannings'?"

"I'm satisfied," Mum said.

"It must be hard for the boy, always moving about ——"

Mum turned and nodded at him. "Get your jacket, Roger."

"—not really having a sense of belonging," Mrs. Haagensen said.

Roger started toward the wardrobe. He felt curiously light and dry, almost weightless. Mum's voice followed him. "Do you think I like it? It's not easy to find a sleep-in job when you have a child."

"Perhaps this time things will work out," Mrs. Haagensen said.

"As long as Mrs. Manning doesn't see Roger too much, things will work out." Mum was standing near the door. He moved toward her, slipping his hands into the sleeves of his jacket as he walked.

Mrs. Haagensen stood facing Mum. "But Roger's welfare. We must consider that."

"I consider it," Mum said.

"We in school would like to help Roger. And you too, if we could. Perhaps his father. . . " Mrs. Haagensen's voice trailed off, and she touched her hair lightly with her fingertips.

"He has no father." Mum gripped his shoulder and jerked him toward her.

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" Mum shrugged her shoulders. "We will go now."

"I'd like to make another appointment with you, Mrs. Cotton. I could be free almost any afternoon that's convenient for you."

"I have stew to make," Mum said. And Mum was steering him down the corridor, holding the jacket material tight between her fingers.

Outside it was still bright and a bit cool. Half a block from school Mum let go of his jacket. As they passed the bus stop, he could see the spot, close to the sign, where he had found his quarter. Another block. Mum's long legs took one step. His took two. Right turn at the corner, and then the short stretch past the line of trees, and up the steps and through the carpeted hall to the square white kitchen.

Roger took off his jacket and draped it over the back of a kitchen chair, waiting while Mum went into her small room behind the kitchen, and came back with an apron over her uniform and her hair pulled tight into a hard little knot at the top of her head. She poured a glass of milk for him, and then stood in front of the stove, dipping blood-red chunks of meat in flour. Roger sipped his milk slowly, rolling it in his mouth, swallowing deliberately. Butter sizzled as it touched the skillet and the flour-coated meat smoked gray-blue. Mum moved the first batch of meat to a casserole and started the

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second batch to browning. She moved to the sink, peeling carrots and potatoes with swift, sure movements.

Ginny Manning walked into the kitchen, her hair in curlers all over her head like fat worms, her shirt bright plaid, and her behind round under tight jeans. She perched on the edge of the table close to his glass. Pimples, a settled swarm of tiny red insects, covered her forehead. "Sue is here, Margaret," she said, swinging her plump legs.

Mum, a wide expanse of green back, reached for a bowl of peas and started to shell them.

"Mother says she can stay for supper if you think there'll be enough."

"There's enough," Mum said.

Ginny Manning licked at her pink lipstick. "Don't you think you should turn around when you talk to people, Margaret? Mother thinks it's awful the way you never turn around when you talk to people."

Mum was back at the stove, dissolving bouillon cubes in boiling water. They turned the water yellow, and she poured the yellow water over the meat.

Ginny thrust one leg straight out in front of her, and considered the dirty tip of her saddle shoe. "Mother thinks it's awful the way half the time you don't answer people when they talk to you."

"There's enough," Mum said.

Ginny dropped her leg in a swift arc. "Maybe you should call me Miss, Margaret. I'm almost sixteen, you know. Mother said she would talk to you about calling me Miss."

"There's enough," Mum said, and paused, still facing the stove. "Miss."

"Roger was in the living room yesterday afternoon," Ginny said. "Putting his grubby hands all over the furniture." Ginny smiled unpleasantly. Her front teeth were tinged with pink. "How do you think Mother would like it, Margaret, if I told her Roger was in the living room yesterday?"

"Roger?"

"I wasn't, Mum."

"He wasn't," Mum said.

"Are you calling me a liar?" Ginny waited, pink-smudged teeth still showing. "I don't think Mother would like that at all, do you, Margaret?"

Mum turned. Her face was blank, but there were dark marks on her neck, as though someone had been pressing on her skin with strong fingers. Then Roger knew it would start again soon. Mum buying the papers, Mum reading the ads, Mum taking him into town Thursdays after school, into the employment agencies where thin, pale women in dark dresses said, "The boy. The boy is a problem. Is he a quiet boy?"

Ginny slid grinning from the table edge, and walked out of the kitchen, wiggling her rear. "Sue," she shouted. "Hey, Sue. You can stay."

The boy. The boy is a problem. He could hear their thin voices. Again Mum would move on. Again there was something he would have to leave behind. But this time he wouldn't. He stood. Now. Now he would go up to his room, not too quickly, maybe pausing for a moment on the first landing, maybe touching his pocket from the outside to see if he could feel his coin.

"You wait," Mum said.

Wait? Wait? And Mum was gone, through the far door, into her room. Then she was back, carrying a little tan book in her hand, and the dark marks were still showing on her neck. Roger pressed the insides of his legs together, rubbing them one against the other with impatience. Wait?

"Now, look," Mum said. She held the little book down in front of him, turning the pages, page after page.

It was so little, that book, smaller even than his paper-covered reader in school. Long rows of numbers wandered down the page, numbers growing wider as the pages turned.

"Now, listen," Mum said. She closed the little book.

Roger tilted his head backward and stared up at her. The marks on her neck were purplish-red, and he pushed his hand into his pocket, gripping his coin to keep it safe, to keep himself safe.

"This is for you, all of it," Mum said. "I do not touch it. Each week I put in more for you. Everything I earn. And when you are a man you will have enough to buy what you want. Whatever you want. You understand?"

He nodded his short, jerky nod. Slowly he pulled his hand from his pocket. His quarter rested on his palm—bright, smooth, warm as his own flesh. He held it out to her.

"What's that?" Mum said.

"A quarter. I found it."

"Well?" Mum said.

"I found it at the bus stop."

Mum started to turn away, but he pulled at her skirt with his left hand. "It's for you."

She turned back, looking at him, looking at the coin on his outstretched palm. "Keep it," she said. "You found it. Keep it."

Keep it? He stood motionless as Mum moved toward the refrigerator and opened it. Motionless, as she placed the two grapefruits on the kitchen table and cut them in half, and moved a little knife with a curved blade around the inside of the rind, and then took a straight knife and separated the sections, loosening them from their membranes. Mum put down the knife, and rubbed her hands against her apron. She laid a rough palm on his head, briefly, and lowered it to her side. "Go now," she said. "Go. Go play."

He turned then, and walked out of the kitchen, through the hall, and up the stairs. On the first landing, he paused. He could see, through the open door of her bedroom, Ginny Manning and her friend Sue sitting cross-legged on the floor with the phonograph between them. As he started up the second flight the bongo drums reached after him, bang, bang, bang, beating with dark fingers against the inside of his skull.

His own room was small, a little white box with a cot against one wall. He closed his door and crossed to his closet. He hung up his jacket next to his other pair of trousers. Then he knelt, groping in a dim corner, and stood again, holding the little folded square of aluminum foil and the rag. Settling himself on his bed, legs spread apart and stretched in front of him, he opened his foil with its dab of pink polish in the center, and placed it carefully on his right. He pulled his quarter from his pocket and held it on the flat of his palm. Slowly, he dipped the rag into the polish. He rubbed at his coin, swaying a little as he rubbed. The drums faded. He was sitting again in a satin chair, which, warmed by his warmth, stroked at his cheek while he swayed. □

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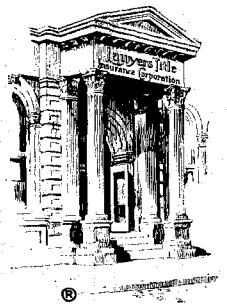

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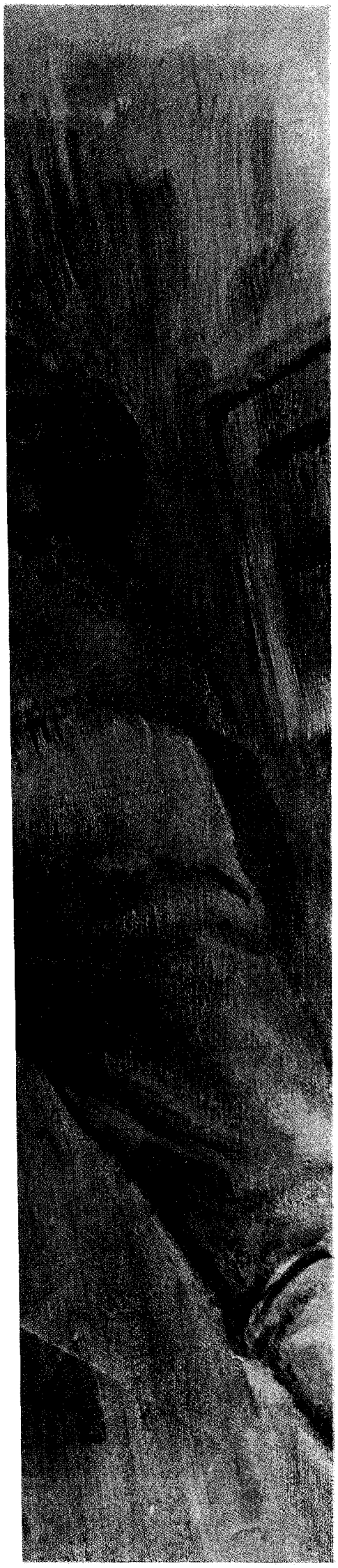

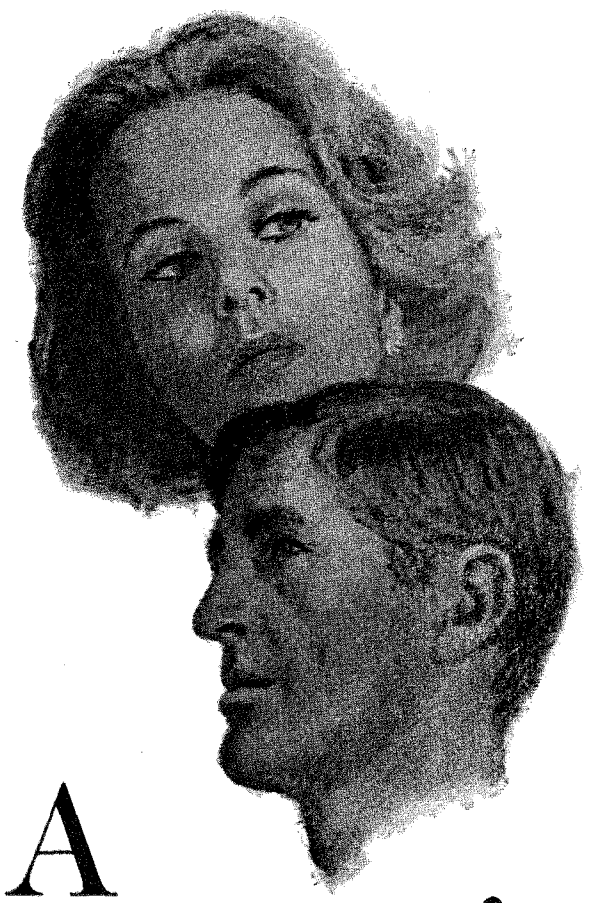

A LOVER'S MASK

BY VANCE BOURJAILY

'You American men think a European wife permits anything,' she screamed. 'I should cut out your gizzard!'

Illustrated by Ray Prohaska

My wife's late-television watching generally takes the form of a nap on the sofa, from which she wakes from time to time, often during the commercials, and wants to know what is happening in the movie.

"The guy's frantic," I told her, when this happened the other evening. "He wants to marry the girl, but it will ruin everything he's worked so hard for."

"How silly," said my wife.

"Shall I turn it off?"

"No. I'm watching," she said, as the commercial came to its stirring climax. "I'm with it." She smiled at the television set, settled back, and, as the next scene started, went back to sleep.

By the time she woke again the movie was over. I was able to tell her that the hero had decided that the world would be well lost for love. She remarked again that it was nonsense, and I suggested going to bed.

"I'm hungry," said my wife, bright and wide awake. "Isn't it?"

"Isn't what?"

"Isn't it silly to think that people have to choose any more between love and being successful? I mean, even if you throw over the boss's daughter and marry the little art student, things are so flexible in this country. Say there's a big scandal, even, all you have to do is move away and get another job."

"Maybe you liked the old job."

"More men than I care to think about are better off for the change of wives and jobs, both."

I started citing cases in rebuttal, and realized she was almost right.

We could agree on only one man among all of our acquaintances who had really ruined himself for love. We excluded the situations we knew of in which the love affair itself—the new combination of partners—was ruinous. In the one exceptional affair, the new combination turned out deep, true, and satisfying, insofar as I've been able to judge, but the man involved gave up a good many things that he'll never get back in order to achieve the relationship.

I'm going to call him Harvey Hudson. When we first met, he was an editor for a New York paperback publisher. He was a real hotshot at it, a man of brilliant ability and well paid to be. His particular gift was for topical books, specials about things in the news: current history, current issues. These were originals, and had to be done with almost impossible speed, once an idea had been approved, before public interest died.

I remember one that Harvey was especially proud of, which came out of the 1960 House investigation of payola in the popular-music business. As the investigation was drawing to a close, Harv sensed a book in it and persuaded his firm to release him from whatever else he was doing. The whole thing—research, writing, and production—had to be ready in three weeks, so that there could be books on the newsstands before the end of that year. Within three days Harvey had a writer working, a jacket designed, and a research team busy collecting photographs and doing interviews. He had the whole book in shape, ready for copy editing, in eleven days—except for the last chapter, which had to be left open until the show closed in Washington. The book was called *The Payola Scandal*, naturally. It sold very well and, come to think of it, must have been the last one he did.

For a man who could whip things together at such speed, Harvey seemed rather easygoing. He was one of those tousled, lanky, grinning men who manage to look relaxed when everyone else is screaming. His own tension was concealed, and that was just as well, considering not only his job but the wife he had. Mrs. Harvey Hudson was something of a celebrity and quite tempestuous.

She was a Greek, a very striking woman. The story of their courtship and marriage seemed to me one of the most romantic I'd ever heard. It started in a haystack, early in the Second World War.

At the time Harvey had been a student of archaeology, doing graduate work in Greece, and Marika was living whatever the life of an Athenian debutante may be. Or post-debutante, I suppose, because she was twenty and unmarried; having too good a time to settle down, she once told me. Harvey was a year older and too absorbed in his excavations to want to quit just because France fell.

It was the Italians, of course, who invaded Greece. They didn't have all the Stukas and tanks that the

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Germans had used to herd the French in front of them, but the Italians were well armed and had their own style of bombing and harassing civilians. Harvey found himself on the roads, with a few clothes in a knapsack, going south toward possible evacuation with a whole swelling movement of people and carts and livestock.

"They were throwing the damnedest things away as they went," he said, the night we persuaded him to tell us all this. "On three separate nights I found perfectly good, abandoned mattresses in the ditch. I'd just flop on one."

"You didn't bring one to the haystack," Marika said. "No. My friend was running too fast from the bomber planes. He dropped his mattress."

"But you were there in the stack first," Harvey said, grinning.

"I was furious," said Marika, raising her voice dramatically. "*Furious*, that afternoon. North I was going, with my father's hunting gun, and a twelve-years-old boy carrying the ammunition on his bicycle. I cut off my hair and dressed as a boy, too. I was going to fight with the men in the hills, against the Fascisti."

"She tried to go through a checkpoint," Harvey said. "They knew from her voice she was a girl, and took the gun away and sent her back. To the haystack."

Suddenly Marika looked mischievous. She was not a tall woman, but there was a fierceness about her appearance which made the look of mischief surprising. "My friend in the haystack, *he* thought I was a boy. He was reading one of his books! Paying no attention to me or the airplanes. And such Greek he tried to speak, sitting in the hay. I taught him I was no boy."

Harvey grinned and admitted that the lesson had been convincing. They'd had an adventurous time getting to southern Greece and then, by fishing boat, across the Mediterranean to Alexandria. Harvey hadn't wanted to leave the Middle East, and had got a job with an American wire service. The African campaigns were starting.

As for Marika, Greece fell, and she was burning. Then she met a British Intelligence officer. About the time Harvey went off to cover the desert warfare, Marika was sent back to join the resistance forces in Crete. She carried messages, flirted with Germans for information, hid out on farms, and had a very satisfying time. "As a matter of fact," Harvey said, "she was decorated by the British for her work."

Marika was mischievous again. "Or for the picture?" she said.

"Yes," Harvey said, suddenly embarrassed. "Well, um, hardly for that."

"But it was a very good propaganda, no?"

And then I became embarrassed too, for it came to me that I knew what photograph they were speaking of. If you spent any part of the early Forties in the Middle Eastern Theater, you probably know, too. "Yeah," I said. "My God, yes. That *was* you, wasn't it, Marika?"

The photograph we were speaking of was unforgettable, and Marika had not changed much since it had been taken, either. Today, when the girl next door appears nude in a magazine color photograph, the picture of Marika wouldn't seem all that remarkable, but in Egypt during the war it was quite a treasure. Hundreds of copies were printed and distributed, and passed around by soldiers and underground people—a fierce, dusky, glorious girl stripped to the waist, with perfect breasts, teeth bared, holding a carbine in one hand above her head—a symbol of both fighting spirit and its reward at the same time.

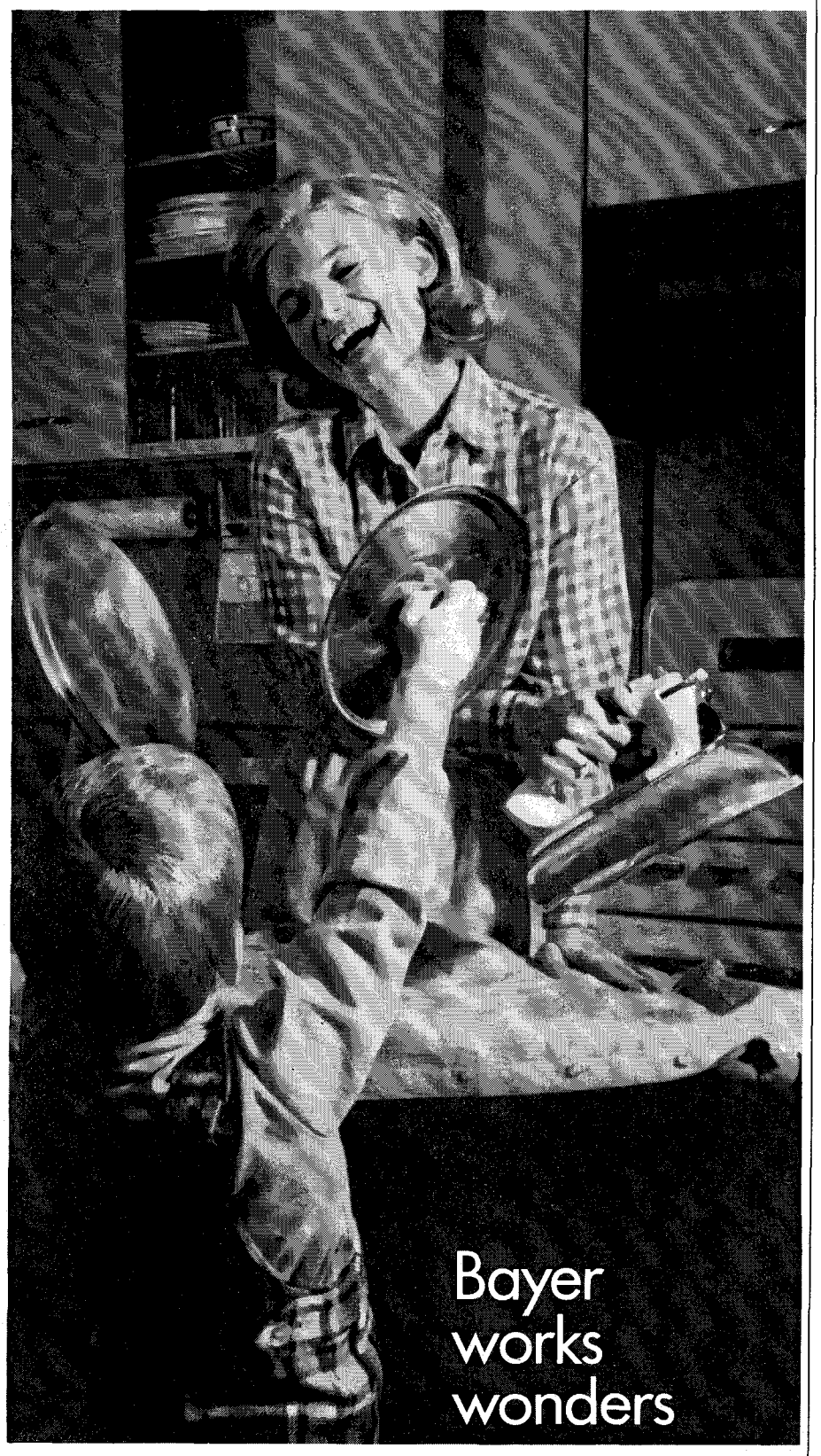
My wife wanted to know what picture we were talking about. When I told her she said, "Mmm. I dreamed that I was fighting for freedom in my Maidenform—oops!"

"Imagine coming back out of the desert to Cairo," Harvey said. "Looking for Marika, hoping she'd be in from Crete. And instead, having some clown show me that picture."

Marika was laughing. "It made you marry me, no?"

"Sure. Sure it did," Harvey said. "And I've never stopped wondering who took it."

"But a little old Greek man, darling.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Then one day I saw this ad: 'Learn to play a musical instrument and be the hit of the party.' Well, I practiced and practiced . . ."

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For the army. I told you a million times."

"A little old man of twenty-seven, about six foot three," Harvey said.

"Who are you, being jealous? You and all your girls." Now she was mad. Harvey, she let us know, here in New York, was a philanderer. Meeting girls all the time.

It wasn't exactly a surprise to me. My wife and I had asked the Hudsons to a party not long before. Harvey had come alone and been very attentive to one of the unattached girls. She was a lovely redhead who appeared on daytime television game shows, holding up signs with answers on them or handing out free merchandise. I hadn't noticed that Harvey had carried her off from our party, but I hadn't been in the mood for that kind of bookkeeping.

In any case, he didn't try to reply to Marika's accusation, and after a while she calmed down. Matter of fact, at the end of the evening she climbed onto the lap of one of the other dinner guests—a piece of raffishness that tended to balance the brief discomfort we'd been put through.

The idea that Harvey was a philanderer began to gain quite a bit of substance, now that our attention had been called to it. We gave another party, not long afterward, and he said quite openly that Marika wouldn't be coming and that he'd like to bring a girl. My wife and I watched with interest to see what sort of svelte chick he'd turn up with. New York is a philanderer's town in many ways; not only is it loaded with chicks, svelte and otherwise, but it's a city that keeps secrets. Nobody knows his neighbor in New York, or pays any great attention to who comes or goes.

"This town," Harvey used to say—and I thought I could understand—"oh, man, I like this town."

I must say that Harvey's date, on the night of the second party, was—well, not disappointing but not the breathtaking young actress or model I'd been anticipating. Just a quiet, pleasant girl named Anne.

If New York is the antithesis of a small town from the standpoint of neighborhood gossip, it nevertheless has hundreds of small towns and cities in it. These are the acquaintance groups of the various professions and fields of business, the groups composed of people of particular tastes and interests. There are certain people you can count on seeing over and over again without arrangement, people who, you realize without asking, know most of the same people you know.

So there was nothing unexpected about running into Harvey and Marika later that week at yet another gathering; nor, now that his wolfish nature was established, was it any surprise to have him take me aside and say that he had a date. "I'm going to duck out for a while and come back," he confided. "But if I don't make it, and Marika wants to go, could she ride home with you?"

"Does Marika know you're going?"

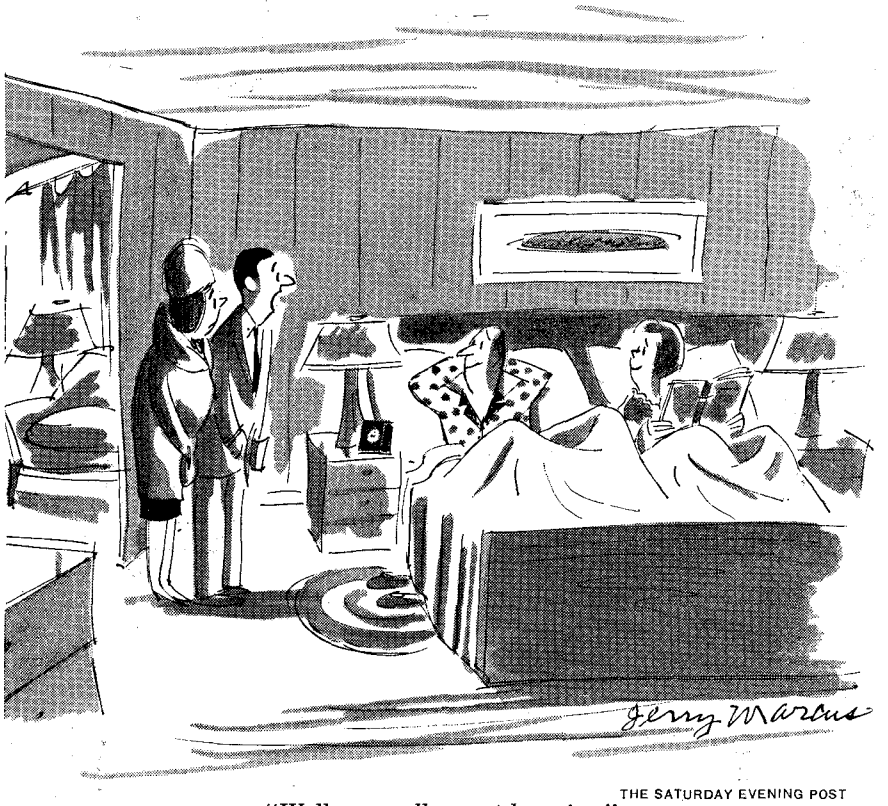
He shrugged. "I said I had to go to the office, but of course that wasn't meant to be anything but transparent."

"The redhead, Harv?" I asked, a little envious.

"Something else, my boy," Harvey said paternally. "Rather special. Rather special."

My image this time had neon hair and S*T*A*R*L*E*T written on her forehead in diamonds.

He didn't get back, and Marika screamed, in what I would have to call a philosophical key: "You American men. You think a European wife permits anything, eh? Who starts this idea? I should cut out his gizzard." And then: "But the young, beautiful girls, they are always mad for my Harvey. What can I do?" (*continued*)



"Well, we really must be going."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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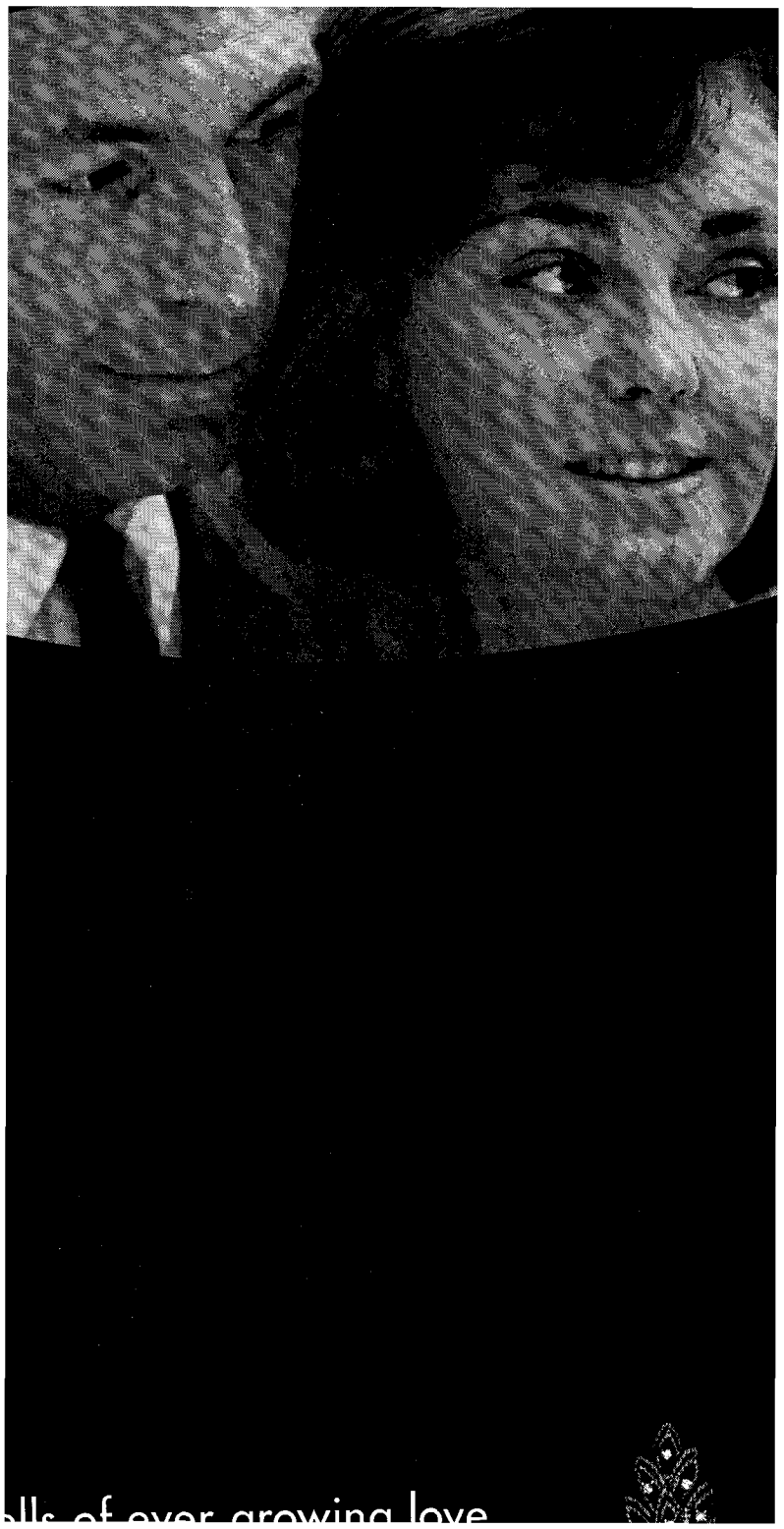

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"Sharpen up your gizzard knife," my wife suggested.

It was a good deal later that year, not winter any longer but New York spring, when the secret began to come out. I was taken to lunch by a friend in the book business, to one of those clubby places where office chums eat modestly when there's no expense account involved. Harvey was there. He was very close to, and talking very seriously with, a girl whom it took me a couple of minutes to recognize.

It was the quiet, pleasant girl named Anne whom he'd brought to our apartment.

When Harvey showed up at a mutual friend's with Anne again, I made a point of talking to her for a while, and decided we'd all been hoaxed—along with Marika. Anne and Harvey had been going out for three or four years, she told me. They'd met at the office and gradually, even reluctantly, got interested in each other. She was a nice girl, I thought, sexy in a sweet, unflamboyant way. Very bright and easy to talk to.

I said to Harvey, with the brash intuition of a pretty good headful of Scotch whiskey, "There they sit, am I right? All those starlets and TV girls and models?"

"Rolled into one," Harvey agreed. "Sorry to disappoint you."

And so the philanderer's mask came off, and a rather boyish lover stood there, with his own headful, talking to me, telling me that he didn't know what to do. He and Marika had hardly any feeling left for each other, he guessed, beyond his lingering admiration for her courageous nature, and a strong, female, possessive pride on her part.

"It sounds as if you'd been thinking of leaving her," I remarked.

"For several years," Harvey said. "I kept hoping she'd get interested in someone else and leave me, but . . . I don't guess so. I'd hate to wound that pride. I'd hate leaving her alone in a country that's still foreign to her. I don't know how . . . how some kind of breakup would affect her mind."

He found out not too long afterward. Maybe he and Anne had got tired of hiding and had let things become a little too open. However it happened, Marika finally saw through the masquerade and got her gun down from the wall. It was the same carbine she'd held in the famous wartime photograph. She cleaned it, oiled it, and bought some ammunition. She rolled it up lengthwise in a copy of the *New York Times*, got in a cab, and appeared in Harvey's office in the middle of the morning. Apparently he was sitting at his desk, drinking coffee from a paper cup, when she charged, holding the gun aloft as of old.

Harvey went over the desk past her and down the hall yelling, and she fired off a round after him, which went into a wall. There was a considerable chase up and down the corridors, I gather, before somebody caught Marika from behind and disarmed her. Later, Anne told me, whoever had the gun had tried to unload it and found it all jammed up; the shells weren't precisely the right size, and, after the first wild shot, the carbine wouldn't fire again.

But it was enough, of course. Harvey and Anne went off to Nevada—I think of them slipping off hand in hand—and the divorce went through very quickly.

Marika went into the New York courts and sued for alimony—a sum based, I guess, on an earning level Harvey could never hope to reach again outside of New York publishing.

That judgment stands against him, irrevocable, with the alimony payments building up, grim as back taxes. So there is no possibility he can work in New York any longer, as long as Marika stays, waiting for him like Fate. I suppose he's even some kind of fugitive; when he visits the city, he slips in for a day or two, sometimes to pick up some free-lance work, sometimes just to feel he's there again in the town in which he belongs. But he gets out fast, before Marika can hear of his whereabouts. He has done some newspaper work out of town and is teaching now in a junior college in a small city.

I stopped to see him and Anne not long ago. They had hoped for children, they told me, but couldn't have them. They miss New York, of course, and Harvey misses, very much, the excitement of his kind of work, the stimulus of his kind of people. The money, too, and the comfort it brought.

"I knew when we left," he said. "Lawyer friends told me that it was unlikely we could come back. There's no book trade anywhere else."

Anne was in the kitchen.

"But it's okay," the lover said. "I made my choice." □

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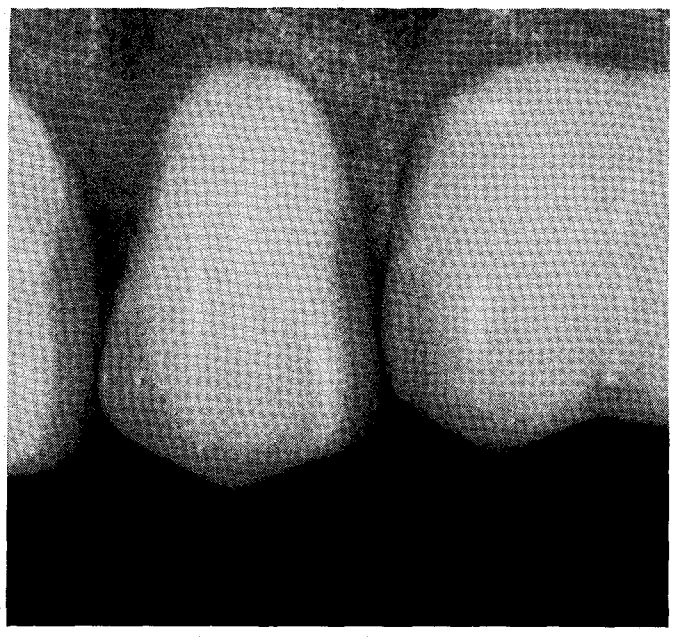

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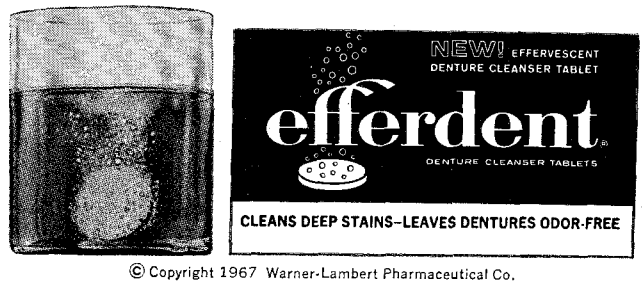

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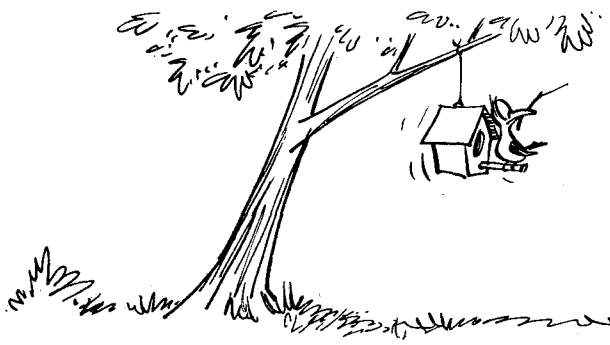

"I know it's six o'clock in the morning, dear, . . . but it's not our house anymore."

"Have you considered the effect our divorce would have on the children?"

"Sorry, folks, there's no more woods."

"Even though there's no chance of a meaningful dialogue at this time, your mother and I want you to know that the channels of communication are always open."

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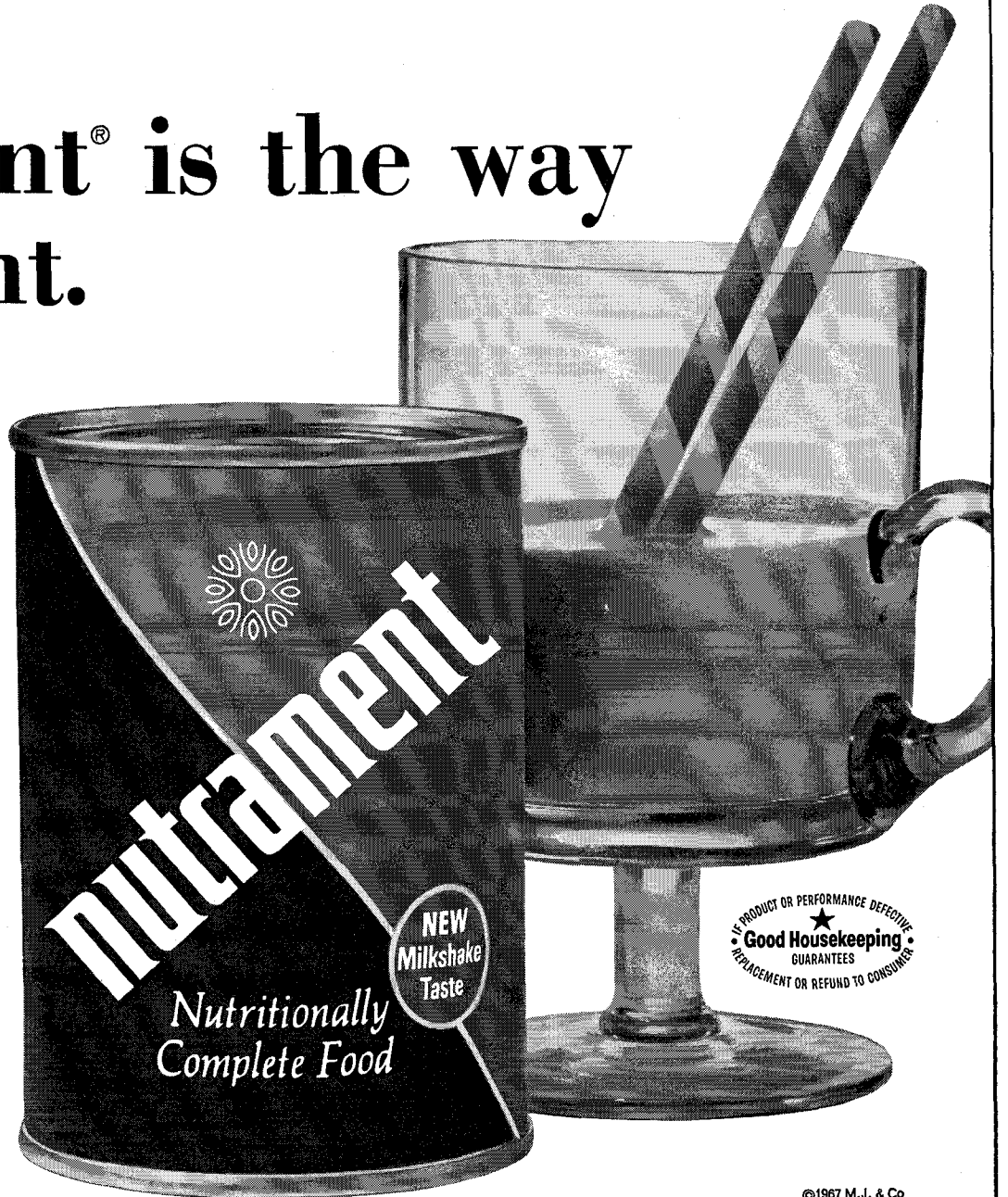

Mead Johnson
NUTRITIONALS

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'THE INFAMOUS MR. BOND'

His breakfast, that bright bare morning last January, was a cup of coffee, sparingly sipped, held between long, tapering fingers in which a cigarette was smoldering, as he sat strangely quiet and withdrawn amid the hiss and clatter and brisk cheerful clamor of Paschal's Restaurant, deep in one of Atlanta's Negro neighborhoods. In an hour, now, Julian Bond was to become a member of the Georgia House of Representatives.

The night before, while other Georgia legislators who had come whooping into town from the far piny corners of the state were smacking down an epic supper of barbecued wild hog from south Georgia up on the 14th floor of the aging, frumpish Henry Grady Hotel, Julian had stayed alone at home, finishing off a bottle of bourbon left over from Christmas celebrations. (He had confessed with a light, quick laugh to a friend who had phoned him, "I'm feeling a little rocky about tomorrow.") This morning, he was wearing a sober blue suit with a vest, which was looped at the bottom by the chain of a pocket watch, a guise that only increased his peculiar look of boyish vulnerability. The vest drooped a little loosely on him, and his slender neck lacked perhaps an inch of filling his collar. He looked rather like a fledgling banker.

It had been only five years since he and a small delegation of Negro students were making their way to the "whites only" seats in the House gallery when a representative on the floor below noticed them and brayed out over the buzz of business, "Mr. Speak-ah! Git those niggers out of the white section of the gallery!" Julian and his companions were shooed out of the balcony by state troopers—indeed, they were pursued, at a brisk but decorous walk, all the way out of the capitol.

Dating from that incident, it seemed as if the Georgia House was endlessly engaged in shooing Julian from its midst. In 1965, shortly after a court-ordered reapportionment of the House, Julian was elected by his home district in Atlanta to sit at a desk on the floor of the chamber itself. But the House, on a day that was giddy with hot-gusting emotions and Byzantine suspicions, voted to eject him when he would not disavow a statement—issued rather artlessly a few days before by the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee S.N.C.C. (pronounced "snick"), a company of angry young civil-rights activists to which Julian still officially belonged, had denounced America's involvement in the Vietnam war as criminal and urged America's alienated not to participate in it. The statement had been drafted over a quart of beer in a downtown Atlanta café in Julian's absence and hastily adopted by S.N.C.C.'s executive committee. Nevertheless, he was punished for it and the national press gave notoriety to his plight.

Shortly after Julian's expulsion, the Republican

Julian Bond, 27, strolls in the Atlanta Negro district that repeatedly and defiantly elected him its state legislator

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To the Georgia legislators, the young Negro was a fiery radical. But he has proved a most reluctant dragon.

By MARSHALL FRADY

In 1966 (top) Bond was kept from taking his oath of office because of his views on Vietnam. But last January, by order of the U.S. Supreme Court, he was finally sworn in.

opponent whom he had trampled in the general election—the dean of men at predominantly Negro Atlanta University—rather sportingly allowed, "Bond will certainly be returned if a special election is called, and I'll be glad to help him in his campaign. It's the only thing for us to do, to send him back up there." At the same time one rural Georgia legislator snorted, "They can elect him again and again if they want to, but buddy, you better bet we ain't *ever* gonna seat him. They can elect him a dozen times, they ain't *ever* gonna get him in here." For a while, there threatened to be the spectacle of the House interminably tossing Julian back to an electorate which would interminably be tossing him right back to the House—a fair forecast of what Congress could encounter in the awkward case of an unrepentant Adam Clayton Powell. There was a second election, another rebuff by the House, and then a third election. What ended Julian's successive incarnations and evaporations as a legislator was a Supreme Court decision, last December, that the House had acted unconstitutionally the first time they refused to accept him on the floor. Even then, one rural-county representative vowed, "It don't make no difference. He's done ruined hisself in here. He won't get to first base. All he'll be doing is sitting in that chair for two years. That's all it'll amount to."

An oddly mute and shadowy figure throughout the whole affair has been Julian himself. To the Georgia House, still made up mostly of men from the state's outback—"hard-drinking, hard-praying folks," as they are described by one state official, "who are patriotic in the old-fashioned way"—Julian represented a special, exotic evil. Said Rep. Jones Lane, a burly Baptist from sandy, gnat-humming little Statesboro in east Georgia, "I'm scared of him. I'm scared of all those people." No less resolute was Dorsey R. Matthews, one of Lane's chief allies in the purge, a stump-armed farmer from south Georgia, who proceeded through the whole business with a glower of Old Testament wrath on his sun-cured face. Men like these saw at Julian's elbow the specter of S.N.C.C., whose master-design for America, they were convinced, was godlessness, disruption and "inter-race sex."

But there was a small number of legislators—mostly those who knew Julian personally—who fought, quietly but earnestly, to salvage him from what they regarded as a melancholy disaster, both for Julian and for the Georgia legislature. One of them was Jack Ethridge, then the chairman of the Fulton County (Atlanta) delegation. A genial and urbane young man with horn-rimmed glasses and a Kennedy-like mop of chestnut hair, Ethridge says, "The whole thing could have been ameliorated by Julian's personality, which is very easy-going and frank. He's a person of great sensitivity, and I do believe that the average Georgia legislator is a man of good will. But by the Monday the session convened, we had reached a point where, if you had anything good to say about Julian Bond, you were un-American."

Lt. Gov. George T. Smith, a south Georgia boy with a face as plain and honest as a wooden dipper, was then speaker of the house. "Julian," he says, "could have been the most effective member of the whole Negro delegation. I got to know him as a young man who was articulate and extremely intelligent—though he is a young man who has really felt the personal sting of segregation, no doubt about that. I found out about the whole mess on Thursday afternoon, before the House was to convene on Monday, and heard there was a move on to kick him out. I called one of the other Negro legislators and said I needed some help. I asked him to please get to Julian and get him to keep quiet, and to tell him there was only one way—that was for Bond to issue a press release on Sunday morning saying he would retract—because I knew that once these legislators got up here to Atlanta Sunday night and got to talking to each other about it, Julian wouldn't stand a snowball's chance in hell. I called this Negro senator again Sunday afternoon, to find out what was happening, and he told me, 'He's away from us for good now, he's back with that Snick crowd, we can't do a thing with him.' And I realized that night after talking with just a few legislators that I was beat."

It is misleading to think of Julian as a defiant revolutionary. Tall, willowy, wraithlike, with a quiet, well-modulated voice, textured, it seems, of wool, he is the son of one of the nation's most distinguished Negro educators, Horace Mann Bond, of Atlanta University, and his family, according to a white Southern dowager versed in such matters, "is one of the old aristocratic Negro families in the South." The Georgia House itself heard him admit in a taped radio interview, "I like fairly well the life I lead now, you know. I don't want to see too many abrupt changes in a direction I don't like take place." Even now, at 27, he usually seems to have a hard time taking himself or his situation seriously. He is the kind of young man who in another society, in another time, would have been delicately described as "still finding himself."

Julian, in fact, has always been given to certain vague, sporadic literary hankerings. Listed in the Georgia House manual as a "writer," he hopes to be a journalist, is now an occasional correspondent for *Ramparts*, a liberal West Coast magazine, and eventually would like "to own a Southwide weekly newspaper with editions in every state." After dropping out of college one semester away from graduation, he worked for a while at the Atlanta *Inquirer*, a Negro weekly, writing sports and a column of advice to the lovelorn. There was even a period when he thought he might be a poet. He spun a few slight verses of somewhat trivial excellence which were published in several anthologies. Some sample lines: "*When rain comes creeping in on little hippo feet / mewling and wetting my body, I have sneezed in Cambridge. / Damn . . . / A Bard girl who thought I was sweet comforted me / I asked her with my eyes to ask again / Yes, yes, yes, yes—I was hungering like mad. . . .*"

And then there is *Look at That Gal:*

Look at that gal shake that thing
We cannot all be Martin Luther King.

The day of Julian's confrontation with the House, his father exclaimed to a friend, "My God, I didn't raise my boy to be a Georgia legislator. I'd hoped he would go into a more academic occupation."

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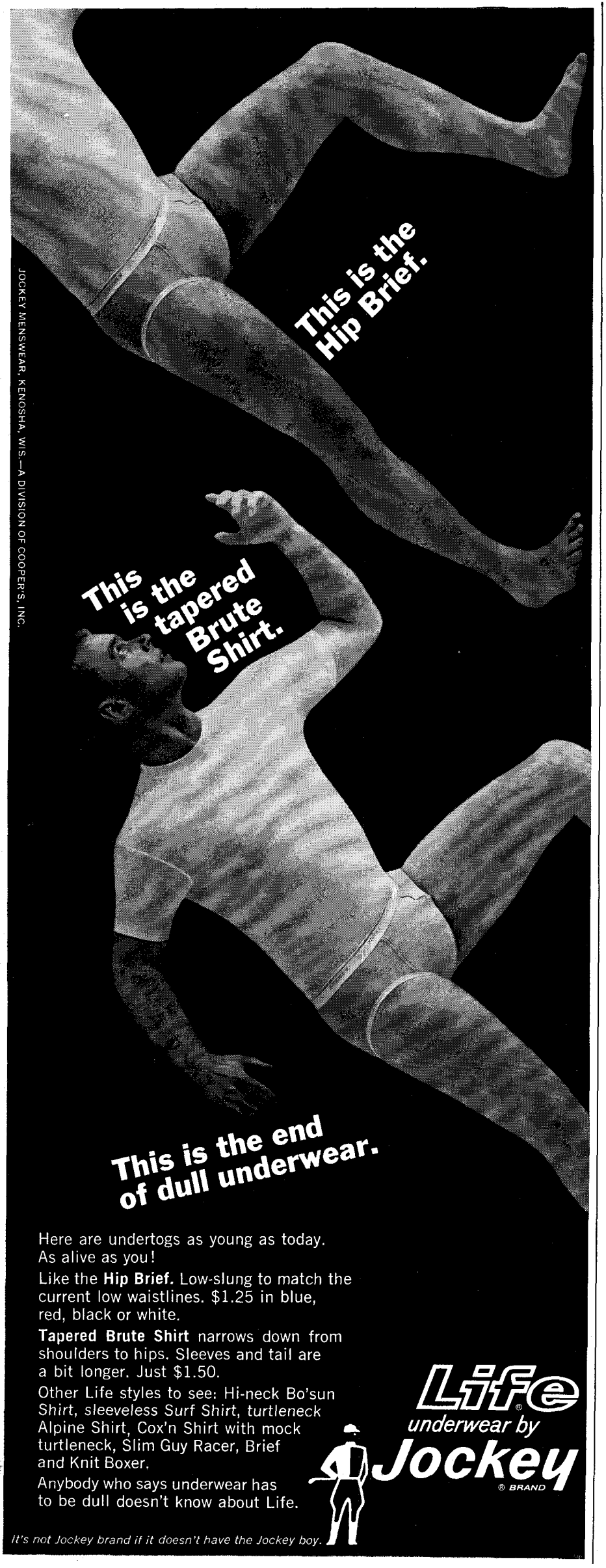
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'THE INFAMOUS MR. BOND'

The truth is, Julian's childhood was relatively snug. When Julian was five, his father moved from Georgia to Chester County, Pa., to become the president of Lincoln University. "We had a great big old white house, like a Southern plantation house," remembers Julian. "I never knew what a segregated school was until high school."

It was at George School, a Quaker institution where Julian was the only Negro student, that his insulated childhood came to an abrupt end. "I started dating this white girl from school. We'd go into Philadelphia on Saturdays or Sundays, just mess around there all day. One afternoon the dean of men called me into his office and told me, in a very calm and polite voice, that he'd appreciate it if I didn't wear my school jacket on these trips into Philadelphia. It was just as though he had slapped me across the face. All of a sudden, you realized all the talk there had been, all the whispering, without your knowing it. And also, that you were a Negro. That moment, that was the first time I realized it—the distance I hadn't ever suspected. I stood up and walked out."

The shock of that moment has lingered even to today. When his father moved back South to Atlanta to accept a post at Atlanta University, Julian says, "I was scared to death. Mother'd ask me to go down to Rich's to buy some clothes, and I'd say, 'No, no, I got enough now.' I thought that down here people stopped you on the streets and lynched you just for the fun of it."

But Julian's experience at George School—the great common trauma in the lives of all American Negroes—befell him more or less belatedly, and so did not seem to affect him so profoundly and devastatingly. He enrolled in Morehouse College in Atlanta, majored in English, took a philosophy course under Dr. Martin Luther King. Eventually, he met and married a bright-spirited co-ed named Alice. (They now have three children and live in a small, simple, frame house in Julian's district.)

He dropped out of college, he explains simply, because it had become "boring." More accurately, he was caught up—as any other sensitive and politically aware young Negro in the South had to be—in the sudden windy drama, the delirious days of courage and dread and danger, the breathless inevitability and heady righteousness of the Negro movement. It was, he told a friend, a splendid moment to be alive. Before long, he discovered S.N.C.C., and thereby seemed to discover himself.

"They were in this grubby little office then, this tiny room with no windows, and they were doing things that had never been done before. People would call up about somebody missing in some south Georgia county, and they'd swing into action—it was something to see. I just liked their style of life. There was this Royal Peacock nightclub across the street, and we'd have these parties there when S.N.C.C. people came in from the field."

But from the first, Julian was regarded with a vague suspicion by the gristly, fire-breathing young circuit-riders of S.N.C.C. Installed in Atlanta as communications director, drawing the highest salary in the organization—$75 a week—he betrayed certain bourgeois instincts, particularly an undisguised affinity for the leisurely good life, more appropriate to the Pepsi Generation than to a rebel. (Indeed, while he was in S.N.C.C. he posed in a glad, sunny ethnic poster ad for Royal Crown Cola.) To most outsiders, at least, he seemed to lack the kind of soulful commitment that has always characterized S.N.C.C.; he never seemed quite prepared to make a career out of alienation. "I'd like," he even professed, "to be a millionaire." He felt no great urgency about being personally involved in the tense street confrontations in Alabama or Mississippi, and he cheerfully admitted it; he once observed, about the 1961 freedom rides, "You'd be a fool to want to go on a bus trip through those states."

To Julian, running for the Georgia House was a means to a more responsible and serious way of life. According to Ralph McGill, publisher of the Atlanta *Constitution*, Julian was "privately hoping to get out of S.N.C.C. He'd privately been talking to a rather successful advertising agency about taking over a department dealing with a very substantial Negro market." Julian himself admits, "I had gotten to the point where I wanted to be independent. I don't know, I just thought that now I might be more my own man." He even plaintively confessed to one white friend, "I don't think of myself as a Negro. I'm a Southerner. I like the Southern way of life."

From the beginning there was a degree of grousing from S.N.C.C. about Julian's venture. "They objected to my running as a Democrat," he says. "But they also objected to my campaigning in a coat and tie." The enterprise, however, was finally irresistible to S.N.C.C., and after they saw that Julian had made up his mind, they pitched in to help him.

His district was a brand-new political entity, a dense and dingy neighborhood in southwest Atlanta that was at least 80 percent Negro, with a level of unemployment four times higher than that of the city at large. Julian ran a freewheeling campaign in S.N.C.C.'s finest skin-to-skin, existential-activist style, strolling the sidewalks morning and night, lingering with people on front porches, holding after-supper meetings. He won the Democratic primary handily, and the general election by a thumping vote of 2,192 to 967.

Now a representative-elect, Julian found the immemorial small ceremonies of legislative politics exhilarating. At preliminary meetings of his county delegation before the session was to open, Julian says, "Fellows would come up to me and say, 'Step on outside here with me a minute, son, let's talk a minute.' They love to form these little instant coalitions." He was frankly expecting the best. Despite the fact that he was still a member of S.N.C.C., he assured his colleagues that "I'm not going to be leading any marches and sit-ins." One afternoon shortly before the session opened, Julian recalls, "I was having drinks with the rest of the delegation from my county up there at Top of the Mart. We had just finished a meeting, and everybody around me was talking and laughing, and it suddenly occurred to me, 'What a great bunch of guys these are!'"

And then S.N.C.C. issued its statement on Vietnam. For Julian, impelled by loyalty to endorse the statement, the ensuing uproar was the climax of a career that had always been largely a

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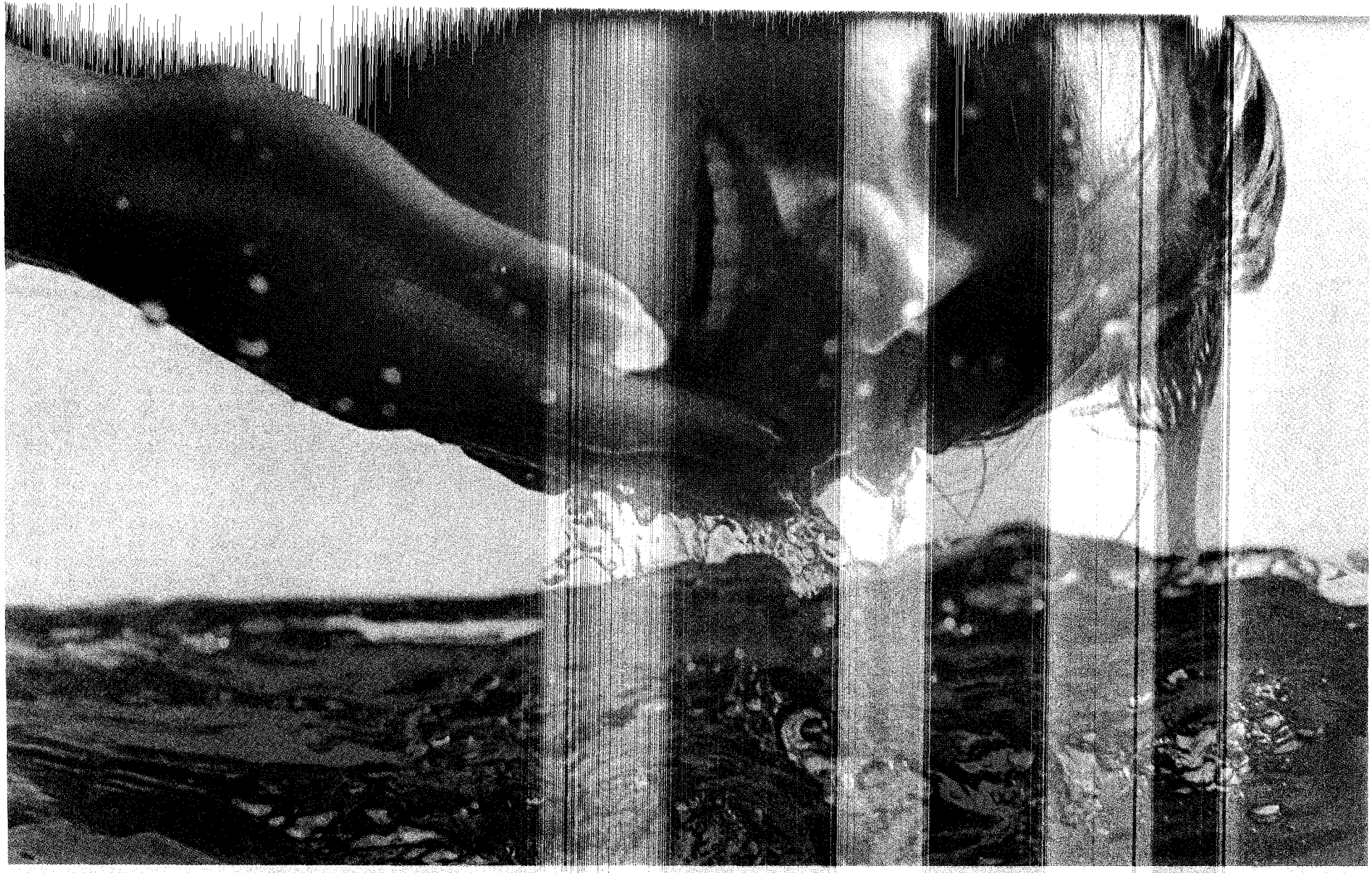
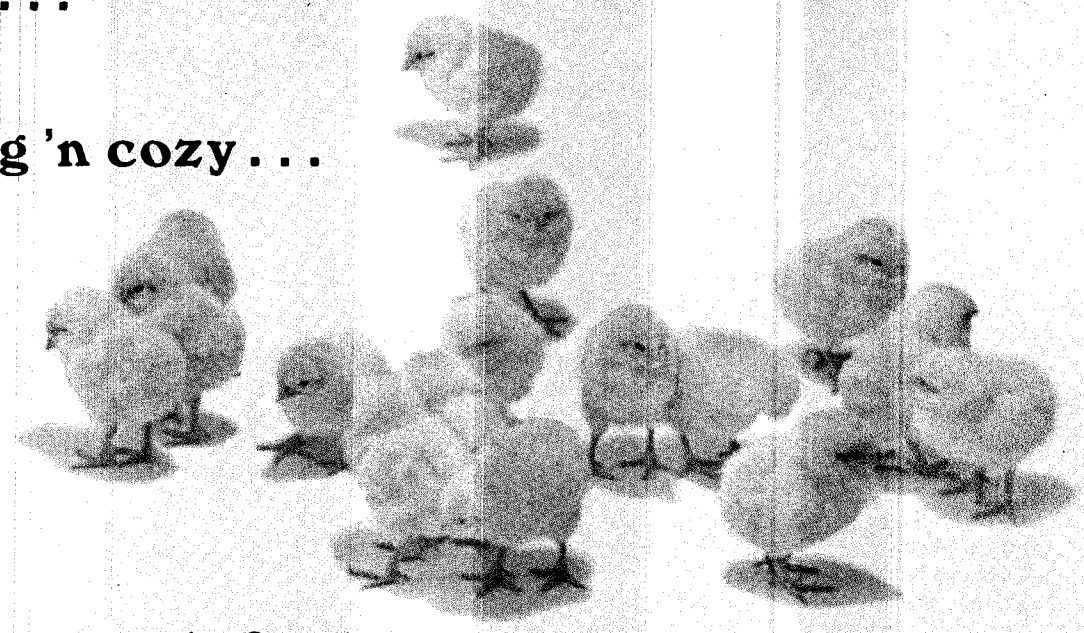
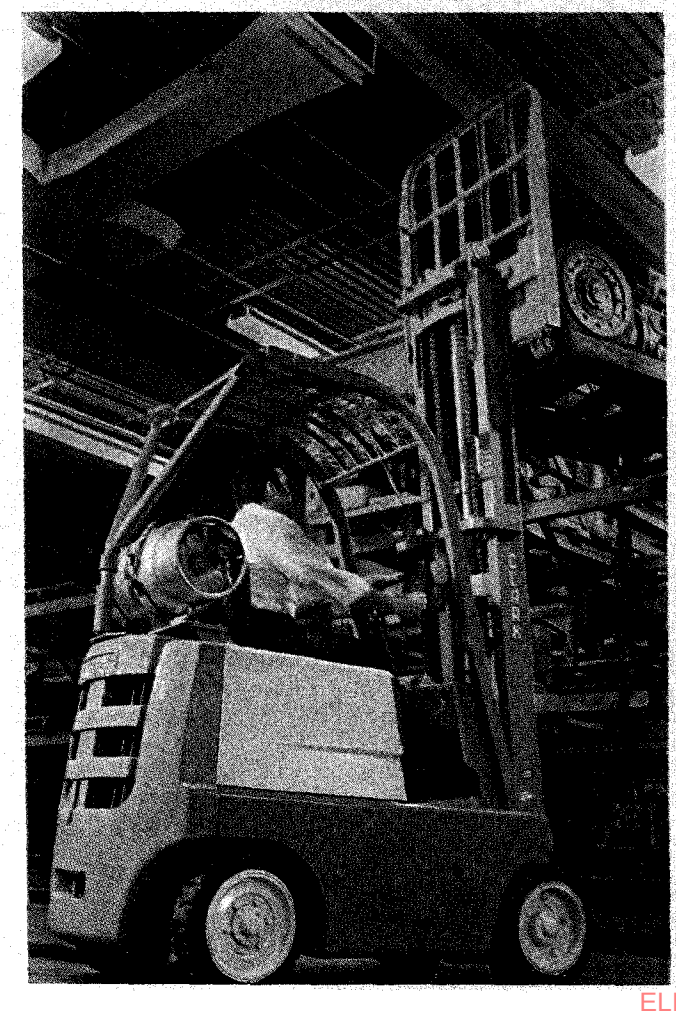


Water sparkles warm . . .

chicks are snug 'n cozy . . .





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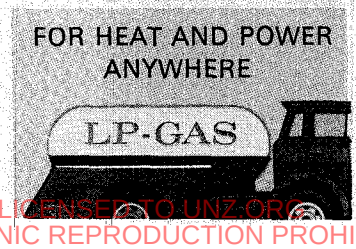

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pattern of whimsy and accident. He had about him now the hurt, bewildered air of a young man who suddenly has discovered the perils of casual commitment. He had become a martyr by happenstance.

The day of Julian's ordeal before the Georgia House was sunny, glistening, cold. The House itself—a vast, airy chamber of an indistinct architecture best described as pastel Dixie-Grecian—was a trifle overheated. Though the legislature has never been noted for its composure, there was, this morning, a peculiar peace over the floor, as representatives gathered for the roll call; they had all the patient serenity of hunters with a still-hidden but cornered deer. Occasional discharges of cigar smoke drifted up over their bland faces.

When the roll was called just before the swearing-in of representatives, Julian was asked to step aside—committee action, and then full House action, on the matter of seating him was to come later that afternoon. With James Forman, then executive secretary of S.N.C.C., looming balefully at his side, Julian held a press conference down the hall in the governor's press-conference room. He seemed remarkably calm, though there was just the slightest tremor in his long slender fingers. He had not slept since the previous morning, and he was now sustaining himself on Coca-Colas, cigarettes and "nerve pills." Inevitably, a newsman asked him a question which seemed to be nosing around the larger question of whether he was a Communist, and Julian's eyes glinted with anger. "I want every one of you to hear this. I'll answer this question now, but this is the last time. I'll tell you that I was never a Communist and am not now a Communist. Now, I'll never answer that question again. I resent it. It implies that I don't have the intelligence to arrive at the position that I have taken without having been manipulated into it by someone else."

That afternoon Julian stood at the lectern before the assembled Georgia House. He was attired in a somber brown herringbone suit and vest with watch chain. He looked both harried and doomed. There was a matchstick delicacy about his neck and wrists, and his forehead seemed as fragile as a thin bulb of glass which can be smashed with the flick of a finger. "Do you admire the courage of persons who burn their draft cards?" he was asked.

He answered quietly and carefully: "I admire people who take an action, and I admire people who feel strongly enough about their convictions to take an action like that knowing they face pretty stiff consequences. But I have never suggested or counseled or advocated that anyone burn their draft cards. In fact, I have mine in my pocket and will produce it if you wish. . . ."

A moment later, the House listened to the tape of a radio interview which Julian had given shortly after S.N.C.C. had issued its statement. This should have been the moment of truth; in all the sound and fury, this was as close as Julian had ever come to stating his own case. His pronouncements, however, if a bit naïve, seemed singularly mild. "I endorse the S.N.C.C. statement," he said, "first because I like to think of myself as a pacifist who opposes that war and any other war and am eager and anxious to encourage people not to participate in it for any reason that they choose. . . ."

"But Julian," said the interviewer, "the only thing that is keeping the group that made this statement from being in treason is the technicality that we aren't at war. If a declaration of war should be declared, would you still stand by this statement?"

"Well, I don't know; that would put a different light on it, but one of the many reasons that I oppose the war in Vietnam is that it seems to me that we *are* at war, and we're at war declared not by Congress, as wars are supposed to be declared, but war declared by President Johnson. . . . Now, I'm not taking a stand against stopping world Communism, and I'm not taking a stand in favor of the Viet Cong. I just happen to have a basic disagreement with wars for whatever reason they're fought. . . . And because I'm against the war, I'm against the draft."

What was striking about the tape was that it disclosed a personality conspicuously out of character with the gothic notions about Julian that had accumulated pell-mell in the House over the past few days—and, for that matter, quaintly out of character with S.N.C.C.'s own evangelistic statement. But when the tape ended, there was the sound over the House floor of a unanimous letting out of breath, a low shuffle. It was apparent that the legislators had heard merely a voice and words, the sense of which they had already, long before, determined.

Rep. Bobby Pafford, a hulking oil distributor from south Georgia with large, fleshy, white hands, stepped up to the lectern, his eyes batting as if he were actually about to weep. A little tremulously, he began, "There is blood that runs down the trenches in a far-off land that causes tears to run down mothers' cheeks. . . . And yet, there are those in this land that love not country more than self, and advocate doctrines that rend at the very heart of our nation itself. Usually these creatures—" this was getting a bit thick even for the Georgia House, and there was uncomfortable squirming and coughing over the floor "—usually these creatures are far, far away from this land of beautiful rivers, great cities, pine forests, fresh air and pleasant living known as Georgia. But now we find not only our state, our counties, but the legislature itself has been invaded by one whose Snicking pursues not freedom for us but victory for our enemies. I regret to say that reapportionment ousted noble and distinguished statesmen from our midst, and has shoved in their stead, that this state might see darkness rather than light, the infamous Mr. Bond. . . ." Pafford fairly plunged back to his seat, blinking in a warm flush of embarrassment and patriotism.

The vote was 184–12. The infamous Mr. Bond, sinister fruit of reapportionment, arose and left the chamber. One rural legislator then fetched from Julian's desk the metal nametag that Julian would have worn and presented it to Jones Lane. Lane declined it, and the fellow declared, "Well, least I can do is hang it on my outhouse door."

In the months that followed, Julian pursued his role of martyr with apparent vigor and conviction, making speeches and appearances across the country. But in private, he admitted, "I feel trapped. People are always paying so much attention to me now. If I used to do something wrong, I was just a young man getting into a little trouble, you know. But now—why, it's Julian Bond, the ousted legislator! People are always looking and whispering. It's like a nightmare." There were times when he longed to drop the whole matter. "I really didn't want to run again after I was kicked out. What was the use? But my father wouldn't let me. He held my feet to the fire."

Julian emerged from the experience with a deeper sense of personal isolation. "I guess, from the very beginning, I never thought I could function with those people up there," he says. "But I'm not as naïve now as I used to be. I'm more suspicious of people. And I don't believe in the soul-force anymore. You'd like to think people would do things for the right reasons, but they won't." Last September, he finally resigned from S.N.C.C., without ever explaining why. He would only allow, "I'd been thinking about it a long time."

In December the Supreme Court ordered that Julian be admitted to the Georgia House. His seating, a month later, had the quiet, quick, incidental quality of an afterthought. Legislators, instead of taking the oath as a single body, were called up to the front of the chamber in clumps—a concession to the lingering distaste of some representatives to being sworn in with Julian. When his turn came, he arose, looking at no one, his gaze vacant in the sudden stammer of flashbulbs around him, and made his way to the front. After taking the oath, he started back toward his desk, his eyes on the floor. There was scattered applause from the gallery. He didn't look up. It was all over.

Indeed, the next day, as other representatives thronged clamorously in the corridors during recesses, Julian remained alone and silent at his desk in the nearly empty chamber, concentrating on a long letter to an acquaintance in San Francisco, which he was composing on his new official House stationery. The day after that, when a friend stopped by his desk, he announced with a low and almost conspiratorial excitement, "Hey, I put in my minimum-wage bill today to be drawn up." Near the end of the session, it still had not been introduced, but Julian eagerly reported a growing involvement in the House's affairs: "Just the other day in a committee session, my vote made it a 17–17 tie on a railroad lease question, and the chairman had to vote to break the tie. If I had voted the other way, it would have been 18–16." He also says, "I'm a weakening pacifist now—I've been rethinking a lot of that lately." But though he is assigned to three strategic House committees, his immediate effectiveness will probably be negligible. "The chill," he says, "is sure still there."

The afternoon of his first day as a legislator, Julian was again, momentarily, assimilated by S.N.C.C. Called to Paschal's Restaurant, where S.N.C.C. was about to issue another statement, this one denouncing Congress's investigation of Adam Clayton Powell, Julian was greeted with hugs and great claps of laughter by S.N.C.C.'s chairman, Stokely Carmichael. As Carmichael began an animated reading of the statement before the microphones, Julian stood off to one side, silent, a faint smile on his face, looking at the pavement.

While working at the Atlanta *Inquirer*, Julian had written a sports column in which he had invented a sports hero named Sam Bernard. "He was the first Negro to enter the Sam Houston Institute of Technology, a college in Texas. He was the only Negro there, and boy, he did everything. I mean, he broke a record every weekend—swimming, tennis, football, basketball, the shotput. Every weekend, I'm telling you, a new record. He was like nothing that had ever come along. The only thing, he wasn't too good at team sports. He did play quarterback on the football team, but what he liked, where he excelled, where he was great was individual sports. Just him, by himself." □

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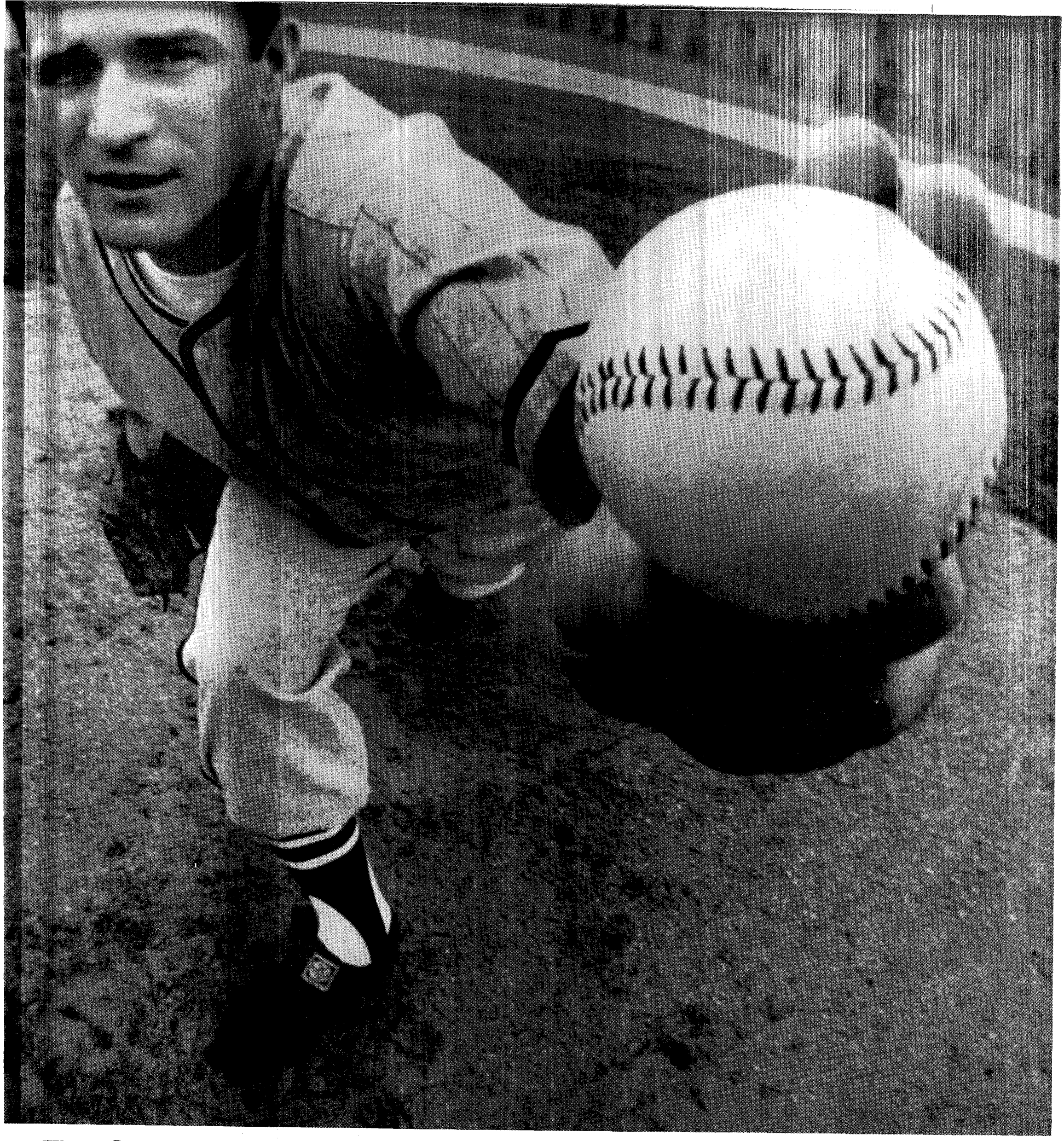

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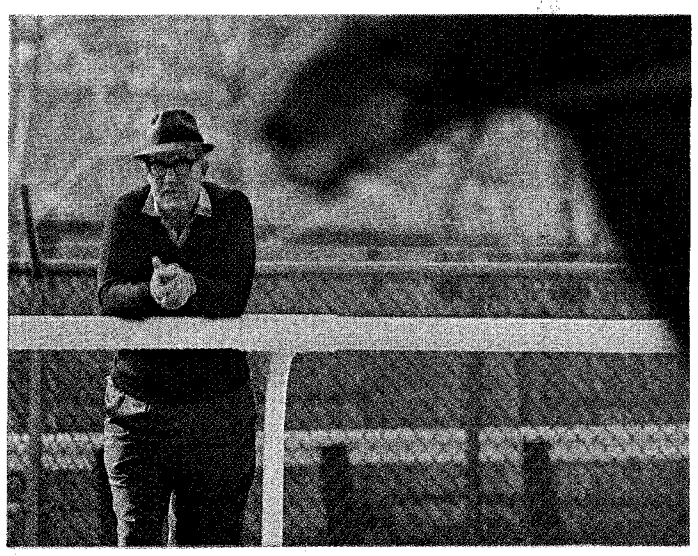

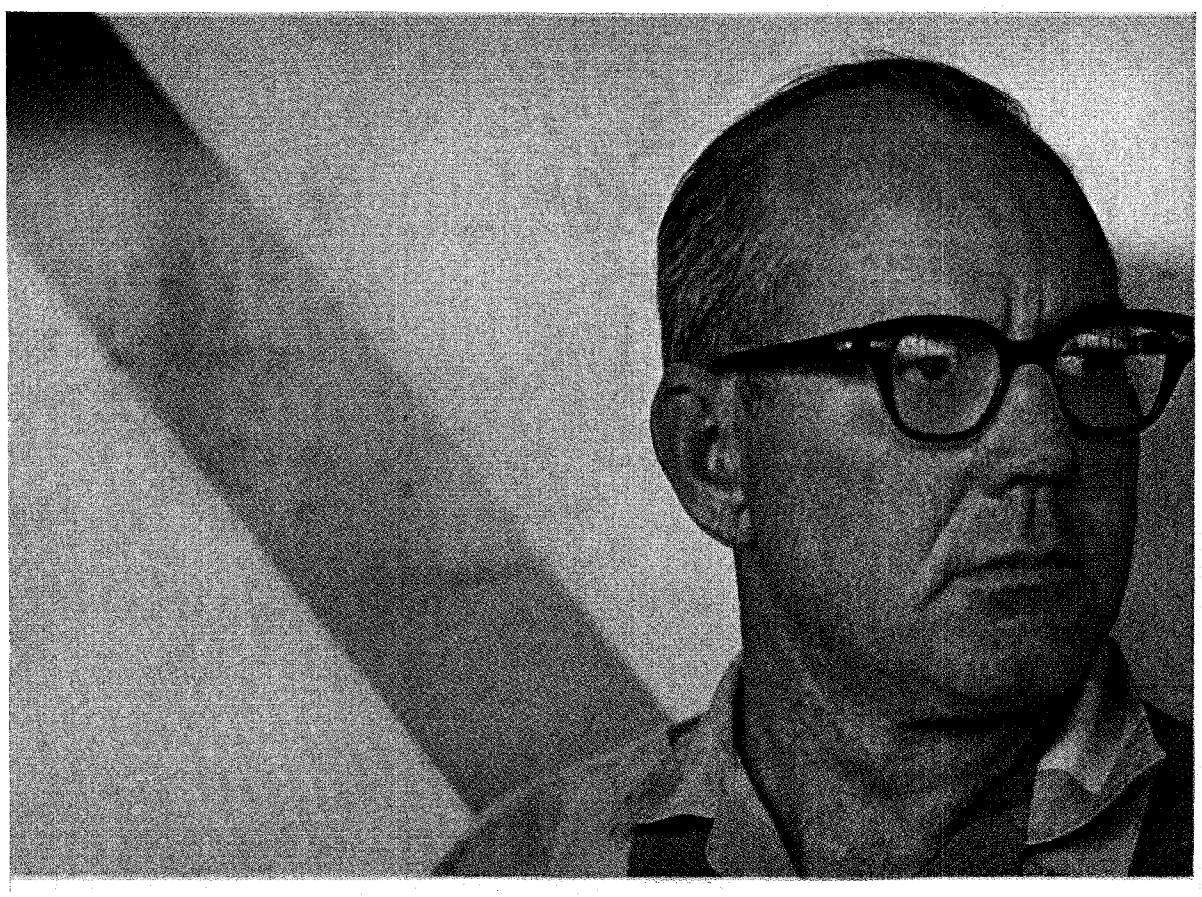

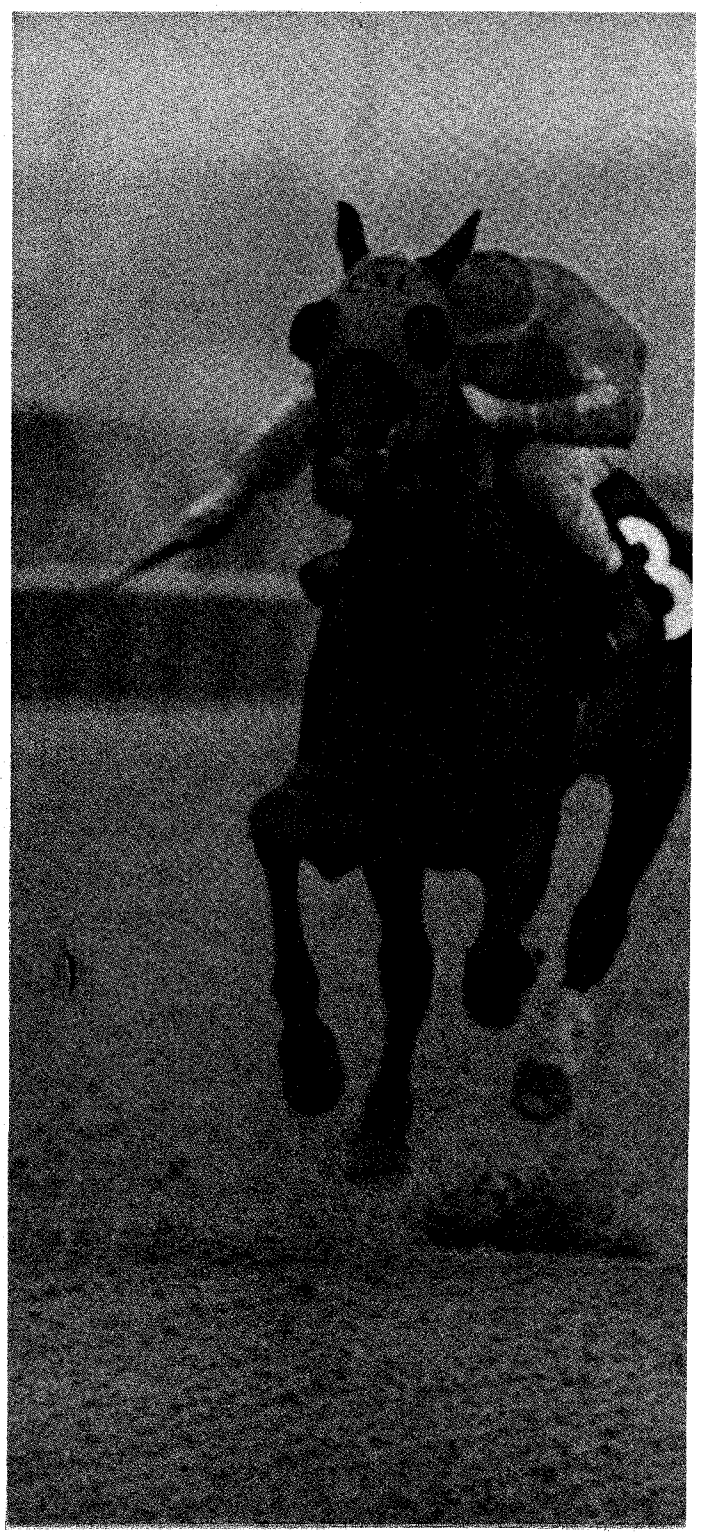

By Don Parker

The horse was sick, and everyone connected with the Wheatley Stable was concerned, but it wasn't the kind of emotional concern you have come to expect from those Bluegrass specials that Hollywood put out in the 1930's. There was a cool professionalism to it. No tears. No panic. No Walter Brennan limping around, boiling hot water and preparing mustard plasters with that look of utter hopelessness in his eyes.

A group of worried men clustered around the sick horse, Successor, who was stabled at Belmont Park on Long Island. The Thoroughbred was entered in an important race at Aqueduct when the nearby track opened in a few days. Successor's trainer, a large burly man, was talking to the veterinarian, who was saying that the Thoroughbred had a temperature of 102 degrees (100.5 is normal for a horse), a slight lung congestion and was passing small droppings that might indicate that he had colic. Suddenly the trainer noticed the blare of a radio outside the stall.

"For chrissakes," Eddie Neloy swore, "this isn't helping anything." He grunted as he bent to switch it off, and his neck tinted with the flush of anger. The grooms in the vicinity shuffled their feet nervously, anxious lest this large man's anger be directed toward them. He was the boss. Someone *not* named Cecil pointedly suggested that Cecil's damned-fool radio sure enough was bothering Successor.

"No," corrected Neloy. "It was bothering *me*."

Then Neloy listened as the vet prescribed two ounces of oil for Successor's colic

Photographs by Lawrence Fried

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and a concoction of sulfur for his temperature and wheeze. "Let's get the oil in him," Neloy said, turning to Al Robertson, his assistant, and Paddy Cleary, Successor's soft-spoken Irish groom. Paddy held Successor's head while Al approached with a foot-long syringe filled with castor oil. As soon as Successor spotted the syringe, he raised his head, pulling Paddy high off the ground. Al maneuvered for position and, after a tussle, managed to squirt the foul-tasting oil down the horse's throat.

"Now let's get the sulfur down." Neloy was sing-songing his words, as though he had to tell everybody even the simplest, most obvious things to do if they were ever to get done. This time, however, Successor wasn't going to cooperate even a little bit. Paddy was soon off the ground, clinging to the halter. Then Al was also swinging into the air.

"Hold him," Eddie commanded, taking the syringe from Al. He began to talk to the horse, and the biting, sarcastic tone he had been using on people was replaced by the soft, friendly, kind, sincere voice of a snake-oil salesman. "It's not that bad, boy, come on, it's not that bad," he purred. The horse hauled Al and Paddy a few inches higher. "How high up can you get?" Eddie asked soothingly. "Lookee here, I'll mix some sugar in with it, and it'll taste like a whiskey sour. I'm not kidding, just like a whiskey sour. I'll even get you a cherry."

Successor eyed Eddie dubiously, but slowly allowed his head to be lowered until the trainer spotted an opening and rammed the syringe down his throat like an old-time New Bedford man harpooning a whale. Al and Paddy released the horse and were beginning to relax against the wall of the box stall when they were frozen by a loud monosyllabic expletive from Eddie.

"Where'd this crap come from?" He was kicking the straw bedding in Successor's stall, reaching down and ripping handfuls of it apart, sniffing it, throwing it through the open doorway. "This stuff is crap! Get it out of here. Get me some good straw. Now. Get moving."

He grabbed a pitchfork and started throwing the offensive bedding out of the stall. Paddy hustled into the loft, selected a bale of golden straw and tossed it down. It seemed to satisfy Eddie, who broke it open and personally spread a foot-thick bed of it around Successor's stall. Finished, Neloy caressed his horse, ducked under the webbing across the front of the stall and said to Paddy, "See you put that good stuff in there from now on. We

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'We treat these horses just like they were human athletes.'

can't have The Big Hope living like a pig."

"Right you are, sir," said Paddy. "We'll take good care of him now, sir, don't you worry a bit. He's a good lad, sir, and we'll take good care of him, you can be sure of that."

Successor is Eddie Neloy's big hope for the Kentucky Derby on May 6 and the other two races that make up the Triple Crown—the Preakness and the Belmont. But Neloy's season will not depend entirely upon the fate of one horse, which may do badly in this risky sport for any number of reasons—a tender hoof, a touch of colic, an attack of virus. The Wheatley Stable, which is owned by Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps, has one of the best strings of Thoroughbreds in the country. In addition, Neloy works with the fine horses owned by Ogden Phipps, Mrs. Phipps's son, and Ogden Mills Phipps, her grandson. Neloy handles the family's horses so well that, at the age of 45, he is the most successful trainer in the history of racing. Last year Neloy's horses won 41 stakes races and more than $2.4 million, the first time any trainer ever won more than $2 million in a single season. The 41 victories shattered the previous mark of 27 set in 1957 by H. A. (Jimmy) Jones of Calumet Farm. Buckpasser, Neloy's great four-year-old, has already earned $1,771,224 to become the fourth-highest money winner in racing history.

Eddie Neloy has it made, say the people who know racing, because Eddie Neloy gets 10 percent of all those winnings, plus a fat salary, plus expenses, plus 10 percent of all horse sales, and when you add it up, it must come to $300,000 a year at the very least, and that's three times what the Yankees pay Mickey Mantle, right? Those who know racing cluck their tongues and roll their eyes and nod their heads wisely and say yes, Eddie Neloy is a fellow thrice blessed, a guy who doesn't have a worry in the world. That's what the people who know racing say about Eddie Neloy.

The fact, on that bright, sunny Thursday morning, was that Lucky Eddie Neloy was $13,000 overdrawn at the bank. Buckpasser had a quarter crack in a forehoof, which was causing him to miss out on all the big fat winter stakes money in California. Two thirds of Neloy's labor force was playing hooky on the road somewhere between Florida and the barn at Belmont. The feed man had not delivered the correct brand of oats, and as a result half of the 38 Thoroughbreds, which had arrived the previous night after a 31-hour van trip from Florida, were eating poorly. The payroll was due. The bookkeeper was absent. And now Successor was feverish, dull and wheezing.

"Let's get some coffee," said Eddie Neloy, after he was satisfied that Successor was finally bedded down properly.

Once he got away from the barn and Successor, his spirits seemed to rise. Eddie Neloy is present tense. To him yesterday is an experience that was. Tomorrow is sheer fantasy, so he doesn't worry about it. The only thing that is real or important to him is *now*, and he lives in that moment utterly and completely. People have to trot to keep up with him when he walks.

The coffee shop was crowded with horse owners, grooms, exercise boys, jockey agents, newspapermen, and most of them knew Eddie and shouted or waved greetings. The counter was jammed, but when Eddie stepped up, a place cleared for The Most Successful Trainer in the History of Horse Racing. He sat down, ordered coffee, and began bantering with Elizabeth, the woman behind the counter. She hadn't seen Eddie since the previous fall meeting at Aqueduct, and when she brought him a cup of steaming, black coffee, she said that Mr. Neloy sure looked as though he'd been eating well down in Florida all winter. She had a jolly, easy laugh, and she used it often.

"Well, Elizabeth," Eddie replied straight-faced, "I guess I might have put on a few pounds. It's easy living. You look just as fat as ever too."

"Why, Mister Neloy," Elizabeth pursed her lips in a pout, "I lost twenty-five pounds since last season." She turned around for Eddie to notice and appreciate.

"Well," said Eddie after studying Elizabeth for a moment, "I'd say you found about eighteen of them back."

Neloy was thoroughly enjoying the exchange.

After swallowing some of Neloy's strong medicine, Successor rolls his eyes so far back in his head that the red shows.

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He had forgotten, temporarily, all about Successor, the horse who had won $441,404 as a two-year-old and now would have a chance to run at the more than half a million dollars' worth of purses coming up in the next few months. This was *now*, and Elizabeth was part of *now*, and Eddie was damn well going to enjoy it.

The talk got around to money, one of his favorite subjects, and Neloy made the point that the rich, the very rich, are a class apart. "They live in a different world," he said. There was a wistful note in his voice. "They act different because they are different. It's breeding and environment that make them that way. They've got class from the day they're born. Just like Thoroughbreds."

Elizabeth frowned and asked, "What do you mean, Mister Neloy?"

Eddie said, "Well, for instance, I had to call Mr. Phipps from Florida last month to tell him one of his horses had broken her leg, and we had to destroy her. The first thing he asks me is, 'Was the rider hurt?' I said, hell no, she broke the leg in the stall after the workout. And he says, 'Well, thank goodness no one got hurt.' That's class, Elizabeth. You got to be born with that. If it had been my horse, I don't think I woulda asked about whether or not anybody got hurt. I'd have been on the next plane down there making damn sure somebody *did* get hurt."

Elizabeth laughed, and Eddie laughed, and then Eddie pushed away from the counter and headed back to work and the business of making money.

Edward Albert Neloy, by his own admission, "grew up like a bum." He can remember hitching rides on the bumpers of trolley cars, and it didn't matter where they were going, just as long as they took him away from the tenement squalor of South Side Chicago.

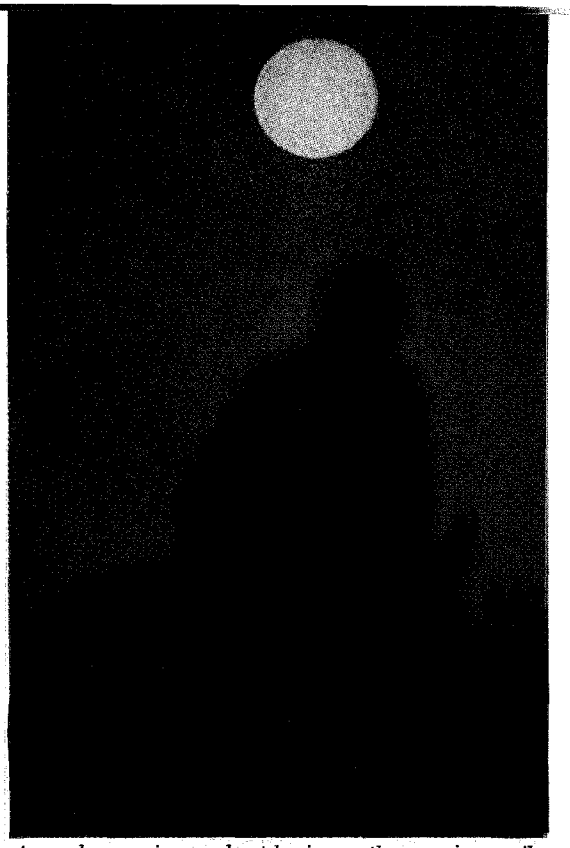
His folks were poor. That is what he remembers most about them. It was his rebellion against poverty that sent him off on his own at 14, halfway through his sophomore year in high school, to become a jockey. Even then he was too big to ride, and he ended up rubbing down horses for one dollar a day—$365 for the year.

When he worked his way up to becoming a groom, he managed to accumulate $1,000 in one wad and set off for Las Vegas. "I had the grand turned into ten new one hundred dollar bills," Neloy recalls, "and I put them into my pants pocket. Then I stepped up to the roulette table. I laid out a "C" note, and I lost. I dug in my pocket for another one, and I lost again. I did it again. It seemed like I only made three bets, but suddenly the money was gone. I thought for a minute I must have dropped it on the floor somewhere, but I hadn't. I'd bet it all and hadn't realized it. That's action. That's why I love Las Vegas."

During World War II Neloy was a machine gunner in the Army and lost his right eye at Anzio. After he was discharged he went back to grooming horses. In 1947 he married Marie Possien, a New Jersey girl he had met at a party on Long Island, not far from the track at Belmont. That year he also began to train horses as a regular job, working for an owner named Jules Fink.

Neloy's rise was slow and erratic until the late '50's and early '60's, when he began to succeed as a "public trainer"—a kind of free-lancer who works for a number of owners instead of being employed by one stable. Neloy earned a reputation for spotting hidden talent in horses that other trainers had given up on.

In 1965 Neloy got an offer to go with the Wheatley Stable. Early in his career he had worked for one owner and had been fired when his horses hadn't won. The experience had made him vow never again to work for just one stable, but Wheatley was different. Wheatley was Bold Lad and Bold Ruler. Wheatley was the late Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, who had been the most famous trainer in racing. Wheatley was the top, and that was where Neloy wanted to be.



An early morning workout begins as the sun rises eerily.

Now, back in his office at Belmont, Eddie got together with Al Robertson and began to match the newly arrived horses to their grooms. He arranged it so that each groom was responsible for three horses, one of which had a chance to win an important race.

After a while Neloy turned to his checkbook. Scratching figures on a piece of torn stationery for a few minutes, he announced with good cheer that it appeared that he was overdrawn by $13,000, and he thought he'd better get on over to the bank for a talk with Mr. Coughlin later in the afternoon.

Neloy spends money almost compulsively. If he's not gambling it on horses, he's gambling it on the stock market, or gambling it on livestock. He says a guy in his income bracket has to look for the capital gain. He picks up checks with pleasure. He lends money to friends and then laughs when they welsh on him. Last year one tapped him for $5,000 and disappeared in Israel. Eddie chuckles because he will be able to use the bad debt as a tax write-off for 1966, which was a very good year. Besides, it is fun to nick the Government fair and square.

He's building an expensive house near Hialeah, in Florida, which he will occupy for only three months of the year. He admits it would be a lot cheaper to rent a place, but what the hell, you're only here once, and you might as well be comfortable. He's planning to sell the split-level on Long Island where he has lived for 10 years with his wife and daughter. A fellow in his position should have a bigger place for the image. The place he has in mind costs at least $100,000. He orders his custom-made slacks by the dozen at $45 a pair. He is always surprised when he has to drop by the bank to see Mr. Coughlin.

"There are two kinds of self-made successes," Eddie will tell you. "The first saves every penny he ever made. The second spends it like it was going to give him a disease. I guess I'm a spender. I read about a guy who had about fifty million dollars, and he paced it so there was only a dollar and a quarter in his bank when he cashed in. That's just about perfect, the way I figure it. I mean, I got my daughter, Carol, but what the hell can you give a kid besides a good education? You get them too dependent on you, and they can't do it for themselves when the time comes."

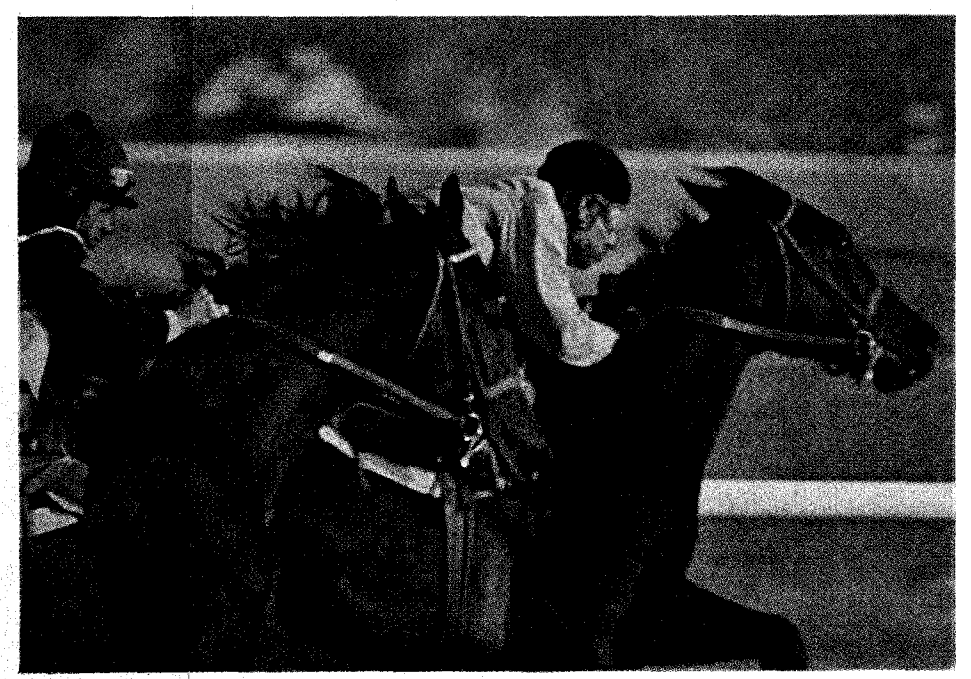
Eddie finally got the horses out on the track on a Saturday morning two days after they arrived at Belmont. The sun languished behind a thick cloud bank over Long Island Sound, and Eddie wore a massive gray-suede, fur-lined coat against the morning chill. He puffed a cigarette as he watched his horses gallop by, tusks of steam shooting from their flared nostrils.

Successor flew past, and Eddie turned to Al Robertson and said, "He looks good." Al nodded agreement. "He's nice and bright, Eddie." Then abruptly Eddie waved all the riders in. The workout hadn't lasted more than three minutes.

"You'd like to work them a hell of a lot more," he said, during the long walk back to the barn, "but you're always afraid they won't be able to take it, that you're going to push them past their peak. You just have to guess how far to gallop them, really. It's a guess based on experience. I've seen some horses that just about collapse before a race. They can't hold their weight if you push them to the limit. Those horses will never be great. The great ones got to be able to hold up and take it.

"I don't do anything different than any other trainer. I'd say there were seven or eight others that are better than I am. All we do is treat these horses just like they were human athletes. You look for the fastest, the ones with natural running talent, and then you try to force them to their limit, develop the muscles, and hope they don't break a leg on you, or break down. Of course you got to manage them correctly. You got to pick the races and the competition just like for a fighter."

Other trainers marvel at Neloy's uncanny ability to pick the right race and the right competition for his horses. For example, in 158 starts last year



Exercise boys urge on their mounts. "You force them to the limit," says Neloy.

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on New York State tracks, his horses finished first 49 times, second 35 times and third 19 times. His winning average was an incredible 31 percent. In comparison, H. Allen Jerkens, one of Neloy's top rivals, had a highly successful year, but managed to win only 21 percent of his starts.

The path back to the barn passed the coffee shop, and Eddie couldn't resist stopping for a cup of Elizabeth's coffee. The place was jammed, as usual, but Eddie had no trouble finding a stool.

He spotted Allen Jerkens and called over: "Hey, Jerkens, the way you was sagging over the rail out there this morning, you look like you could use a good meal. I'll buy your breakfast."

"You think a lot of yourself, don't you Neloy," Jerkens snapped.

Eddie let it roll off. He caught the eye of Lennie Goodman, the jockey agent, and waved him over. Lennie was unshaven. He explained he had just arrived by car from Florida. He told Eddie that Braulio Baeza, Wheatley's star jockey, was back in good shape after being out with a broken collarbone for a month. They chatted awhile, then Eddie heaved himself off the stool and in a very loud voice asked Elizabeth if she was sure she had taken out of the $100 bill he had given her whatever it was Mr. Jerkens had ordered. Then he left before Jerkens could think of anything to say.

Back at the Wheatley office Neloy cursed the absent bookkeeper and settled down to the tedious chore of figuring out gross pay, less federal withholding, less Social Security, less New York State withholding tax for 40 employees, including the missing bookkeeper.

Lennie Goodman wisely slipped out of the office before Eddie could enlist his aid. The jockey agent propped his chin on the cedar split-rail fence which borders the lawn surrounding Eddie's office and announced: "I got a good racket."

His face was set in what seemed to be a perpetual grimace. His teeth were clamped on an enormous cigar, and he acted as though he were holding back an involuntary outcry against a terrible gastric pain.

"I get a hundred of these for sixty-five dollars," he said through clenched teeth. His eyes crossed, indicating the cigar. "Baeza's good for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars this year." He paused so that his 10 percent take of that would sink in. "I figured Wall Street, the garment center or the track when I got out of school. That's where all the money is. The track has been good to me. I'm not sorry. It's better than work."

He contemplated his cigar. "Everybody says nothing bothers Eddie. Wait. Wait. This business. It'll catch up with him. Wait. It gets everybody. Horses! They break legs. They break down. They get sick. Whadya know from a horse? Even jockeys? Mine breaks a collarbone, and I'm hurting for a month. The pressure gets you. Eddie's no different than the rest of us."

Early on Monday morning, the day of Successor's race, Neloy walked out to watch his horse

On opening day at Aqueduct, the afternoon of Successor's race, two horseplayers study the form sheets and argue.

limber up. Al Robertson puffed after him, complaining that Eddie was walking too fast.

"That's how I find out which horses to sell," he told Al. "The ones I can beat go to auction."

Eddie kept his eye on Successor as the bay colt sped around the track. "How's he look to you, Al?"

"Real bright, Eddie. Real bright."

"He does, doesn't he?" Eddie asked. He sounded as if he weren't quite sure.

Eddie drove home at noon, changed into a blue business suit and got a good-luck kiss from his wife before proceeding to Aqueduct.

On the way to the track he suddenly began to talk about the jackdaw, a relative of the crow. "The jackdaw," Eddie said, "is a monogamous bird. That means he mates with one female jackdaw and stays with her all his life, or until one of them dies. The way they work it is the head jackdaw, the king, gets to have the first pick of all the female birds in the flock. Then the second in line gets his pick, and then the third, and so on until all the males in the flock have wives.

"The book says there are always more female jackdaws than there are males. It says the females that are left over are the ugliest birds you'd ever want to see. All the other birds look down on these ugly, unmarried females, and they peck at them every time they pass by. They get to look worse than ever with all that pecking at them, and their feathers droop, and they are generally pretty sad creatures. Then, one day, the king jackdaw's wife dies, see? And the rule in their society is that the king bird has to get a new wife, and he has to pick her from the pitiful leftover females who've been getting all the abuse. Now just as soon as the king marries one of these poor, forlorn critters, she gets to be his queen with all the privileges that go with it. She shoots up in society past all them other birds that have been pecking at her and being mean and abusive. The only one higher than her now is the king, see? Now you'd think that bird would step kind of easy with all the pecking she'd been used to taking, wouldn't you? But damn if she doesn't turn into the biggest pecker in the flock. She really gives it to them other birds, and she enjoys it. She remembers the lickin' she took when she was down at the bottom, and so now she gives as good as she got.

"I've met a lot of people just like that lady jackdaw," Eddie said. "There are a lot of them in the racetrack business. They forget what it was like when they were down. They get a big kick out of kicking all the little people, because it makes them feel big. It's the only lousy part of this business, some of the people you have to deal with."

The guards waved Eddie through the gate at the receiving barn at Aqueduct. His white Cadillac, it seemed, was a trademark which needed no further identification.

When Neloy went into the stands, he came on like a celebrity. Everyone knew him. Some called his name, others just looked and whispered to their companions, "That's Eddie Neloy." Eddie waved and shook hands but kept moving steadily through the opening-day throng until he got to the clubhouse restaurant.

He ordered lunch, opened his copy of the *Morning Telegraph* and made some quick calculations. The first one cost him $50. Next he put $150 on the nose of a horse named Cormier, Baeza up, and it came in at 4 to 1. Eddie said he liked the action.

A needlepoint rain was drenching the track when the jockeys climbed aboard their mounts for the seventh race. Eddie reminded Baeza that Successor needed coaxing in the early part of the race. Baeza had made the mistake of not urging the colt early in a race last year, in spite of Eddie's specific

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With people, Neloy can be gruff and sarcastic, but he can calm a skittish Thoroughbred with soft sweet-talk.

instructions. Now he said, "Don't worry, boss. I don't make the same mistake twice."

Eddie wished him luck and made his way back up to the second-tier boxes to watch the race. He was joined by two of his owners—Ogden Phipps and his son, Dinny Phipps. Ogden's mother, Mrs. Phipps, was still in Florida.

Successor broke from the gate nicely and was running an easy third down the backstretch. Eddie followed the race through field glasses and said the horse was in good position. The horses went into the stretch turn, and Eddie said that Baeza should start making his move. He rose to his feet, leaning forward slightly, peering through his glasses. Then he said, "He's not moving."

The horses slammed into the stretch, and Successor began to drop back slightly. "He hasn't got it," Eddie said tonelessly. He let the field glasses drop on his chest. Successor finished fourth.

Both Phippses turned and gazed questioningly at Eddie. "Don't worry, I'll call your grandmother with the bad news," Eddie said to Dinny Phipps. He was already running, bursting to get downstairs to Baeza to find out what had gone wrong. Boos and catcalls followed him all the way down to the ground. The jackdaws were already pecking.

One of the surest signs of spring at Aqueduct is the blossoming of the silks room with the colors of the owners.

"He couldn't have beat a goat today," Baeza said. It seemed incongruous, somehow, this pint-sized jockey looking up at this big trainer and telling him his horse couldn't have beat a goat. Eddie merely nodded. He had been wrong. Successor had not fully recovered from his sickness.

Neloy made his way through the deserted horse tunnel beneath the stands, past the guard and out into the parking lot. A leather-jacketed fan spotted him and jeered:

"Hey, big shot. Some trainer. You're lucky you got fourth with that nag, Neloy."

Eddie walked on.

He got to the car, backed it out of the lot and headed for the receiving barn.

Al and Paddy were rubbing The Big Hope as tenderly as though he had just won the Triple Crown.

"He fooled us, Al," Eddie said. "He was sick all the time."

Al nodded.

"Christ, we don't take him out and shoot him because he loses a race when he's sick, do we?"

Al shook his head.

"Well, let's get him home and find out what's wrong with him," said Eddie Neloy. "And this time we won't push him. I mean there's still a lot of goddamn money coming up in the next few months." □

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Editorial

Are we our brothers' keepers?

There once was a rich man who gave money to a poor man, and he felt that he was doing a good deed, and should be blessed for it, and to this man St. Ambrose said: "You are not making a gift of your possessions to the poor person. You are handing over to him what is his. For what has been given in common for the use of all, you have arrogated to yourself. The world is given to all, and not only to the rich."

It is probably true—or it could certainly be argued—that the division between rich and poor is the greatest problem confronting the world today, greater than the conflicts between Communism and capitalism, or between the godly and the ungodly, or between rival nations or hostile races. To be rich, or at least prosperous, is to have access to everything that man's wit has devised over the centuries, to jet travel or frozen food or stereophonic recordings, to new medicines or higher education or a rose garden, to a longer life and a better one. To be poor is to live in a past era, to be deprived of what others have and to know you are deprived, to hate the others for being richer and yourself for being poorer. It is the ultimate loss of freedom of choice.

There was a time—when the poor didn't know what wealth was, and the rich didn't care what poverty was—when the gap between those who have and those who do not have was generally accepted and acceptable. Or, at the very least, it was thought that good government or good deeds would eventually narrow the gap. In fact, the gap is steadily widening each year, and so is the knowledge of it, and so is the anger that it causes. Is it then still acceptable? No, according to an exceptional document recently issued by Pope Paul VI, an encyclical letter titled *Populorum Progressio* (*On the Development of Peoples*).

In a sweeping criticism of both wealthy nations and wealthy classes, Paul was almost as stern as St. Ambrose, whom he cited in support of his views. He condemned as "unfortunate" any system "which considers profit as the key motive for economic progress, competition as the supreme law of economics, and private ownership of the means of production as an absolute right." He declared that feudalistic landowners should be expropriated, that unfair markets should be regulated, and, by implication, that unjust governments should be removed. "The superfluous wealth of rich countries should be placed at the service of poor nations ..." he announced. "Otherwise their continued greed will certainly call down upon them the judgment of God and the wrath of the poor, with consequences no one can foretell."

The Pope spoke with a great sense of urgency—"We must make haste. Too many are suffering." But in one field that he could most specifically influence, he relied on the caution that has been characteristic of his doctrinal statements. In large areas of the world there probably will never be progress without a widespread birth-control program, and there probably will never be birth control unless religious leaders support it. After many years of strong opposition, the church has been gradually moving away from its condemnation of "artificial" contraception. Indeed, one recent survey indicated that 38 percent of American Catholics now use "artificial" birth-control devices, and 63 percent of them wish the church would formally approve. But though the Pope has had the matter under study ever since his election in 1963, his encyclical remained studiously vague. "Public authorities can intervene," he said, "within the limit of their competence, by favoring the availability of appropriate information, and by adopting suitable measures, provided that these be in conformity with the moral law ..."

These are indeed times of discontent and upheaval, and the Pope serves his office well when he speaks out on behalf of the poor and hungry. But it seems illogical for a reformer to urge change only on other people. Nor will the poor be fed if we confine ourselves to blaming one another for their plight.

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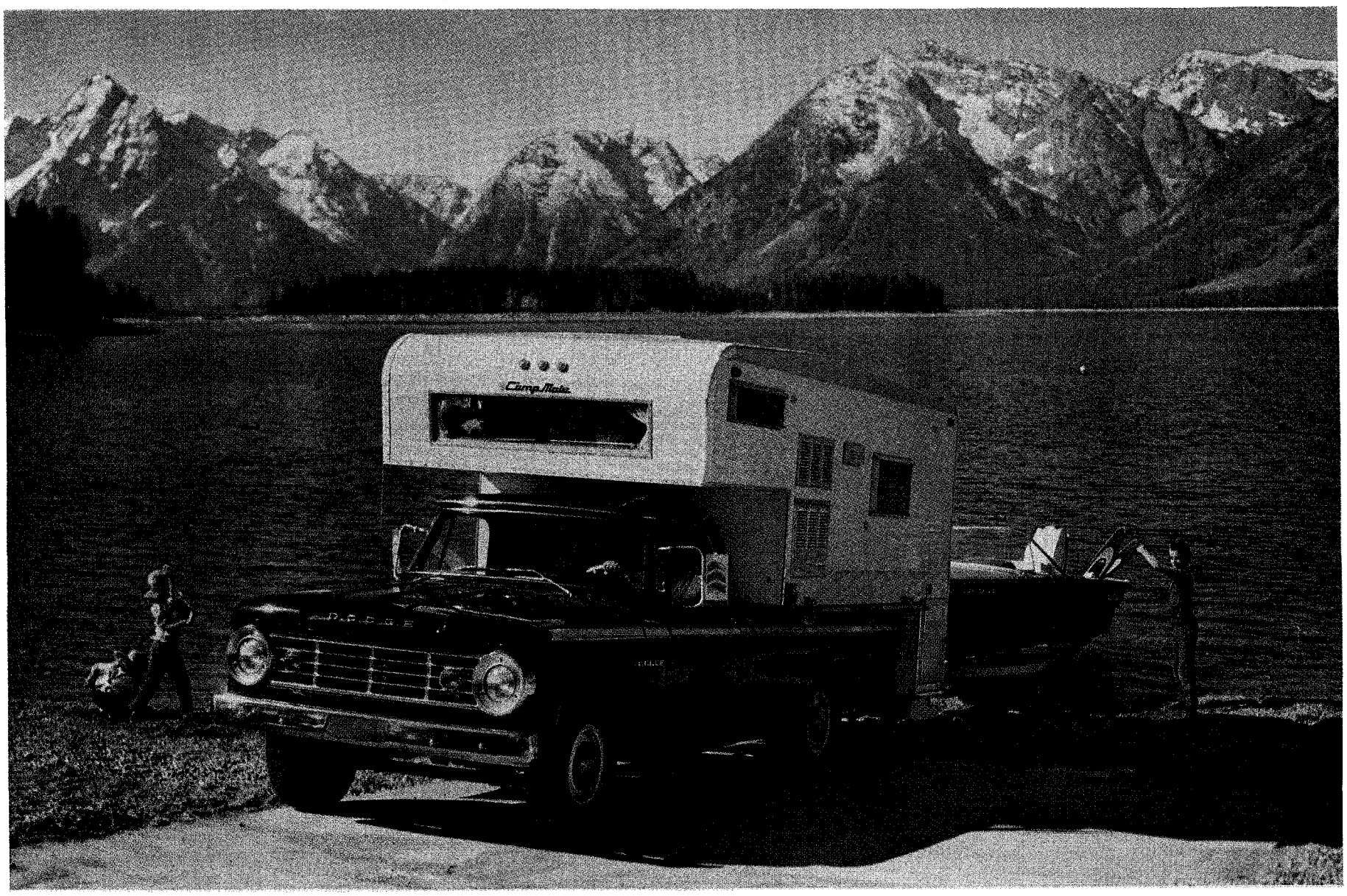

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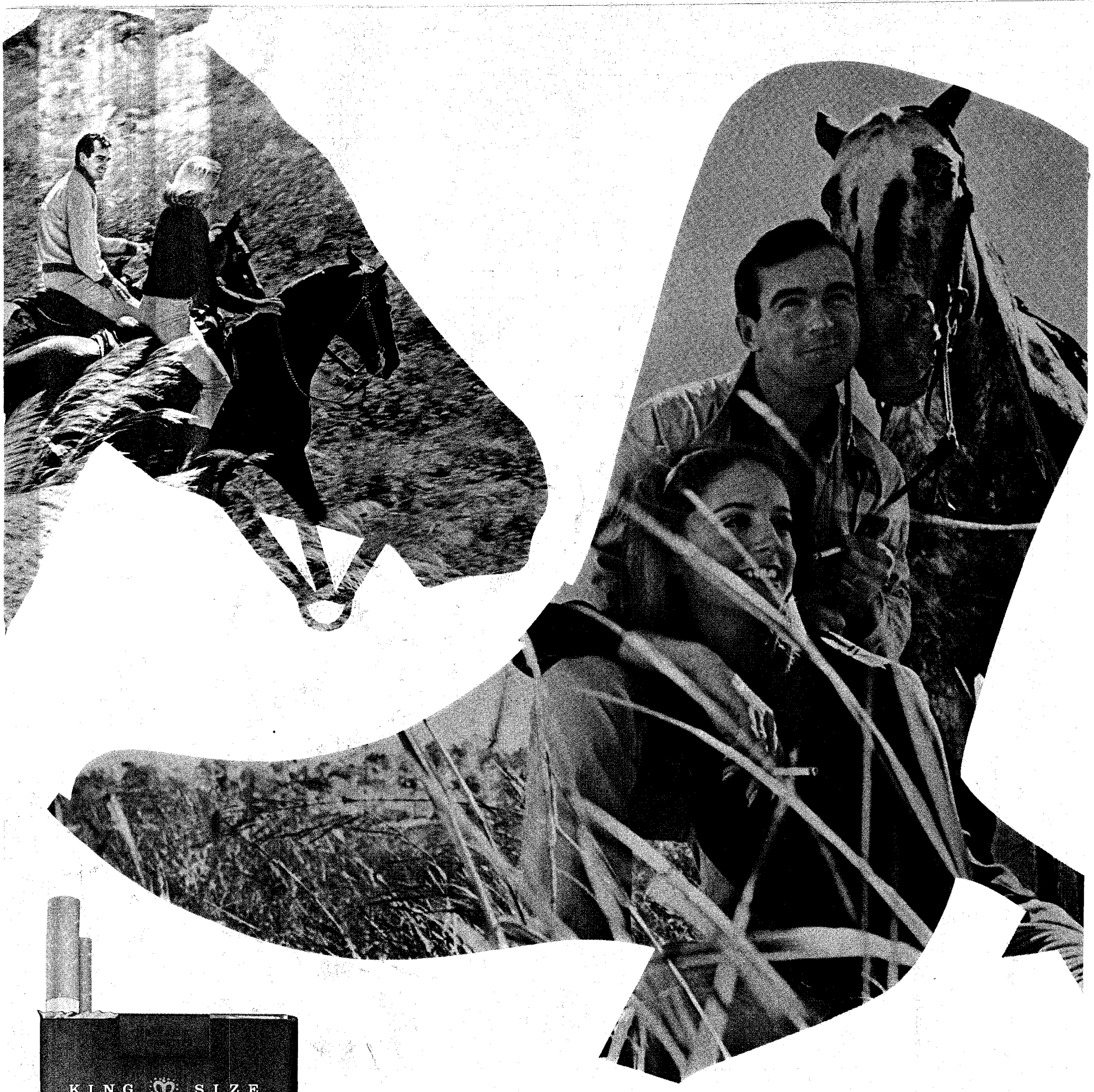

Flavor your fun with Winston

If you're not smoking Winston, you're missing out on the best taste in filter cigarettes.

Winston tastes good...like a cigarette should

(like your cigarette should)

MAY 1 1967

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